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M. Brown delin. Foot sculp.

This piece of Bread in my hand must be paid for with the Wages of my whole days labour: and therefore you must be content to share with me the little I have been able to earn.

See page 12

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

FRENCH OF M. BERQUIN;

COMPLETE

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

ORNAMENTED WITH FRONTISPIECES.

A NEW CORRECTED EDITION;
WITH ADDITIONS.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. STOCKDALE, PICCADILLY; J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; B. LAW, AVE-MARIA-LANE; J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD; C. DILLY, POULTRY; J. MURRAY, FLEET-STREET; J. SEWELL, CORNHILL; AND W. CREECH, EDINBURGH.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Work, upon its firſt Appearance in the Engliſh Language, having met with the moſt favourable Reception, and been univerſally approved as one of the propereſt Books that could be put into the Hands of Children; the Publiſher has been induced to bring forward a Second Edition of it, but in a State conſiderably improved; for beſides the Inſertion of many original Pieces not to be found in the former Edition, the preſent has been corrected throughout with the moſt ſcrupulous Regard to Expreſſion and Uniformity, and may therefore be looked upon as almoſt entirely a new Tranſlation.

PREFACE

OF THE

TRANSLATOR,

THOUGH the Taſk of writing to improve the Minds of Children may be leſs productive of literary Fame than many other Studies, yet in its real Importance and Utility, it yields to none, even of the ſublimeſt Speculations. To impreſs the Infant Mind with a Love of Decency and Virtue, to fortify it againſt the Influence of Prejudice and Corruption, and at once to gratify the Curioſity and improve the Reaſon, is an Undertaking which would not diſgrace the moſt enlightened Underſtanding. If the Eye of the Philoſopher can be gratified in merely tracing the Progreſs of organized Bodies, from their earlieſt Periods of Exiſtence, to perfect Maturity, how much greater muſt be the Pleaſure of conſidering the ſucceſſive Development of the nobleſt Work of Providence, the human Mind! A common Eye, indeed, may view with Indifference the Sports and Agitations of Children; their Joys, their Griefs, their Paſſions and their Hopes, may appear too trivial to engage its Attention; not ſo the Man whoſe Feeling renders him alive to all the Intereſts of the Species, whoſe

Penetration enables him to foreſee the mighty Revolutions which may be produced by the Virtues or Vices of an Individual. It was thus the philoſophic Eye remarked in the youthful Alexander that vaſt Ambition which was to ravage the Globe, and change the Fate of Nations; it was thus that Popedius Silo diſcovered in the Infant Cato that ſtubborn and inflexible Virtue, which ſo long oppoſed the Tide of Cæſar's Fortune, and ſupported the dying Liberties of Rome.

But if the ſimple Conſideration of future Greatneſs or diſtinguiſhed Virtue be thus agreeable to a cultivated Mind, how much more intereſting muſt be the Spectacle, when we conſider ourſelves as conſtituting no trifling Part of the future Drama. In this Light may every Man juſtly conſider himſelf, who devotes his Talents and his Aſſiduity to the Service of the riſing generation. How truly noble are thoſe Exertions which are thus directed to the Service of human Nature, in the Diſcharge of the moſt important, though laſt attractive Duties; and which neglecting Fame, can offer up Ambition itſelf, a voluntary Sacrifice to the Intereſt of Poſterity.

The Author of the preſent Work may deſervedly rank among the foremoſt of this deſerving Claſs. His Merit as a Writer is ſo well eſtabliſhed upon the Continent, and even in our own Country, that it is almoſt ſuperfluous to ſay any Thing upon the Subject. His eaſy and elegant Pen ſeems to be particularly adapted to deſcribe Nature in its moſt beautiful Forms. The lively Paſſions, the volatile Taſtes, the glowing Colours, and the ſportive Graces of blooming Infancy,

are all at his Command. But here, for once, the Copy may be allowed to exceed the Original. His elegant Pencil ſeems to have given a Conſiſtency and Permanency which Nature had denied. Under ſuch a Maſter nothing is cold or inanimate; the very Caprices and Levities of Infancy become intereſting Scenes, which gradually warm the Heart, and captivate the Attention. The lighter and more ſportive Parts of his Work, exhibit all the opening Graces of the young Thalia; while Melpomene herſelf bluſhes with Aſtoniſhment to find the variable Paſſions and ſhort-lived Diſtreſſes of an Infant Theatre ſo nearly reſemble her own.

We flatter ourſelves, therefore, that we ſhall offer no unacceptable Preſent to the Public, in giving a complete Tranſlation of all the Works of the admired M. BERQUIN. As to the Accuracy of the Tranſlation, it becomes us to be ſilent; nor do we pretend to any higher Merit than that of being faithful Imitators of a great Original. It will be a ſufficient Reward for all our Labours, if they tend to naturalize ſo excellent a Work in our own Country; and if we can flatter ourſelves with having thus contributed to form the Hearts, and improve the Underſtandings, of the riſing Generation.

Dec. 22, 1786.

THE

THE

AUTHOR's PREFACE.

THE following Work has a double Object in view, to amuſe Children, and at the ſame Time to incline them naturally to Virtue, by always preſenting it to them under the moſt amiable Form. Inſtead of thoſe extravagant Fictions, thoſe romantic and marvellous Tales, which have ſo long contributed to lead the Imaginations of Children aſtray, we here exhibit to them only ſuch Adventures as they may be Witneſſes to in private Life every Day. The Sentiments with which the Author endeavours to inſpire them are not above their Capacities, and he repreſents them accompanied only by their Equals, their Parents, their Play-fellows, the Servants who are always about them, and the Animals familiar to their View. They expreſs themſelves in their own native Simplicity of Language, and in Proportion as they are affected by the Incidents deſcribed, they indulge the free Movement of their little Paſſions. Their Puniſhments are made the Conſequences of their own proper Faults, and their Rewards conſiſt in the Pleaſure which they derive from their good Actions. Every Thing here diſpoſes them

them to love Virtue for the Sake of their own Happineſs, and to deter them from Vice as from a Source of Sorrows and Mortification.

It is, perhaps, needleſs to remark, that this Work is equally calculated for Children of either Sex. The Difference of their Taſtes and Characters is not yet at their Age ſufficiently ſtrong to require to be differently delineated. Beſides, Care has been taken to bring Children of both Sexes together as often as poſſible, in order to produce that Union and Intimacy which we are ſo pleaſed to ſee ſubſiſt between Brothers and Siſters.

The Author has endeavoured to introduce a Variety in the different Pieces which compoſe each Volume. There is not one of them, the Effect of which has not previouſly been tried on Children more or leſs advanced in Age and Underſtanding, and every Thing has been retrenched that did not ſeem ſufficiently to intereſt their Feelings. Each Volume of this Work will contain little Dramas, in which Children, are the principal Characters, in order that they may early learn to acquire a free unembarraſſed Countenance, a Gracefulneſs of Attitude and Deportment, and an eaſy Manner of delivering themſelves before Company. Beſides, the Performance of theſe Dramas will be a domeſtic Recreation and Amuſement. The Parents having always ſome Part to perform in them, will taſte the pleaſing Delight of partaking in the Diverſions of their young Family; and from the Gratitude of the latter, and the Satisfaction of the Parent, both will be mutually attached

attached to each other by a Bond of additional Tenderneſs.

Independent of the moral Utility of this Work, with Reſpect to Children, it is obvious that there cannot be a more proper one to inſtruct them early in delivering their native Language with Eaſe and Propriety. The greater Part of thoſe Books which are firſt put into their Hands, are either above their Comprehenſion, or totally remote from their Ideas and Sentiments. All the Objects, on the contrary, here held up to their View, being of a Nature ſufficiently intereſting to excite their Curioſity, they will of courſe take Pleaſure in the eaſy Study of a Work, which may render them familiar to the innocent Turn of Thought and Expreſſion adapted to their Age, and applied to deſcribe their Amuſements, their Purſuits, and their Neceſſities.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

	Page
THE Little Brother	1
The Four Seasons	5
The Snow	7
Arthur	12
Caroline	15
The Little Fiddler	15
The Canary-Bird	34
The Children who would be their own Masters	39
The Bushes	44
Joseph	46
The Little Gleaner	49
Cecilia and Marian	67
Little Jack	76
The Masons on the Ladder	87
The Sword	89
Priscilla and Marcus	100
The Lamb	103
The Vine-Stump	104

Page
Caroline — — — 106
The Farmer — — — 107
The Fathers reconciled by their Children — 114
Verſes on an Infant in the Cradle — 133
The Little Miſs deceived by her Maid — 135
The Old Man begging — — 142
The Pleaſures and Advantages of a ſociable Character 145
A Good Heart compenſates for many Indiſcretions 147
Old Colin — — — — 167
Alfred and Dorinda — — — 173
The Froward Little Girl — — 174
The uſeful Diſappointment — — 176
The Page — — — — 177

THE

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND*.

THE LITTLE BROTHER.

FANNY arose one morning very early, intending to go and gather some flowers in the garden, and to make a nosegay of them to carry to her mama, who was then in bed. As she was just preparing to go down stairs, Mr. Glassford her father entered her chamber smiling, and took her up in his arms, saying, "Good morning, my dear Fanny! come along with me directly; I am going to shew you something which you will certainly be very glad to see." Fanny eagerly asked, "What is it, papa?" "God has given you a little brother last night," answered he. "A little brother? Ah! where is he? Let me see him! Pray carry me to him directly!" Her father opened the door of the chamber in which her mother lay. There was beside the bed a strange woman whom Fanny had never before seen in the house, and who was wrapping up the new-born infant in its swathes. Fanny asked a thousand questions, to which her father answered as well as he was able; and thought he had satisfied her curiosity in every thing, when she said to him, "Papa, who is that old woman? how she binds my little brother up! Are not you afraid that she will hurt him?"

Mr. G. Oh, no; never fear. It is an honest woman that I have sent for to take care of him.

Fanny. But he belongs to mama. Has she seen him yet?

* A book has appeared, under this title, written by Mr. WEISSE, one of the most celebrated poets of Germany. Select passages from it, as well as from the works of Messrs. CAMPE and SALZMANN, will be introduced in the following performance.

Mrs. G. (*drawing back the curtain of her bed.*) Yes, Fanny, I have ſeen him. Tell me, are not you glad to ſee him?

Fanny. Oh, indeed I am, mama. You have given me a very pretty young companion! what a cunning little face he has! and all red, as if he had juſt been running. Papa, will you let him play with me?

Mr. G. That is not poſſible, my dear, he cannot ſtand upon his little legs. You ſee how weak they are.

Fanny. Oh dear! the little legs! I ſee it will be a long time before we ſhall run about together.

Mr. G. All in good time. He muſt firſt learn to walk; and then you will ſoon be able to play and jump together in the garden.

Fanny. Shall we? O my poor little fellow! I muſt give you ſomething to make you fond of me. Hold; I have a little picture in my pocket. There, take that. What is the matter, papa? the little monkey will not have it. He holds his little fiſts ſhut.

Mr. G. He does not know how to uſe them yet. We muſt wait a few months.

Fanny. Is that the caſe? aha! my little man, I will give you all my play-things. Well! are you glad of that? anſwer me. He ſeems to ſmile. Call me Fanny! What, wont you ſpeak?

Mr. G. He will not be able to ſpeak theſe two years. But Fanny, take care that you do not diſturb your mama with too much talk.

Fanny. Ah! papa, look there, his face is quite changed; ſee, he cries; certainly it is becauſe he is hungry. Be quiet then, my little man, and I will go get you ſomething nice.

Mr. G. Do not trouble yourſelf, my dear, about his victuals. He has no teeth yet. How ſhould he be able to eat?

Fanny. Cannot he eat? What will he live upon then? Muſt he die?

Mrs. G. No my child. God has given me milk in my breaſt for the nouriſhment of thy little brother. He is very weak as yet; but after ſome time you ſhall ſee how he will tumble about on the floor, like a little lamb.

Fanny. How I long to ſee that! But only look what a pretty tiny head! I dare not touch it.

Mr. G.

Mr. G. You may touch it; but very gently.

Fanny. Oh! quite gently. Oh dear! how ſoft it is! like a ball of cotton.

Mr. G. Every little child has ſuch a head as your brother.

Fanny. If he was to fall he would break it all to pieces.

Mrs. G. Certainly. But we will take good care to hold him, ſo that he ſhall not fall.

Mr. G. Do you know, Fanny, that five years ago you were as little as he?

Fanny. As little as he! Oh, papa, you are joking.

Mr. G. No, my dear; nothing is more true.

Fanny. Yet I do not remember it.

Mr. G. That I believe. Do you remember when I had this carpet put on the floor?

Fanny. Why it has always been as it is now.

Mr. G. Not at all. I had this carpet laid down at the very time when you were as little as your brother.

Fanny. Indeed! then I never took notice of it.

Mr. G. Little babies never take notice of what paſſes where they are. When your brother ſhall be as old as you, aſk him if he remembers that you tried this day to make him learn to pronounce your name. You will then ſee if he recollects it.

Fanny. What, and did I ſuck at mama's breaſt too?

Mr. G. Certainly. If you knew all the pains that ſhe has taken for you! In the firſt place you were ſo weak that you could ſcarce take any nouriſhment. We were afraid every moment that you would die before our faces. Your mother uſed to ſay, My poor infant! if ſhe ſhould fall into a fit! and believe me ſhe took infinite pains to get you to ſuck a few drops of milk.

Fanny. Ah, dear mama! it was you then that taught me to feed myſelf?

Mr. G. Yes, my child. Then after your mother had ſucceeded in making you take to the breaſt of yourſelf, you grew fat and good-humoured. Such were her cares for near two years, every day and every hour of the day. Sometimes, when your mother was fallen aſleep merely through fatigue, you would diſturb her reſt by your cries. Then would ſhe be obliged to riſe and run to your cradle. My dear Fanny, would ſhe ſay, while ſhe endeavoured to

quiet you, ſurely thou muſt be thirſty, and then ſhe would take you to her breaſt.

Fanny. And was my head at that time as ſoft as my brother's?

Mr. G. Juſt the ſame, my dear.

Fanny. What mine! that is ſo hard now? Oh dear, I muſt have broken it a thouſand times.

Mr. G. Ah! child; we took ſo much care of you. Your mother for a time renounced every pleaſure, and kept from all company, on purpoſe not to loſe you a moment from her ſight. As often as buſineſs, that was abſolutely indiſpenſable, obliged her to go out, ſhe was in continual apprehenſion for you. My dear Grace, ſhe would ſay to your nurſe, I give Fanny into your care, to look to her as if it were your own child; and ſhe was continually making the good woman preſents, to induce her to take more particular care of you.

Fanny. Ah! my dear good mama!—But was there ever a time, papa, when I could not run? I that can run ſo well now. See; in three or four ſteps I am acroſs the room. Who was it that taught me this?

Mr. G. Thy mother and I. We put a bandage of velvet well ſtuffed about your head, that if you happened to fall you might not hurt yourſelf. We then held you by leading-ſtrings to aſſiſt your firſt attempts in walking, and every day we went into the garden upon the graſs-plat, where placing ourſelves oppoſite to each other, at a little diſtance, we ſet you down betwixt us, ſtanding all alone, and held out our arms to invite you to come ſometimes to one, ſometimes to the other. Your ſlighteſt ſtumble would make our blood run cold. It was by often repeating theſe trials that we taught you to walk.

Fanny. I could never have thought that I gave you ſo much trouble. Was it you too that taught me to ſpeak?

Mr. G. Yes; for that again you are indebted to us. I uſed to take you upon my knees, and repeat to you the words papa and mama, until you were able to liſp them to me again. Every word that you can ſpeak this day we taught you in the ſame manner. I dare ſay you can recollect that it was we alſo who ſhewed you how to read.

Fanny. Oh! I remember that perfectly. You had me placed every day at dinner between you; and at the deſſert, a plate of raiſins was ſet upon the table, and ſome ſmall

ſquares

squares marked with the letters. Whenever I was so lucky as to name them perfectly, you always gave me some raisins. Oh! it was a very pretty play.

Mr. G. If we had not taken all these pains with you, if we had left you to yourself, what would have become of you?

Fanny. I should have been dead a long time ago. Ah, the dear good papa and mama!

Mr. G. And yet you sometimes vex your papa; you are sometimes disobedient to mama!

Fanny. I will never be so any more as long as I live. I did not know how much you had done for me.

Mr. G. Take notice of the attention that we shall pay to your little brother, and then say to yourself, "I too have given my parents the same trouble."

This conversation made a lively impression upon Fanny; and when she saw all the tenderness which her mother testified for her little brother; all the anxiety that she felt for his health; the patience which she exerted in endeavouring to make him take to his nourishment; how much she was afflicted whenever she heard him cry; with what tender solicitude her father relieved her of some part of her fatigue, and how both one and the other took infinite pains in teaching the infant to walk and speak; she would say in her own mind, My dear parents have taken the same trouble with me. This reflexion inspired her with so much affection and gratitude towards them, that she ever after faithfully observed the promise which she had made, never voluntarily to cause them the slightest uneasiness.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

AH! if it would always continue to be winter! said young Florio, who was just returned from sliding, and was amusing himself in the garden with making men of snow. Mr. Gardener his father, hearing these words, said to him, My dear, thou wilt do me a pleasure to write down that wish on my tablets. Florio complied, and wrote while his hand trembled with cold. The winter passed away, and spring succeeded. Florio was walk-

ing along with his father beſide a border in the garden, where the hyacinth, auricula and narciſſus were in perfect bloom. He felt the moſt lively pleaſure in breathing their perfume, and admiring their freſh and vivid colours. These are the productions of Spring, ſaid Mr. Gardener to him. They are beautiful, but of very ſhort duration. Oh! replied Florio, that it were always Spring! Be ſo good as to write that wiſh in my tablets. Florio obeyed while his heart beat with joy. The Spring very ſoon made room for Summer. Florio, one fine day, went out to take a walk with his parents and ſome of his young acquaintance to a neighbouring village. Their walk afforded them a proſpect ſometimes of green corn fields, waving ſmoothly like a calm ſea lightly agitated by the breeze; and ſometimes of meadows enamelled with a thouſand flowers. On every ſide they beheld young lambs at play, and the high ſpirited colts and fillies ſporting round their dams. They eat cherries, ſtrawberries, and other fruits of the ſeaſon, and paſſed the whole day in amuſing themſelves in the fields. Do not you think, Florio, ſaid Mr. Gardener as they were returning to town, that the Summer too hath its pleaſures! Oh! replied he, I wiſh it would laſt all the year; and at the requeſt of his father he wrote down this wiſh too on his tablets. At length the Autumn arrived. All the family went to ſpend a day in the country, at harveſt time. The weather was not quite ſo hot as in Summer; the air was mild, and the ſky clear. The gardens and orchards were loaded with fruits. The round plump melons from their rich beds diffuſed a delicious odour; and the branches of the pear-trees bent under the weight of the fineſt pears. This was a day of feaſting for Florio, who loved nothing ſo much as grapes, melons and peaches; and he had the additional pleaſure of gathering them himſelf. This fine ſeaſon, ſaid his father to him, will ſoon paſs away. Winter is advancing towards us very faſt, to deprive us of the Autumn. Ah! anſwered Florio, I wiſh it would ſtop ſhort in its approach, and Autumn never leave us.

Mr. Gard. Should you be glad of that, Florio?

Florio. Oh! very glad, papa, I promiſe you.

But, replied his father, taking out his tablets, caſt your eye a little on what is written here. Read it out!

Florio.

Florio. (reads.) *Ah! if it would always continue to be Winter!*

Mr. Gard. Now let us look a few leaves farther.

Florio. (reads.) *Oh, that it were always Spring!*

Mr. Gard. And on the next leaf what do we find?

Florio. (reads.) *I wiſh that the Summer would laſt all the year.*

Mr. Gard. Do you recollect whoſe hand this is?

Florio. It is mine.

Mr. Gard. And what was your wiſh but juſt now?

Florio. That the Winter would ſtop ſhort in its approach, and Autumn never leave us.

Mr. Gard. This is ſomething particular. In the Winter, you deſired that it might be always Winter; in the Spring, that it might always be Spring; in Summer, that that ſeaſon would always continue; and now, in Autumn, you wiſh that it may always be Autumn. Do you reflect what concluſion may be drawn from all this?

Florio. That all the ſeaſons of the year are good.

Mr. Gard. Yes, my ſon, they are all bleſt with plenteous increaſe, and variety of pleaſures: and God knows much better how to govern the ſyſtem of nature than we, limited beings as we are. If it had depended only on thee laſt Winter, we ſhould never have had any more Spring, nor Summer, nor Autumn. Thou wouldeſt have covered the earth with eternal ſnows, and never felt any other pleaſure than that of ſliding, or making men of ſnow. Of how many other enjoyments wouldeſt thou not have been deprived by ſuch a diſpoſition of things! we are happy that it is not in our power to regulate the courſe of nature. Every thing would be loſt which was intended for our happineſs, if our own raſh vows were heard.

THE SNOW.

AFTER many deceitful promiſes of its return, Spring at length arrived. A gentle breeze warmed the air. The ſnow was ſeen to melt, the fields to reſume their verdure, and the flowers to bud forth. The ſinging of birds was heard on every ſide. Little Louiſa was already gone

out to the country with her father. She had heard the firſt ſongs of the blackbird and the linnet, and ſhe had gathered ſome of the earlieſt violets. But the weather changed once more. There aroſe ſuddenly a violent north-wind, that whiſtled through the groves, and covered the roads with ſnow. Little Louiſa went to bed that night ſhivering with cold, and bleſſed God for having given her ſo comfortable a ſhelter from the inclemency of the air. Ah! what a ſight when ſhe aroſe the next morning! Every thing was perfectly white. There had fallen during the night ſo great a quantity of ſnow, that it was knee-deep in the roads. This made Louiſa quite dull. The little birds appeared ſtill more ſo. The ground being every where covered to a great depth, they were not able to find the leaſt grain or worm to appeaſe their hunger. All the feathered inhabitants of the grove took refuge in the towns and villages, to ſeek the relief of man. Numerous flights of ſparrows, linnets, chaffinches and larks, alighted in the ſtreets and court-yards of houſes, and ſcraped with their claws and bills into every heap of rubbiſh, to find if poſſible ſome nouriſhment. There came near fifty of theſe gueſts into the yard of the houſe where Louiſa was. She ſaw them, and returned quite afflicted into her father's chamber. What is the matter, my dear? ſaid he. Ah! papa, anſwered ſhe, there they are, all in the yard. The poor little birds that ſung ſo chearfully only two days ago. They ſeem to be quite ſtarved with cold, and to aſk for ſomething to eat. Will you let me give them a little corn? With the greateſt pleaſure, ſaid her father. The barn was on the other ſide of the way: thither ſhe ran, accompanied by her governeſs, to get a few handfuls of corn and hemp-ſeed, and came immediately back to ſcatter it in the yard. The little birds approached, fluttering about her in great numbers, and picking up every grain. Louiſa amuſed herſelf in looking at them, and was quite delighted with the ſight. She went to aſk her papa and mama to come and view them alſo, and to partake of her ſatisfaction. But theſe handfuls of grain were ſoon picked up. The birds then flew up to the houſe-top, and ſeemed to eye Louiſa wiſtfully, as if they would have ſaid, "Haſt thou nothing more to give us?" Louiſa underſtood their language. She flies like lightning to ſeek more grain. In croſſing the way

ſhe

she met a little boy, who had not a heart quite so compassionate as hers. He was carrying in his hand a cage full of birds, and was shaking it so carelessly that the poor little creatures were thrown every moment with their heads against the wires. This sight gave Louisa pain. What are you going to do with those birds? said she to the little boy. I do not know yet, answered he. I am trying to sell them, and if nobody will buy them I shall feast my cat upon them at home. Your cat! replied Louisa: Your cat? Oh! what an ill-natured boy! As to that, they would not be the first that she has munched alive. So, dangling his cage as before, he was setting off at a great pace, when Louisa called him back, and asked how much he would have for his birds? I will sell them, said he, three for a penny, and there are eighteen of them. Well then, said Louisa, they are mine. So bidding the little boy to follow her, she ran to her papa, and asked his permission to purchase those birds. Her father granted it with pleasure, and even gave his daughter an empty room for the reception of her little guests. Jack (that was the name of the ill-natured boy) went away very well satisfied with his bargain, and told all his companions that he knew a little miss who would buy birds. In a few hours there came so many little country boys to Louisa's door that one would have thought it the entrance to a market. They all crouded round her, climbing upon each other, and holding up their cages with both hands, each hoping to obtain the preference for his birds. Louisa purchased all that were brought before her, and had them carried into the chamber where the first were. Night came. It was a long time since Louisa had gone to bed so well pleased in her mind. Am not I very happy, said she to herself, in being able to save the lives of so many innocent creatures, and to give them food? When summer comes, I will go into the fields and groves, and all my little guests will sing their sweetest songs to thank me for the care that I have taken of them. With this reflexion she went to sleep, and dreamed that she was in a grove of trees of the finest verdure, which were all covered with birds chirping as they fluttered from bough to bough, or engaged in feeding their young ones. The happy Louisa smiled in her sleep. She rose very early to go and feed her little friends in the aviary and in the yard: but she

was not now so happy as she had been the day before. She knew how much money she had put into her purse, and that there could not remain much of it by this time. If this snowy weather should last some few days longer, said she, what will become of the other birds? The wicked little boys will give them alive, as they are, to their cats! and for want of a small sum of money I shall not be able to save them. Full of these sorrowful ideas she draws her purse out slowly in order to count her little treasure once more; but how great is her astonishment to feel her purse heavy! She opens it and finds it full of pieces of coin, of every sort indiscriminately, up to the very strings. She runs immediately to her father, and relates the incident to him with transports of pleasure and surprise. Her father took her to his bosom, kissed her, and shed tears of joy upon the cheeks of Louisa. My dear child, said he, thou hast never made me so happy as in this moment. Continue to relieve the little creatures that thou shalt see in distress, and in proportion as thy purse is diminished, thou shalt find it filled again. What joyful news for Louisa! She ran immediately to her aviary, with her apron-full of hemp-seed and corn. All the birds came fluttering round her, and looked with eager eyes for their breakfast. After feeding them, she next went down into the yard, and bestowed a plentiful meal upon the famished birds that were there. She saw herself now engaged in the support of almost an hundred dependents. This afforded her such a pleasure! Her dolls and playthings never had given her half so much. In the afternoon, as she put her hand into the bag of hemp-seed, she found a note with these words: *The inhabitants of the air fly towards thee, O Lord! and thou giveſt them their food; thou openeſt thy hand, and filleſt all things living with plenteouſneſs.* Her father had followed her. She turned to him, and said, I am now therefore like God. The inhabitants of the air fly towards me, and when I open my hand, I fill them with plenteousness. Yes, my dear, said her father, every time that thou doeſt good to any creature, thou art like God. When grown up thou shalt assist thy fellow-creatures as thou now dost the birds, and thou shalt then resemble God much more. Ah, what happiness for a mortal to be able to act like God! During a week, Louisa continued to extend her bounty, and

feed

feed every thing that was hungry about her. At length the ſnow melted, the fields reſumed their verdure, and the birds, which before had not dared to quit the neighbourhood of the houſes, now turned their flight toward the grove. But thoſe that had been put into the aviary remained there confined: they ſaw the ſun, flew up againſt the window, pecked at the glaſs, but in vain; their priſon was too ſtrong for them. Louiſa could not as yet imagine what made them ſo uneaſy. One day, as ſhe was taking them their food, her father entered a few moments after her. She was very happy to ſee that he was deſirous of being witneſs to her pleaſure. My dear Louiſa, ſaid he, why do theſe birds ſeem ſo uneaſy? I ſhould imagine that they want ſomething. May not they, perhaps, have left in the fields companions whom they would now be glad to ſee again? You are right, papa; they ſeem to be dull ever ſince the return of the fine weather. I will go and open the window, and let them fly away. I think thou wouldeſt not do amiſs, replied her father. Thou wilt diffuſe joy through all the country. Theſe little priſoners will go to find their friends once more, and will fly to meet them, as thou doſt to meet me when I have been abſent ſome time from home. Before he had finiſhed ſpeaking, the windows were all thrown up: the birds perceived it, and in two minutes there did not remain a ſingle one of them in the room. Some were ſeen to ſkim along the ground; others to ſoar up into the air; ſome to perch upon the neighbouring trees, and others to fly backwards and forwards before the windows with chirpings of joy. Louiſa went every day to walk in the fields. She ſaw and heard numbers of birds on every ſide. At one time a lark would riſe up before her feet, and ſing its ſprightly ſtrain while it mounted to the clouds. At another time a linnet, perched upon the higheſt branches of a tree, chirped forth its ſong. And whenever ſhe obſerved any one to diſtinguiſh itſelf by the ſweetneſs of its muſic, Louiſa would ſay, There is one of my little gueſts: one may know by its voice that it has been well fed laſt Winter.

ARTHUR.

A Poor labourer, of the name of Bernard, had ſix young children, and found himſelf much at a loſs to maintain them. As an addition to his misfortune, the ſeaſon happened to be unfavorable, and conſequently bread much dearer than the year before. Bernard worked day and night, yet in ſpite of his labours could not poſſibly earn money enough to provide food (even of the moſt indifferent ſort) for ſix hungry children. He was reduced to extremity. Calling therefore one day his little family together, with tears in his eyes he ſaid to them, My dear children, bread is riſen ſo dear that with all my labour I am not able to earn ſufficient for your ſubſiſtence. You ſee how I am circumſtanced. This piece of bread in my hand muſt be paid for with the wages of my whole day's labour, and therefore you muſt be content to ſhare with me the little that I have been able to earn. There certainly will not be ſufficient to ſatisfy you all; but at leaſt there will be enough to prevent your periſhing with hunger. The poor man could ſay no more: he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and wept. His children wept alſo, and each one ſaid within himſelf, O Lord, come to our aſſiſtance, unfortunate infants that we are! Help our dear father, and ſuffer us not to periſh for want! Bernard divided the bread into ſeven equal ſhares: he kept one for himſelf, and diſtributed the reſt amongſt his children. But one of them, named Arthur, refuſed to take his portion, and ſaid, I cannot eat any thing, father; I find myſelf ſick. Do you take my part, or divide it amongſt the reſt. My poor child! what is the matter with thee? ſaid Bernard, taking him up in his arms. I am ſick, anſwered Arthur; very ſick. I would go to bed. Bernard carried him to bed, and the next morning, overwhelmed with ſorrow, he went to a phyſician, and beſought him for charity to come and ſee his ſick child, and to aſſiſt him. The phyſician, who was a man of great humanity, went to Bernard's houſe, though he was very ſure of not being paid for his viſits. He approached Arthur's bed, felt his pulſe, but could not thereby diſcover any ſymptom of illneſs. He found him, however, very weak,

and,

and, in order to raiſe his ſpirits, was going to preſcribe a cordial draught; but Arthur ſaid, Do not order any thing for me, ſir! I could take nothing that you ſhould preſcribe for me.

Phyſician. Could not take it! why not, pray?

Arthur. Do not aſk me, ſir: it is not in my power to tell you.

Phyſ. What hinders thee, child? Thou ſeemeſt to me to be an obſtinate little boy.

Arth. I aſſure you, doctor, it is not from obſtinacy.

Phyſ. It may be ſo: however, I ſhall not preſs you; but I will go and aſk the reaſon from your father, who will perhaps not be ſo myſterious.

Arth. Ah! I beſeech you, do not let my father know any thing of it.

Phyſ. Thou art a very unaccountable child! but I muſt certainly acquaint your father with this, ſince you will not confeſs the truth.

Arth. O dear! by no means, ſir: I will rather explain every thing to you myſelf. But firſt I beg that my brothers and ſiſters may quit the room.

The phyſician ordered the children to withdraw, and then Arthur continued: Alas! ſir, in this hard ſeaſon, my father can ſcarcely earn us every day a loaf of coarſe bread. He divides it amongſt us. Each of us can have but a ſmall part, and he will hardly take any for himſelf. It makes me unhappy to ſee my little brothers and ſiſters ſuffer hunger. I am the eldeſt, and have more ſtrength than they: I like better, therefore, not to eat any, that they may divide my ſhare amongſt them. This is the reaſon why I pretended that I was ſick, and could not eat; but I entreat you not to let my father know this!

The phyſician wiped his eyes, and ſaid, But, my dear little friend, art thou not hungry?

Arth. Yes, ſir, I am hungry, ſure enough; but that does not give me ſo much pain as to ſee my family ſuffer.

Phyſ. But you will ſoon die if you take no nouriſhment.

Arth. I am ſenſible of that; but I ſhall die contented. My father will have one mouth leſs to feed; and when I ſhall be with God, I will pray him to give bread to my little brothers and ſiſters.

The

The humane phyſician was melted with pity and admiration on hearing the generous child ſpeak thus. Taking him up in his arms, he claſped him to his heart, and ſaid, No, my dear little friend, thou ſhalt not die! God, who is the father of us all, will take care of thee and of thy family. Return him thanks that he hath led me hither. I ſhall come back very ſoon. He haſtened therefore to his own houſe, and ordering one of his ſervants to take a quantity of proviſions of all ſorts, returned with him immediately to Arthur and his famiſhed little brothers. He made them all ſit down at table, and eat heartily, until they were ſatisfied. It was a delightful ſight for the good phyſician, to behold the joy of thoſe innocent creatures. On his departure, he bid Arthur not to be under any concern, for that he would provide for their neceſſities; which promiſe he faithfully obſerved, and furniſhed them every day with a plentiful ſubſiſtence. Other charitable perſons alſo, to whom he related the circumſtance, imitated his generoſity. Some ſent them proviſions, ſome money, and others clothes and linen, inſomuch that very few days paſſed before this little family had more of every thing than was ſufficient for their wants.

As ſoon as Bernard's landlord was informed of what the generous little Arthur had ſuffered for his father and his brothers, filled with admiration at ſuch nobleneſs of ſoul, he ſent for Bernard, and addreſſed him thus: You have an admirable ſon; permit me to be his father alſo. I will allow you an annuity out of my own pocket, and Arthur, with all your other children, ſhall be maintained at my expence, in whatever profeſſions they ſhall chuſe. If they make uſe of this eſtabliſhment to their own advantage, I will charge myſelf with the care of their fortunes.

Bernard returned to his houſe tranſported with joy, and throwing himſelf on his knees, bleſſed God for having given him ſo worthy a child.

CAROLINE.

MRS. P——, a young married lady, as much diſtinguiſhed for the elegant charms of her wit, as for the delicacy of her ſentiments, and the reſpectability of her character, was one day reproving Pamela, her eldeſt daughter, for a ſlight fault very pardonable at her age. Pamela, touched with the tender manner in which her mother delivered the reproof, ſhed tears of ſorrow and affection. Caroline, who was then but three years old, ſeeing her ſiſter weep, climbs up the ſteps of her chair, in order to reach her; with one hand ſhe takes her handkerchief, and wipes her ſiſter's eyes, and with the other ſlips into her mouth a piece of ſweetmeat from her own. I think, an able painter might make a charming picture on this ſubject.

THE LITTLE FIDDLER,

A DRAMA, in one ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. MELFORT,	
CHARLES, - -	*his Son.*
SOPHIA, - -	*his Daughter,*
GODFREY, - -	*his Nephew.*
AMELIA RICHMOND, and CHARLOTTE,	*Friends of Sophia.*
JONAS, - -	*the Little Fiddler.*

Scene, Mr. Melfort's Houſe.

SCENE I.

Charles and Godfrey.

Charles. HARK ye, couſin. You muſt do me a favour.

Godfrey. Come, let us ſee what it is? Thou haſt always ſomething or another to aſk me.

Charles. It is becauſe you are the cleverer of the two. You know the tranſlation of that fable of Phædrus, that our tutor has given me for a taſk.

Godfrey. What, have you not finiſhed it yet?

Charles. How do you think that I ſhould have finiſhed it, when I have not begun it?

Godfrey. You have not had time then to do it from twelve o'clock till four?

Charles. You ſhall ſee now whether that was poſſible. At eleven o'clock I could not help taking a turn or two in the garden, in order to get an appetite for my dinner. We were at table an hour. Then to ſit down and ſtudy immediately after one's meals, you know how dangerous papa's doctor ſays that is. So, as I had made a hearty dinner, I had occaſion for a good deal of exerciſe to digeſt it, you know.

Godfrey. Well, now at leaſt you have had exerciſe enough; and before dark there is more time than you want to finiſh your taſk.

Charles. You do not conſider that juſt now I muſt go to my writing.

Godfrey. But ſince your writing-maſter is not come—

Charles. I ſhall wait for him. It would be ſpoiling every thing to confound my hours of buſineſs.

Godfrey. Well then, after your writing, you have ſtill ſome of the afternoon and the whole evening.

Charles. I ſhall not have a minute. My ſiſter expects the two Miſs Richmonds to come to ſee her.

Godfrey. It is not on your account that they come.

Charles. No. But then I *muſt* help my ſiſter to entertain them.

Godfrey. What will hinder you when the young ladies go away?—

Charles. O yes, indeed! to work by candle-light, and ſpoil my eyes. Yet my tranſlation muſt be ready by to-morrow morning.

Godfrey. Well! whether it is or no, what is that to me?

Charles. And would you ſee me, then, reprimanded by my tutor and my papa?

Godfrey. You always know how to get the better of me. Come, let me ſee, where is this taſk?

Charles. Above ſtairs in my room, on the table, I will go for it, or rather come you along with me.

Godfrey. Do you go firſt: I ſhall follow you immediately.

diately. I ſee your ſiſter coming this way. She wanted to ſpeak with me.

Charles. But do not you go and tell her any thing of this; you underſtand me.

SCENE II.

Sophia and Godfrey.

Sophia. Well, couſin, what have you and my brother been converſing about? He has certainly been playing you one of his old tricks.

Godfrey. No, but he has been making me one of his old requeſts. He wants me as uſual to perform his taſk for him againſt to-morrow.

Sophia. And is my papa never to be informed of his idleneſs?

Godfrey. I ſhall not undertake that office. You know that ever ſince your mama's death, my uncle's health has been ſo precarious, that the leaſt emotion makes him ill for ſome days. Beſides, his generoſity ſupports me; and he might think that I wiſhed to hurt your brother in his eſteem.

Sophia. Well then, I ſhall talk to my brother the firſt opportunity—But do you know what I had to ſay to you? The Miſs Richmonds are coming to ſee me to-day, and you muſt aſſiſt us in our amuſements.

Godfrey. Oh! I ſhall certainly do my beſt, couſin.

Sophia. Ah! here they are.

SCENE III.

Godfrey, Sophia, Amelia and Charlotte Richmond.

Sophia. Ah! how do you do, my dear Friends! (*They ſalute each other, and curtſy to Godfrey who bows to them.*)

Charlotte. It ſeems an age ſince I ſaw you laſt.

Amelia. Indeed it is a long time.

Sophia. I believe, it is more than three weeks. (*Godfrey draws out the table, and gives them chairs.*)

Charlotte. Do not give yourſelf ſo much trouble, Maſter Godfrey.

Godfrey. Miſs, I only do my duty.

Sophia.

Sophia. Oh, I am very ſure Godfrey does it with plea ſure, (*gives him her hand.*) I wiſh my brother had a little of his complaiſance.

SCENE IV.

Godfrey, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Charles.

Charles. (*without taking notice of the Miſs Richmonds*) This is very pretty of you, Godfrey, to let me wait ſo long while you are playing the fine gentleman here.

Godfrey. I thought I ſhould be the laſt perſon in the company to whom you would direct your compliments.

Charles. Oh! do not be angry, ladies; I ſhall be at your ſervice preſently.

Amelia. Oh, pray do not hurry yourſelf, Mr. Charles. (*Charles takes Godfrey aſide, and while the young ladies converſe together, draws a paper from his pocket, which he gives him.*)

Charles. There it is; you underſtand me.

Godfrey. Six lines! a great taſk indeed! are not you aſhamed?

Charles. Hiſt! hold your tongue.

Godfrey. Ladies, if you give me leave, I will juſt ſtep out for a few minutes.

Charlotte. We ſhall expect your return with impatience.

Sophia. Since you are going out, couſin, pray bid Jenny bring us in tea.

SCENE V.

Charles, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte.

Charles. (*throwing himſelf into an arm-chair*) Soh! I ſhall take poſſeſſion of this.

Sophia. I think it would have been civil to aſk leave.

Charles. Your leave, perhaps?

Sophia. I am not the only perſon here.

Charlotte. I ſee your brother counts us as nothing.

Amelia. He thinks certainly that he does us a great deal of honour in keeping us company.

Charles. Oh! I know that you could do without my company; but I could not ſo eaſily deprive myſelf of yours.

Sophia.

Sophia. There at leaſt is the appearance of a compliment. Though, I believe, to ſay the truth, the tea ſhould come in for the greateſt part of it.

Charles. You are very right, my dear ſiſter, in not thinking that I ſtay at leaſt on your account.

Sophia. Oh! as to that, I have too humble an opinion of my own merit. All that I *ſhould* take pride in, is, that I am ſiſter to ſo polite a young gentleman. (*Jenny brings the tea, and ſets it before Sophia.*)

Charles. Let me pour it out, pray do.

Sophia. No, no, that is my buſineſs; you are a little too awkward. If you want to do ſomething, hand theſe ladies their cups.

Amelia. Not ſo much ſugar for me.

Sophia. Help yourſelf, my dear, to your liking. (*hands her a cup and the ſugar baſon. Charles takes a cup for himſelf, and gets hold of the ſugar.*) Charles, you have got three great lumps already.

Charles. Why, that is not too much. I like it pretty ſweet. (*takes ſeveral bits one after another, till his ſiſter gets the ſugar baſon out of his hands.*)

Sophia. Are not you aſhamed, brother? You ſee there will be none left for us.

Charles. Well, do not you know the way to the ſugar caniſter?

Sophia. My brother would think he had done wrong if he ſaved his ſiſter any trouble.

Charles. No; but if you went for it, I ſhould have the pleaſure of being alone with theſe ladies.

Amelia. Do you hear that, Sophia? Now will you ſay that your brother is not perfectly polite?

Sophia. (*having collected all the cups before her, and filled them again.*) Charles, hand Amelia this cup. (*Charles takes the cup, and in handing it to Amelia, ſpills the tea upon her ſlip.—They all riſe haſtily.*)

Sophia. There is an inſtance of his politeneſs. (*aſide to Charles.*) I dare ſwear, thou ill-natured creature, that was done on purpoſe.

Amelia. O dear! what will my mama ſay? and what ſhall we do?

Charlotte. This is only the ſecond time that ſhe has had on this ſlip. Make haſte; a glaſs of clean water.

Sophia

Sophia. No; I have heard that it is better to rub it with a dry linen cloth. Here is a handkerchief quite clean. (*They go to assist Amelia. Charlotte holds her slip, and Sophia rubs it. Meantime Charles remains at table, quite unconcerned, drinking his tea.*)

Charlotte. There, it begins to disappear: you must let it dry.

Amelia. By good luck, it is in a fold where one will not think of looking.

Charles. (*aside*) That is not my fault.

Sophia. There, look now Charlotte; I do not think it will be observed.

Charlotte. If I had not seen the spot before——

Amelia. Very true. However, Mr. Charles, another time I shall beg you to spare yourself the trouble of waiting on me.

Sophia. Come, ladies, let us take our places again. (*Going to pour out the tea, she finds the tea-pot empty; looks angrily at Charles.*) Well! this is a piece of ill manners that I could not have imagined. Would ye believe it, ladies? while we were so much concerned, he has taken all the tea. However, stop a moment, I will go and order more.

Charlotte. No, there has been quite enough; I could not drink another drop.

Amelia. The misfortune of my slip, has taken away my thirst.

Charles. But I beg you will make no ceremony. They can soon bring us more.

Amelia. Really I think you should have known beforehand that your brother was to be one of the company.

Sophia. Those who are not invited should at least wait until it were their turn.

Charlotte. Let us not say any more about it. It does not give me the least concern.

Sophia. Well, what shall we do now? Ah, here is our friend Godfrey. He will help us to fix on some amusement.

Charles. (*mimicks her*) Our friend Godfrey!—But ladies I must speak to him before you. (*Goes to meet Godfrey, while the young ladies are conversing together.*)

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Godfrey, Charles.

Charles. (*to Godfrey.*) Well, have you done it?

Godfrey. There; take it, and bluſh for your idleneſs.—Well, Ladies, have you fixed upon any amuſement?

Amelia. No, we waited for you to determine us.

Godfrey. I have a little muſician below ſtairs at your ſervice. If you give me leave, I will call him up to ſing you a ſong, or to play if you chuſe to dance.

Sophia. A little muſician! where is he? where is he?

Charlotte. We muſt own, Maſter Godfrey knows how to amuſe his company.

Godfrey. At the ſame time that we amuſe ourſelves, we ſhall do an act of charity; for the poor little fellow has no livelihood but his violin.

Charles. And who will pay him, Maſter Godfrey? He talks and acts as if the King were his couſin, and he has not a farthing all the while.

Sophia. Are not you aſhamed, brother?

Godfrey. Let him go on, couſin, he does not offend me. It is no crime to be poor. I am the liker my little muſician, who is for all that a very good boy. I will give him ſix-pence that I have remaining in my purſe; and he has promiſed to play for that all the evening.

Charlotte. We will make a collection to pay him.

Amelia. Yes, yes; we ſhall club.

Godfrey. Shall I go for him? he waits below at the door.

Sophia. By all means, my dear couſin, and make haſte. (*Godfrey goes out; meantime Jenny brings in a cake upon a plate.*)

SCENE VII.

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Charles.

Charles. I was only going to cut it up. (*Charles goes to take the plate from Jenny. Sophia prevents him.*)

Sophia. I ſhall ſave you the trouble; you would cut it up ſo well, I ſuppoſe, that we ſhould have no more of the cake than we had of the tea. (*She divides it and hands it round.*)

Charles. (*after taking his ſhare.*) Who is to have the piece that is left?

Sophia. What! is my couſin to have none?

Amelia. I would rather give him my part.

Charlotte. And I mine.

Charles. (*with a ſneer.*) He is exceedingly happy.

Sophia. Can you ſee nothing but his cake to envy him?

SCENE VIII.

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Charles, Godfrey, (*leading in Jonas by the hand, who has his violin under his arm.*)

Godfrey. Give me leave to preſent you my young performer.

Charlotte and *Amelia.* He is a ſmart little fellow.

Sophia. Where do you come from, my man?

Jonas. I come from the wolds of Yorkſhire, ma'am.

Amelia. La! what has made you come thus far?

Jonas. Becauſe my poor father is blind, and cannot work. So we travel the country, and I ſupport him with my fiddle.

Sophia. Well, will you give us a ſpecimen of your performance?

Jonas. That I will with all my heart: but my ſkill is not very great.

Godfrey. Play your beſt; at any rate it will be well enough for me, and theſe ladies will be ſo good as to pardon you if you ſhould play a little out of tune. (*Jonas tunes his violin. Amelia in the mean time taking the plate preſents the remainder of the cake to Godfrey. He bows, takes the plate, and holds it in his hand without touching the cake, while he liſtens to Jonas. The latter begins by playing the air of the following ſong; then ſings.*)

I.

PITY the early hardſhips of a boy
Whoſe tender hands maintain an helpleſs ſire;
Alas! no other means can he employ,
But that compaſſion which their wants inſpire.

II.

Pity their lot, who would not importune,
Chill penury implores the ſcanty boon;

Long

Long years of toil have dimm'd the father's eyes,
The other's weakneſs that reſource denies.

III.

Oh! let their hardſhips touch the bounteous breaſt,
Relieve the aged ſire and helpleſs boy;
A little bread were wealth to the diſtreſt,
Alas! 'tis all their preſſing wants enjoy.

Godfrey. (*giving him his hand.*) Poor child! then you are both in great diſtreſs?

Jonas. Alas! we are ſo; but with my fiddle I hope that we ſhall never be deſtitute. If we ſhould be ſick, God Almighty will take care of us; and if we die, we ſhall want nothing but a little ſpot of earth which may be had any where.

Godfrey. But my poor little boy, perhaps thou art hungry. Hold, here, take my cake.

Jonas. Oh! no, my pretty maſter, eat it yourſelf; a bit of bread ſerves me.

Godfrey. No, you ſhall have this; I can eat bread as well as you.

Jonas. Well, Sir, I thank you; but I will not eat it now. I will ſhare it with my poor father; he is not uſed to taſte ſuch good things.

Sophia. Your poor father, ſay you? here; you ſhall give *him* my part.

Charlotte. And take mine too.

Amelia. And mine.

Jonas. Oh! no, no; keep your cakes my ſweet young ladies. One piece is enough for me. We are not uſed to fill our bellies with ſweet things.

Charles. (*ironically.*) He is right; that would ſpoil his fine voice.

Sophia. Nobody has aſked you for yours.

Charles. Oh, I have diſpatched that long ago.

Godfrey. Come, my man; will you taſte your cake firſt?

Jonas. Oh! no, Maſter. Since you are ſo good as to give it me, allow me to wrap it up in my handkerchief and take it home.

Sophia. Stop a moment, I will give you a piece of linen cleaner than that, and meantime you may lay your cake in the window.

Jonas.

Jonas. I will, my good young lady. I come here to play upon the fiddle, not to eat.

Amelia. I ſhould wiſh to dance a minuet with Maſter Godfiey. Can you play any?

Jonas. Whatever you pleaſe. A minuet, a jig, or a country dance.

Amelia. Let us have the minuet firſt. (*Godfrey takes Amelia by the hand to dance.*)

Charlotte. Why cannot we both dance, (*advancing towards Charles.*) Mr. Charles?

Charles. Excuſe me, miſs, I can't dance.

Sophia. Yet he has learned full two years.

Charles. I am not in a capering humour to-day.

Charlotte. (*curtſying to him.*) So then I am refuſed.

Sophia. Come, couſin, lend me your hat. (*to Charlotte*) I ſhall have the honour, ma'am, to be your beau.

Amelia. Then if we were to dance a double minuet?—

Godfrey. Miſs, I am at your ſervice. (*They dance a double minuet, after which Charlotte goes to take out Godfrey.*)

Charlotte. Mr. Godfrey, now I will dance with you.

Godfrey. I ſhall be happy, miſs, to have that honour.

Amelia. And now, Sophia, I will be your beau.

Sophia. As this goes, I find I muſt loſe my couſin; however, theſe ladies have the firſt title to your complaiſance. (*They dance another minuet, during which Charles goes to the window, takes Jonas's cake, and ſlips out of the room.*)

Sophia. (*to Godfrey who wipes his face.*) Ah! you give it up; you muſt own that we have ſtronger feet than you gentlemen.

Godfrey. It is becauſe you are much nimbler.

Amelia. (*to Godfrey.*) If your couſin had been as complaiſant as you, we ſhould ſoon have overmatched you; for then one of us could take breath while the other two danced. (*They all look round for Charles.*)

Charlotte. Ah! he is gone; ſo much the better.

Jonas. Shall I play another tune or two?

Godfrey. No; that is enough; unleſs, ladies, you would chooſe more. The poor little fellow will be glad to go and earn ſomething elſewhere. I have already told you how little I have in my purſe; and Charles has gone off without paying.

Charlotte. We will all contribute as well as you.

Amelia.

Amelia, Certainly, we mean it. (*takes out her purſe.*) There, Maſter Godfrey, is my purſe.

Charlotte. And here is mine.

Sophia. Hold, couſin, here is a ſhilling: keep your money, and this will do for us both.

Godfrey. No, no, Sophia, I have a right to pay firſt. (*They gather the money, and give it to Jonas.*)

Jonas. I will never take all that; this young Gentleman promiſed me only ſix-pence.

Godfrey. Take the whole, my man; we are very happy to be able to do you a ſervice.

Jonas. God Almighty reward you. (*To Sophia*) Now, Miſs, if you would pleaſe to give me a piece of old linen to wrap up the cake that you have made me take.

Sophia. I had quite forgot it. (*runs to a drawer, and takes out a handkerchief.*) There; it is a little worn, but it will do very well for your purpoſe.

Jonas. May Heaven repay you for your generoſity. (*goes to the window for the cake.*)

Jonas. (*ſorrowfully.*) It is not here.

Sophia. What a ſad boy is that! he certainly has taken this poor child's cake.

Jonas. Do not be concerned, my ſweet young Lady. I am only ſorry to loſe it on account of my poor father.

Godfrey. If Charles were not your brother, his greedineſs ſhould coſt him dear; but Jonas's father muſt not be a loſer however. My dear Sophia, lend me that ſix-pence that you were going to pay for me juſt now.

Sophia. No, couſin, I will have the merit of it all to myſelf. (*to Jonas.*) There, my lad, is ſix-pence; buy another cake for your father. (*Charlotte and Amelia feel in their purſes.*)

Charlotte. Hold, here are ſome more halfpence.

Amelia. Take this too.

Jonas. Oh dear, no; this is too much.

Godfrey. (*taking him by the hand affectionately.*) How unhappy I am not to have any thing more to give thee! But I am an orphan, and ſubſiſt like thee upon the generoſity of others.

Jonas. (*to Godfrey.*) I wiſh that you had not brought me here, or that you would take back your money.

Godfrey. Do not be uneaſy as to me. Farewel. Go and try to earn ſomething elſewhere.

Jonas. (*to Sophia, as he is going.*) But, take your handkerchief, my good young Lady.

Sophia. No, keep it if you have occaſion for it.

Jonas. May Heaven preſerve you all in good health, and make you ſtill more amiable than you are. (*goes out.*)

SCENE IX.

Sophia, Charlotte, Amelia and Godfrey.

Sophia. Can you imagine any thing more ſhameful than the behaviour of Charles?

Amelia. He ſhould not play theſe pranks if I were his ſiſter.

Charlotte. I am ſorry he has deſtroyed all the pleaſure that we had in doing a ſervice to this poor little boy.

Amelia. However, he is not ill off at preſent; the cake has been pretty well made up to him.

Godfrey. Very true; thanks to your generoſity. But that does not juſtify the behaviour of Charles. Beſides, poor Jonas might have had the one without loſing the other.

Sophia. It is you, couſin, that have ſuffered moſt upon the whole. You have deprived yourſelf of your ſhare, that my good-for-nothing brother might eat it. (*a knocking is heard at the door.*)

Amelia, Charlotte, Sophia, Godfrey, Jonas.

Godfrey. Here is our little fiddler again. What is the matter, my man?

Jonas. (*crying.*) Oh dear! oh dear! Help! I am ruined. (*The children gather round him.*)

Sophia. What has happened to you then?

Jonas. The whole of my poor ſubſiſtence—all that I had to maintain myſelf and my father—ſee, ſee here—my little violin—it is broken all to pieces, and your handkerchief and your money—all is gone—he has taken it all from me.

Godfrey. Who has broken your violin? who has taken your money?

Jonas. 'Twas he—'Twas he that took my cake

Sophia. What, my brother? Is it poſſible?

Godfrey. Charles?

Charlotte. It cannot be.

Amelia.

Amelia. O the wretch!

Jonas. Yes, it was he, it was he. As I was going out of the ſtreet-door, he came up to me and aſked if I had been paid for my playing, as otherwiſe he meant to pay me. Oh, yes, that I have, ſaid I, and even overpaid. How came they by ſo much money? ſays he. Let me ſee what they have given you. So I, ſilly fool that I was—I ſhould have remembered the cake; but I thought no more of that, I was ſo overjoyed to carry home ſo much money to my father. Beſides I had not counted it, and was deſirous to know the ſum. So I laid my fiddle down on the ground beſide me, and took out the handkerchief. See here, ſaid I to him, what I got more than was promiſed me at firſt; one of the young miſſes gave it me. I had tied up all my money in the handkerchief, and was going to undo the knot, when he ſnatched at it. I gueſſed his roguery. So he pulled one way and I another, when all at once, ſeeing where my fiddle lay on the ground, he ſtamped on it with both his feet. I looſed my hold and let go the handkerchief, and ſo he got it from me and ran away. Both my fiddle and the bow are broke, and now I have neither handkerchief nor money. O my father! my poor father! What will become of us?

Sophia. Why really I do not know.—I have nothing more in the world. O couſin!

Charlotte. Here are ſome few halfpence. It is all that I have about me.

Jonas. My ſweet miſs, I thank you; but that will not buy me a fiddle. O my poor father! he had it more than fifteen years.

Amelia. Take this too. It is the very laſt farthing I have.

Sophia. (*Runs to her drawer.*) Here is my thimble; it is gold. Run and ſell it, my poor little man. I have an ivory one that will ſerve me.

Godfrey. No; keep your thimble, couſin. Stop, my boy, I can aſſiſt you. (*Takes out his buckles, and gives them to him.*) I have another pair of pinchbeck. You will certainly get twelve ſhillings for theſe. I can give them away, for they are my own. My godfather made me a preſent of them for my birth-day.—(*Sophia offers him her thimble, and Godfrey his buckles. Jonas heſitates.*)

Jonas. No; I will have none of them. My father would think that I had ſtolen them.

Sophia. Take my thimble at leaſt.

Godfrey. Wont you take my buckles? you will make me angry. Take them I ſay.

Jonas. Oh dear, would you have me deprive you of your ornaments?

Godfrey. Do not be uneaſy about that. God will repay me, perhaps, more than I give you. Your father wants bread. I have no father to maintain.

Sophia. Go, go, and take care of yourſelf.

Jonas. At leaſt take back your thimble.

Sophia. No; it is not mine now.

Charlotte. If you ever paſs our way, I will do ſomething for you.

Amelia. 'Tis in —— Square; any body will ſhew you Mr. Richmond's.

Jonas. Oh! great folks ſeldom aſk me into their houſes. I am ſometimes, perhaps, taken down into the kitchen.

Sophia. Well, enough of this. Your father probably is uneaſy on your account, and ours may return very ſoon.

Jonas. How, miſs! your papa? Do you expect him ſoon?

Sophia. Yes, go your ways, elſe the rogue who took your handkerchief and money may take this from you too.

Jonas. But I hope you are very ſure not to be ſcolded.

Godfrey. No, no, never fear. Good bye!

Jonas. (*As he goes out.*) The good-natured little ſouls!

SCENE XI.

Sophia, Charlotte, Amelia, Godfrey.

Charlotte. I am very ſorry that you have deprived yourſelf of your buckles, Maſter Godfrey.

Amelia. You have ſet us a good example.

Godfrey. I only followed that of Sophia. I ſhould be happy in the opportunity of doing a good action if it had not been furniſhed by the mean behaviour of Charles. With what pleaſure ſhall I now look at my pinchbeck buckles!

SCENE

SCENE XII.

Mr. Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Godfrey, Jonas.

The children get close together. Sophia and Godfrey caſt a ſide look at Jonas, and whiſper each other.)

Mr. Melf. (*to the Miſs Richmonds.*) Your ſervant, ladies! I thank you for the honour that you have done my daughter. But give me leave to hear, in your preſence, what this boy has to ſay. He was waiting for me upon the ſtairs, and cannot leave me, he ſays, until he has ſpoken to me before you—(*to Jonas*) Come, what have you to ſay?

Jonas. (*to Sophia and Godfrey.*) My good young maſter and miſs, I beg you, for heaven's ſake, not to be angry with me; but I cannot help ſpeaking, and it would be ill done of me to keep what you have made me take, without the conſent of your papa. I know very well that children have nothing of their own to give away.

Mr. Melf. What is all this?

Jonas. I am going to tell you, ſir. This young maſter called me from his window to come in and play upon my violin for theſe ladies. There was another little gentleman too along with them, very handſome, but a very ill-natured rogue.

Mr. Melf. What! my ſon?

Jonas. I beg pardon. That word eſcaped me. Well; I played my beſt, what tunes I knew, and this good little company were ſo kind as to beſtow me a piece of cake, with a handkerchief to wrap it up, and almoſt a handful of money beſides. I do not know how much.

Mr. Melf. Well?

Jonas. Well, that ill-natured little gentleman took away the cake, which I was intending to carry to my poor father who is blind. That I ſhould not have minded; but he ſlips out of the room, and when I was going away quite overjoyed with my little bundle, he watches me in the paſſage, takes the handkerchief with all the money from me by force, and breaks my violin in pieces. Look ye, there it is, (crying.) All my riches, that ſupported me and my father.

Mr. Melf. Is it poſſible? Such a malicious ill-natured action!—What! my Son?—

Charlotte. His behaviour in every thing elſe makes this very probable. Aſk Sophia herſelf.

Mr. Melf. Go, my man; do not be afflicted: I will indemnify you. But is that all?

Jonas. No ſir; only hear me. Being in ſuch trouble, I returned to tell theſe good little gentlefolks the whole affair. They had not money enough to pay for the damage: ſo this pretty miſs gives me her gold thimble, and this young gentleman his ſilver buckles. I could not poſſibly keep them: my father would have thought that I had ſtolen them. I knew you were coming home, ſo I waited to return them to you, and here they are.—But I have no fiddle now. O my fiddle! O my poor father!

Mr. Melf. What an account thou haſt given me! Is it thou or you, my generous children, whom I ſhould moſt admire? Excellent boy! in extreme indigence, ſo loſe all; and yet, from the fear of doing wrong, to run the riſque of letting a father whom you love periſh with hunger.

Jonas. Is it ſo great a matter not to be a rogue? No, no; one never thrives on ill-gotten bread. It is what my father and mother have often told me. If you would only pleaſe to buy me another fiddle, that will make amends for all. Whatever more the thimble and buckles would have brought, God Almighty will repay me.

Mr. Melf. Your father and you muſt be endowed with extraordinary uprightneſs of heart, not even to ſuſpect the depravity of others! God will make uſe of me as an inſtrument to impart his bleſſings to you. You ſhall ſtay here; and for the firſt you ſhall wait upon Godfrey: Afterwards we will ſee what we can do better for you.

Jonas. What! wait upon this little angel of a gentleman. Oh! I ſhould be delighted (*bows to Godfrey.*) But, no; (*ſorrowfully*) I cannot leave my father all alone. Without me, how would he do to live? What! ſhould I be in abundance, and he die for want? Oh! no.

Mr. Melf. Excellent child! and who is thy father?

Jonas. An old blind labourer, whom I ſupported by playing on the fiddle. It is true, he ſeldom eats, nor I neither, any thing elſe but a piece of bread with ſome milk. But God always gives us enough for the day, and

we

we take no care for the morrow: he provides for that alſo.

Mr. Melf. Well, I will take care of thy father and, if he chuſes, I will get him into an alms-houſe, where old and infirm people are well maintained. You may go and ſee him there whenever you pleaſe.—(*Jonas, after an exclamation of joy, runs about the room, quite tranſported.*)

Jonas. O goodneſs! What, my dear father! No; that will make him die with joy. I cannot ſtop any longer, but muſt go for him and bring him here.—(*Runs out. Sophia and Godfrey take Mr. Melfort's hands. They wipe their eyes.*)

SCENE XIII.

Mr. Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, and Godfrey.

Mr. Melf. O my dear children! how happy would this day have been for me, if, while I admire the generoſity of your ſentiments, the idea of my ſon's unworthineſs did not intervene to poiſon my happineſs! But, no; it ſhould not affect it. God has given me another ſon in thee, my dear Godfrey. If you are not ſo by birth, yet you are by the ties of blood, and by congenial worthineſs of heart. Yes, you ſhall be my ſon.—But where is Charles? Go, ſeek him, and bring him hither to me immediately. —(*Godfrey goes out.*)

Sophia. It is almoſt an hour ſince we ſaw him. While the little boy was playing a minuet to us, he diſappeared with his piece of cake.

Godfrey. (*returning.*) He was ſeen going into a confectioner's not far off. I have told John to go for him.

Mr. Melf. Children ſtep into my ſtudy. I wiſh to know what anſwer he will have the aſſurance to make me. When I want your teſtimony, I ſhall call you.

Charlotte and Amelia. Then we ſhall take our leave.

Mr. Melf. No, my dears! I will ſend word to your papa and mama, that you will ſpend the reſt of the evening with us. Probably the generous little Jonas and his old father will be our gueſts alſo. I have occaſion for ſomething to aſſuage the cruel wound that Charles has given my heart, and I know of nothing more ſalutary than the converſation of ſuch amiable children as you.

Sophia (*liſtening.*) I think I hear Charles coming —(*Mr. Melfort opens his ſtudy-door. The children withdraw.*)

SCENE XIV.

Mr. Melfort.

I have long dreaded a diſcovery of this diſagreeable nature, but could never have ſuſpected him of any thing ſo horrid. It is, perhaps, ſtill not too late to correct his vices. Alas! why am I obliged to try a deſperate remedy!

SCENE XV.

Mr. Melfort, Charles.

Charles. What are your commands, papa?

Mr. Melfort. Where have you been? Were you not in your chamber?

Charles. Our tutor is gone out. Godfrey was below ſtairs. So, after having ſtudied all the afternoon, I grew tired of being alone.

Mr. Melf. Why did not you go, as well as Godfrey, and join the little company that I found with your ſiſter?

Charles. And ſo I did: but thoſe miſſes treated me ſo ill—

Mr. Melf. How? you aſtoniſh me.

Charles. At firſt they drank tea, but without aſking me to have a drop. On the contrary, they ſhewed me all the ſpite in the world. Then Godfrey picked up a little beggar brat in the ſtreet, and brought him to play the fiddle to them. He gave him ſome of the cake that was brought up to them, and me not a bit. They danced, but not one of the ladies would dance with me, though there were three of them, and no gentleman but Godfrey. What could I do here? I went down to the door to look at the people paſſing by.

Mr. Melf. Only to the door? What was it then that paſſed at the corner of the ſtreet, between a little fiddler and you? I have been told that you beat him and broke his violin, and that he went away crying.

Charles. Yes, that is true, papa; and if I had not been very good-natured, I ſhould have got a conſtable to put him in bridewell. You ſhall hear, ſir. When I ſaw him go out, I ſaid to myſelf, I muſt give this poor creature

ſomething

ſomething too for his trouble, for I know that Godfrey has nothing of his own, and a beggar is but ill paid with only a morſel of cake. So I took ſome money out of my purſe which I gave him, and he drew out a handkerchief to put it in. I perceived that it was one of my ſiſter's handkerchiefs; you may ſee the mark. I begged him very civilly to return it, which he would not. So I took him by the collar, and we ſtruggled together, and by accident I put my foot upon his fiddle.

Mr. Melf. (*With indignation.*) Hold your tongue, baſe liar! I cannot bear to hear you.

Charles. (*Drawing near to him, and going to take him by the hand.*) Why, my dear papa, what makes you angry?

Mr. Melf. Be gone, wicked creature, out of my ſight! you ſhock me. (*He calls the children from the ſtudy.*)

SCENE XVI.

Mr. Melfort, Sophia, Amelia, Charlotte, Charles, Godfrey.

Mr. Melf. Come hither, my children! I will ſee none but thoſe who merit my affection. As for you, quit my preſence for ever. But no, ſtop. You ſhall receive your ſentence firſt. (*To Sophia and Godfrey.*) You have heard his charges againſt you.

Sophia. Yes, papa; and if it were not neceſſary for our own juſtification, I would ſay not a word againſt him, for fear of increaſing your anger.

Charles. Do not believe any thing that ſhe will tell you.

Mr. Melf. Be ſilent. I have already had a proof of thy deteſtable falſhood. Lying is the high road to theft and murder. Thou haſt already committed the firſt crime, and perhaps wanteſt only ſtrength to attempt the other. Go on, Sophia.

Sophia. In the firſt place, he has done no buſineſs at all this afternoon. It was Godfrey that wrote his tranſlation for him.

Mr. Melf. Is this true?

Godfrey. I cannot deny it.

Sophia. Then he ſpilt a diſh of tea upon Amelia's ſlip; and while we were buſy in wiping it, he ſe' aired at table, and emptied the tea-pot. There was not a drop

left for us. Theſe young ladies are witneſſes (*pointing to the Miſs Richmonds.*) As to the cake—

Mr. Melf. That is enough. All your baſeneſs is diſcovered. Go up into your chamber for this day: to-morrow morning I will put you out of the houſe. I will give you time enough to amend before you return, and if that experiment does not ſucceed, there are not wanting methods to diſpoſe of incorrigible reprobates, who diſturb ſociety by their miſdeeds. Godfrey, tell John to ſee that he keeps his room. You will give orders in the mean time that your tutor be ſent to me as ſoon as he returns.

Sophia and Godfrey. (*interceding for him.*) Dear papa!—Dear uncle!

Mr. Melf. I will not hear a word in his favor. He who is capable of taking from the poor by force the earnings of his induſtry, of breaking the inſtrument of his livelihood, and of ſeeking to juſtify ſuch actions by falſehood and calumny, ſhould be turned out of the ſociety of men. I thank God that he has left me ſtill two ſuch excellent children as you. You ſhall be my conſolation henceforward, and with you I will endeavour to make myſelf as happy this evening as the father of ſo unprincipled a ſon can be.

THE CANARY-BIRD.

CANARY-BIRDS to ſell! Who'll buy my Canary-birds? Fine Canary-birds! Thus cried a man paſſing by the houſe of little Jeſſy. Jeſſy heard him: ſhe ran to the window, and looking into the ſtreet, ſaw that it was a bird-ſeller who carried upon his head a large cage full of Canary-birds. They jumped ſo nimbly from perch to perch, and chirped ſo ſweetly, that Jeſſy, in the eagerneſs of her curioſity, was near falling out of the window, while ſhe endeavoured to have a nearer view of them. Will you buy a Canary-bird, miſs? ſaid the birdman to her. Perhaps I may, anſwered Jeſſy; but that does not depend on me entirely. Stop a little; I will go and aſk my papa's leave. The man promiſed to ſtop, and ſeeing a bulk on the other ſide of the ſtreet, laid down his cage there and ſtood by the ſide of it. Jeſſy in the mean time

ran.

ran to her father's chamber, and entered it quite out of breath, crying, Come here, papa! quick! make haſte!

Mr. Gower. And what is the hurry?

Jeſſy. There is a man in the ſtreet that ſells Canary-birds. I dare ſay he has more than a hundred. He carries a great cage quite full of them on his head.

Mr. Gower. And why does that make you ſo glad?

Jeſſy. Ah! papa; becauſe—that is if you give me leave—I ſhould like to buy one.

Mr. Gower. And have you money enough?

Jeſſy. O yes, in my purſe.

Mr. Gower. But who will feed the poor bird?

Jeſſy. I will, papa, myſelf. You'll ſee, it will be glad to be my bird.

Mr. Gower. Ah! I am afraid——

Jeſſy. Of what, papa?

Mr. Gower. That you will let him die of hunger or thirſt.

Jeſſy. I let him die of hunger or thirſt? Oh! no, certainly I ſha'nt. Nay, I will never touch my own breakfaſt, before my bird has had his.

Mr. Gower. Jeſſy! Jeſſy! you know you are very giddy! and then you have only to neglect him one day.

Jeſſy promiſed her father ſo fairly; ſhe coaxed him ſo much, and pulled his coat-ſkirt ſo often, that Mr. Gower conſented at laſt to his daughter's requeſt. He croſſed the ſtreet, leading her by the hand; and when they came up to the cage, they choſe the prettieſt Canary-bird in it; a male, of the moſt lively yellow, with a little black tuft upon his head. Who was ever ſo happy as Jeſſy then? She held her purſe to her father, that he might pay for the bird. Mr. Gower then took money out of his own, to buy a handſome cage with drawers, and a water-cup of cryſtal. Jeſſy had no ſooner given the Canary-bird poſſeſſion of its little palace, than ſhe ran to every part of the houſe, calling her mama, her ſiſters and all the ſervants, and ſhewing them the bird which her father had been ſo good as to buy her. When any of her little friends came to ſee her, the firſt words were, do you know I have the prettieſt Canary Bird in the world? he is as yellow as gold, and has a little black creſt like the plumes of mama's hat. Come, I will ſhew him to you; his name is Cherry. Cherry was quite happy under

Jeſſy's care. The firſt thing that ſhe thought of in the morning was to give him freſh grain and the cleareſt water. Whenever there was any cake at table, Cherry had his part of it firſt. She had always ſome bits of ſugar in ſtore for him, and his cage was garniſhed with freſh greens of one ſort or another. Cherry was not ungrateful to all theſe attentions. He ſoon learned to diſtinguiſh Jeſſy; and the moment he heard her ſtep in the room, what fluttering of his wings! what inceſſant chirpings! Jeſſy almoſt devoured him with kiſſes. At the end of a week he began to ſing, and produced the moſt delightful muſic. Sometimes he ſwelled his little notes to ſuch a length, that one would have thought he muſt expire from fatigue; then, after pauſing a moment, he would begin again ſweeter than ever, with a tone ſo clear and brilliant that he could be heard all over the houſe. Jeſſy paſſed whole hours in liſtening to him as ſhe ſat by his cage. She ſometimes would let her work fall out of her hands to gaze at him, and, after he had entertained her with a ſweet ſong, ſhe regaled him in her turn with a tune upon the bird-organ which he would endeavour to imitate. Theſe pleaſures, however, became familiar to Jeſſy. Her father, one day, made her a preſent of a book of prints. She was ſo agreeably taken up with it that Cherry was ſomething the leſs minded. He would chirp the moment that he ſaw Jeſſy, though ever ſo far off; but Jeſſy heard him not. Almoſt a week had paſſed ſince he had either had freſh greens or biſcuit. He repeated the ſweeteſt airs that Jeſſy had taught him, and compoſed new for her, but in vain. The truth was, Jeſſy's thoughts were otherwiſe engaged. Her birth-day came on, when her godfather gave her a great jointed doll. This doll, which ſhe called Columbine, completely baniſhed all thoughts of Cherry. From morning till night ſhe was buſied with nothing but dreſſing and undreſſing Miſs Columbine a hundred times, talking to her, and carrying her up and down the room. The poor bird was very happy to get ſome food towards evening. Sometimes it happened that he was obliged to wait for it till the next day. At length, one day when Mr. Gower was at table, and caſt his eye accidentally upon the cage, he ſaw the Canary-bird lying upon its breaſt and panting for breath. Its feathers were ruffled, and it ſeemed contracted all of a lump. Mr. Gower

went close up to it; but no more fond chirpings! The poor little creature had scarce strength enough left to breathe. Jessy, cried Mr. Gower, what is the matter with your Canary-bird? Jessy blushed. Why, papa, I — somehow, I forgot;—and all in a tremble she ran to fetch the box of seed. Mr. Gower took down the cage, and examined the drawer and the water-cup. Alas! Cherry had not a single grain, nor a drop of water. Ah! poor bird! cried Mr. Gower; thou art fallen into cruel hands! If I had foreseen this, I should never have bought thee. All the company rose from table, holding up their hands, and crying, The poor bird! Mr. Gower put some seed into the drawer, and filled the cup with fresh water, but had much difficulty in bringing Cherry back to life. Jessy left the table, and went up into her chamber, crying, and made her handkerchief quite wet with her tears. The next day Mr. Gower ordered the bird to be carried out of the house, and given as a present to the son of Mr. Mercer, his neighbour, who was counted a very careful boy, and would pay more attention to him than Jessy had done. But, to hear the little girl's complaints and expressions of sorrow! Ah! my dear bird! my poor Cherry! Indeed I promise you faithfully, papa, that I will never forget him a single moment as long as I live. Only leave him with me this once. Mr. Gower suffered himself at length to be touched with Jessy's entreaties, and gave her back the Canary-bird, but not without a severe reprimand for her negligence, and the strictest injunction as to the future. This poor little creature, says he, is shut up, and therefore not able to provide for its own wants. Whenever you want any thing, you can ask for it; but Cherry cannot make people understand his language. If ever you let him suffer hunger or thirst again—— At these words Jessy shed a flood of tears. She took her papa's hand and kissed it, but her grief was so full that she could not utter a word. Now Jessy was once more mistress of Cherry, and Cherry was sincerely reconciled with Jessy. About a month after, Mr. Gower was obliged to go into the country for a few days with his lady. Jessy, Jessy, said he, in parting with his daughter, I earnestly recommend poor Cherry to your care. Her parents were scarcely got into the carriage, when Jessy ran to the cage, and carefully provided the

bird

bird with every thing neceſſary. In a few hours after, her time began to hang heavy. She ſent for ſome of her little acquaintance, and ſoon recovered her chearfulneſs. They went out to walk together, and at their return ſpent part of the evening in playing at blind-man's buff and four corners. After that they danced. In fine, the little company broke up very late, and Jeſſy went to bed quite fatigued. The next morning ſhe awoke by break of day, and began thinking on the amuſements of the evening before. If her governeſs had let her, ſhe would have run as ſoon as ſhe got up, to ſee the Miſs Marſhalls, but was obliged to wait till after dinner. However, ſhe had ſcarcely finiſhed it, before ſhe deſired to be conducted to their houſe: and Cherry!—he was obliged to ſtay at home alone, and to faſt. The following day was alſo ſpent in amuſements: and Cherry!—he was forgotten again. It was the ſame the third day: and Cherry!—who could think of him in the midſt of ſuch diverſions? The fourth day, Mr. and Mrs. Gower returned from the country. Jeſſy had thought very little about their return. Her father had ſcarce kiſſed her and enquired after her health, before he aſked, How is Cherry? Very well, cried Jeſſy, a little confuſed; and ſhe ran towards the cage to carry him ſome water. Alas! the poor little creature was no more. He was laid upon his back, with his wings ſpread and his bill open. Jeſſy ſcreamed out and wrung her hands. Every one in the houſe ran up, and was eye-witneſs of the diſaſter. Ah! poor bird! cried Mr. Gower; how painful has thy death been! If I had wrung thy head off the day that I went to the country, thou wouldeſt have had but the pain of a moment, whereas now thou haſt endured for ſeveral days the pangs of hunger and thirſt, and haſt died in a long and cruel agony. However, thou art ſtill happy in being delivered from the hands of ſo pitileſs a guardian. Jeſſy would have hid herſelf in the bowels of the earth: ſhe would have given all her play-things, and all her pocket-money, to purchaſe the life of Cherry; but it was then too late. Mr. Gower took the bird, and had its ſkin ſtuffed and hung up from the ceiling. Jeſſy did not dare to look at it: her eyes were filled with tears whenever ſhe chanced to perceive it, and every day ſhe entreated her father to remove it from her ſight. Mr. Gower did not conſent,

conſent, till after many ſupplications on her part; and whenever Jeſſy ſhewed any mark of inattention or giddineſs, the bird was hung up again in its place, and every body would ſay in her hearing, Poor Cherry! what a cruel death you ſuffered!

THE CHILDREN WHO WOULD BE THEIR OWN MASTERS.

Camillus. AH! Papa, how I ſhould wiſh to be big! to be as big as you.

Mr. Orpin. And why ſhould you wiſh ſo, my dear?

Cam. Becauſe then I ſhould not be under any body's command, and might do whatever came into my head.

Mr. Orpin. I ſuppoſe, then, you would do wonders.

Cam. That I ſhould, I promiſe you.

Mr. Orpin. And do you wiſh alſo, Julia, to be free to do whatever you pleaſe?

Julia. Yes indeed, papa.

Cam. Oh! if Julia and I were our own maſters!

Mr. Orpin. Well, children, I can give you that ſatisfaction. After to-morrow morning you ſhall have the liberty of conducting yourſelves entirely according to your own fancy.

Cam. Ah! you are jeſting, papa.

Mr. Orpin. No, I ſpeak quite ſeriouſly. To-morrow, neither your mother, nor I, nor in ſhort any body in the houſe, ſhall oppoſe your inclinations.

Cam. What pleaſure ſhall we feel to have our necks out of the yoke!

Mr. Orpin. That is not all. I do not intend to give you this privilege for to-morrow only: it ſhall continue until you come of yourſelves and requeſt me to aſſume my authority again.

Cam. At that rate we ſhall be our own maſters a long while.

Mr. Orpin. Well, I ſhall be glad to ſee you able to conduct yourſelves: ſo prepare to become great folks to-morrow.

The next day came. The two children, inſtead of riſing at ſeven o'clock as uſual, lay in bed till near nine. Too much ſleep makes us heavy and liſtleſs. This was the

the caſe with Camillus and Julia. They awoke at length uncalled, and got up in an ill-humour. However, they pleaſed themſelves a little with the agreeable idea of acting in whatever manner they liked the whole day. Come, what ſhall we do firſt? ſaid Camillus to his ſiſter, after they had dreſſed themſelves and breakfaſted.

Julia. Why, we'll go and play.

Cam. At what?

Julia. Let us build houſes with cards.

Cam. Oh! that is very dull amuſement. I am not for that.

Julia. Will you play at blind-man's buff?

Cam. What, only two of us?

Julia. Well, at drafts, or at fox and geeſe.

Cam. You know I cannot bear thoſe games that oblige one to ſit ſtill.

Julia. Well, then mention ſome to your own liking.

Cam. Then we'll play at riding on a ſtick.

Julia. Ay, that is pretty play for a little girl!

Cam. We'll play then, if you like, at horſes. You ſhall be the horſe, and I will be coachman.

Julia. Oh, yes! to laſh me with your whip as you did t'other day. I have not forgot that.

Cam. I never do it willingly; but the thing is, you won't gallop.

Julia. Ay, but that hurts me: ſo I won't play at any ſuch game.

Cam. You won't? won't you? Well! let us play at hounds and hare. I will be the huntſman, and you ſhall be the hare. Come, make ready; I ſhall ſet off.

Julia. Pſhaw! I'll have none of your hunting. You do nothing but tread upon my heels, and punch me in the ſides.

Cam. Well, ſince you do not chuſe any of my games, I'll never play with you again. Do you hear that?

Julia. Nor I with you. Do you hear that too?

At theſe words they quitted the middle of the room, where they were ſtanding, and retired each into a corner, and there remained a conſiderable time without looking at or ſpeaking to each other. They were ſtill in a pout, when the clock ſtruck ten. The forenoon would ſoon paſs over; therefore Camillus at length approaching his ſiſter ſaid, "I muſt do every thing that you like. Well then,

then, I will play at drafts with you for twelve chefnuts a game."

Julia. I have no chefnuts: and befides you know you owe me a dozen already. You fhould pay me thofe firft.

Cam. Yes, I owed them to you yefterday; but I do not owe any thing to-day.

Julia. And pray how did you come to be quit?

Cam. Nobody has a right to afk any thing of thofe who are their own maflers.

Julia. Very well! I fhall tell my papa of your cheating.

Cam. But papa has no power over me now.

Julia. If that be the cafe, I won't play.

Cam. Then you may do as you like.

They go away pouting again to the farther ends of the room from each other. Camillus began to whiftle, Julia to fing. Camillus tied knots on his whip, and cracked it: Julia dreffed her doll, and began a converfation with it. Camillus grumbled, and Julia fighed. The clock ftruck again. They had another hour lefs to play in. Camillus, in a pet, threw his whip out of the window: Julia toffed her doll into a corner. They look at each other, not knowing what to fay. At length Julia breaks filence: "Come, Camillus, I will be your horfe."

Cam. There now, that is right! I have a long ftring for the bridle. See here. Put it into your mouth.

Julia. No, not into my mouth. Tie it round my waift, or faften it to my arm.

Cam. How you talk! Did you ever fee horfes have the bit any where but between their teeth?

Julia. But I am not a real horfe.

Cam. Well, but you fhould do juft the fame as if you were.

Julia. I do not fee any occafion for that.

Cam. I fuppofe you think that you know more about it than I do, who am all the day in the ftable. Come, take it the right way.

Julia. You have been trailing it about in the dirt all the week. No, I'll never put it into my mouth.

Cam. Then I won't have it any where elfe. I would rather not play at all.

Julia. Juft as you like!

A third

A third fit of pouting, more ſullen and peeviſh than before. Camillus goes for his whip: Julia takes up her doll. But the whip refuſes to crack: the doll's dreſſing goes all wrong. Camillus ſighs, Julia weeps. This interval brought on dinner-hour; and Mr. Orpin came to aſk them, if they choſe to have it ſerved up. But what is the matter with you? ſaid he, ſeeing them both quite dull. Nothing, papa, anſwered the children, and wiping their eyes, followed their father into the dining-room. The dinner this day conſiſted of a number of diſhes, and a bottle of wine was opened for each of the children. My dear children, ſaid Mr. Orpin, if I had ſtill my former authority over you, I would forbid you to taſte all theſe diſhes, and particularly to drink wine. At leaſt, I would deſire you to be very ſparing of them, becauſe I know how dangerous wine and high-ſeaſoned food are to children. But ye are now your own maſters, and may eat and drink whatever ye fancy. The children did not wait to be told this twice. The one ſwallowed great bits of meat without bread; the other took ſauce in whole ſpoonfuls: and they drank full bumpers of wine, without remembering to mix water with it. My dear, whiſpered Mrs. Orpin to her huſband, they will make themſelves ſick. I fear they will, my dear, anſwered Mr. Orpin; but I would rather that they ſhould learn for once at their own expence how much one may ſuffer from ignorance, than by a premature attention deprive them of the fruits of ſo important a leſſon. Mrs. Orpin ſaw her huſband's intention, and therefore ſuffered our thoughtleſs little couple to indulge their greedineſs. The cloth was now removed. The children had ſtuffed as long as they were able, and their little heads began to be heated. Come with me, Julia, cried Camillus, and took his ſiſter with him into the garden. Mr. Orpin thought proper to follow them unobſerved. There was a little pond in the garden, and at the edge of the pond a ſmall boat. Camillus had a mind to go into it. Julia ſtopped him. You know, ſaid ſhe, that we muſt not go there. Muſt not? anſwered Camillus. Do you forget that we are our own maſters? Oh! that is true, ſaid Julia: ſo, giving her hand to her brother, they both went into the boat. Mr. Orphin drew nearer to them, but did not chuſe to diſcover himſelf yet. He knew that the

the pond was not deep. Even if they fall in, said he to himself, I shall not have much trouble in getting them out. The two children wished to disengage the boat from the bank, and push it out towards the middle of the pond; but they were not able to untie the knots of the rope which held it fast. Since we cannot sail, said the giddy Camillus, we may at least balance ourselves. So, striding across the boat, he began to press it down, first on one side, then on the other. Their heads being a little dizzy, it was not long before their legs failed them. They laid hold of each other to support themselves, and fell both *plump* upon the side of the boat, and from thence into the water. Mr. Orpin flew like lightning from the place where he had been hid. He threw himself into the water, seized his rash children one in each hand, and brought them back into the house, half dead with terror. They felt themselves violently sick while they were undressing and rubbing with cloths. At length they were put each in a warm bed: they fell alternately into a stupor and convulsions: they complained of a dreadful head-ach and pains in the bowels, were seized with frequent fainting fits, and in the intervals with shudderings, sickness of the stomach, and difficulty of breathing. In this deplorable condition they passed the rest of the day: they sobbed and wept, till at length they fell fast asleep through weariness. Early the next morning their father entered their chamber, and asked how they had passed the night. Very ill, answered both in a feeble voice: we could not lie easy in bed, and feel a sickness yet in the head and stomach. Poor children, how I pity you! But, added he a moment after, what will ye do with your liberty to-day? Ye remember that ye enjoy it still. Oh! no, no, answered both eagerly. And why, my little friends? Ye said, the other day, that it was so disagreeable to be subject to the direction of others. We have been well punished for our folly, replied Camillus. And shall take warning for a long time, added Julia.

Mr. Orpin. Ye will not be your own masters then, any longer?

Camillus. No, no, papa: we would rather be told by you what to do.

Julia. It will be much better for us both.

Mr.

Mr Orpin. Think well of what ye ſay; for, if I reſume my authority, I inform you before-hand, that my very firſt orders will be diſagreeable to you.

Cam. No matter, papa; we are ready to do whatever you ſhall think proper.

Mr. Orpin. Well, I have here a yellow powder, called rhubarb. It has an unpleaſing taſte, but is excellent for thoſe who have hurt their ſtomachs by exceſs. Since ye conſent to follow my orders, I command you inſtantly to take this powder. Let me ſee you obey!

Cam. Oh! yes, yes, papa.

Julia. I would take it, though it were as bitter as ſoot.

Mr. Orpin gave them the medicine, and the children, without making, as formerly, any grimaces, endeavoured each to excel the other in taking it with a chearful countenance. This remedy happily had its effect, and they both recovered very ſoon. After that, whenever their parents would terrify them with threats of puniſhment, they would ſay, We ſhall let you be your own maſters! and the children felt more terror from this threat than many others to whom one ſhould ſay, I will put you in priſon!

THE BUSHES.

ONE fine evening in the month of May, Mr. Ogilby was ſitting with Algernon, his ſon, upon the ſide of a ſmall hill, from whence he pointed out to him the beauties of nature as they lay before him. The ſetting ſun, in taking his laſt adieu, ſeemed to have clothed every thing in a robe of purple. They were rouſed from this pleaſing meditation by the chearful ſong of a ſhepherd who was driving back his bleating flock from a neighbouring field. On each ſide of his road there grew up thorn-buſhes which no ſheep approached without leaving upon them ſome part of her fleece. Little Algernon grew quite angry at thoſe robbers. Do you ſee, papa, cried he, thoſe buſhes, how they rob the ſheep of their wool? Why did God make thoſe ill-natured brambles? or why do not all men join with one accord to deſtroy them? If the poor ſheep come back this ſame way again, they will leave the reſt

reft of their clothing upon them. But, no; I will riſe to-morrow at break of day, and come with my bill-hook, and ſnip-ſnap, cut all thoſe briars down to the ground. You ſhall come with me, papa, and bring a little axe, and the whole ſhall be finiſhed before breakfaſt.

We will think of your project, anſwered Mr. Ogilby. But in the mean time do not be unjuſtly angry with thoſe buſhes. Remember what we do about Lammas.

Alger. What do we do then? papa.

Mr. Ogilby. Have not you ſeen the ſhepherds arm themſelves with great ſhears, and rob the trembling ſheep not of a few locks of wool only, but of their whole fleece?

Alger. That is very true, papa, becauſe they want it to make themſelves clothes; but thoſe buſhes rob them out of mere ſpite, and without having the leaſt occaſion for it.

Mr. Ogilby. You don't know what purpoſe theſe bits of wool may ſerve to them; but ſuppoſing that they ſerved none, has a perſon any right to appropriate a thing to himſelf, merely becauſe he wants it?

Alger. But I have heard you ſay, papa, that ſheep naturally loſe their fleeces about that time of the year; then it is much better to take it for our uſe, than to ſuffer it to fall off quite uſeleſs.

Mr. Ogilby. Your remark is juſt. Nature hath given all beaſts a clothing, and we are obliged from them to borrow ours, unleſs we chuſe to go quite naked and remain expoſed to the inclemency of the Winter.

Alger. But a buſh has no occaſion for clothing. So you ſee, papa, we muſt not give up our deſign. I ſhall certainly cut all theſe thorns down to-morrow. You will come along with me, won't you?

Mr. Ogilby. With all my heart. Come then, now for to-morrow morning by break of day.

Algernon, who thought himſelf already an hero, merely from the thought of deſtroying with his little arm this legion of robbers, could hardly ſleep, taken up as he was with his victories of the next day. Scarce had the chearful ſinging of the birds that perched on the trees near his windows announced the return of the dawn, before he haſted to awake his father. Mr. Ogilby, on the other hand, though indifferent as to the fate of the thorn-buſhes, yet, pleaſed with the opportunity of ſhewing to his ſon the beauties of the opening day, was no leſs eager to quit

his

his bed. They dreſſed themſelves haſtily, took their inſtruments, and ſet forward on the expedition. Algernon went before with an air of triumph, and Mr. Ogilby had ſome difficulty to keep up with him. As they approached the buſhes, they ſaw a number of little birds flying backwards and forwards amongſt them, and fluttering about the branches. Softly! ſaid Mr. Ogilby to his ſon. Let us ſuſpend our vengeance for a moment, for fear of diſturbing thoſe innocent creatures. Let us go up again to that part of the hill where we ſat yeſterday evening, and examine what it is that thoſe birds ſeem to ſeek ſo buſily. They went up the hill, ſeated themſelves, and looked on. They ſaw that the birds were employed in carrying away thoſe bits of wool in their beaks, which the buſhes had torn from the ſheep the evening before. There came multitudes of yellow-hammers, chaffinches, linnets and nightingales, who loaded themſelves with this plunder. What is the meaning of that? cried Algernon, quite aſtoniſhed. It means, replied his father, that Providence takes care of the ſmalleſt creatures, and furniſhes them with every expedient for their happineſs and preſervation. You ſee, the poor birds find here a lining for the habitation which they prepare for their young. They make ready, you ſee, a very comfortable bed for themſelves and their little family. Thus the honeſt thorn-buſh, againſt which you were ſo eaſily provoked yeſterday, unites the inhabitants of the air with thoſe of the earth. He takes from the rich his ſuperfluities, to ſatisfy the wants of the poor. Will you come now, and cut him down? Heaven forbid, cried Algernon. Thou art right, my ſon, replied Mr. Ogilby. Let him flouriſh in peace, ſince he makes ſo generous a uſe of his conqueſts.

JOSEPH.

THERE lived once in Briſtol a crazy perſon whoſe name was Joſeph. He never went out without having five or ſix wigs on his head at once, and as many muffs upon each of his arms. Though his ſenſes were diſordered, he was not miſchievous, and muſt be teazed a long time to be put in a paſſion. Whenever he walked

the ſtreets, a number of troubleſome little boys would come out of the houſes and follow him, crying, Joſeph! Joſeph! how do you ſell your wigs and your muffs? Some of them were even ſo ill-natured as to throw ſtones at him. Though Joſeph commonly bore all theſe inſults very quietly, yet he was ſometimes ſo tormented that he would fall into a fury, and take up ſtones or handfuls of dirt to throw at the rabble of boys. Such a combat as this happened one day before the houſe of Mr. Denham. The noiſe drew him to the window, and he beheld with grief his own ſon Henry engaged in the fray. As ſoon as he perceived this, he ſhut down the ſaſh, and went into another chamber. At dinner, Mr. Denham ſaid to his ſon, Who was that man that you was running and hallooing after?

Henry. You know him very well, papa. It is the crazy man called Joſeph.

Mr. Denham. Poor man! What can have occaſioned this misfortune to him?

Henry. They ſay that it was a lawſuit for a great eſtate. He was ſo grieved at loſing it that he has loſt his ſenſes too.

Mr. Denham. If you had known this man at the very time when he was ſtript of his eſtate, and if he had ſaid to you, My dear Henry, I am unfortunate; I have juſt loſt an inheritance which I long enjoyed peaceably; all my property is gone to ſupport the expence of a law-ſuit; I have now neither town-houſe nor country-houſe; in ſhort, nothing upon earth left. Would you have laughed at him then?

Henry. God forbid! who could be ſo wicked as to laugh at a man in his misfortunes! I ſhould much rather have endeavoured to comfort him.

Mr. Denham. What, then, is he happier now, when he has loſt his reaſon beſides?

Henry. On the contrary, he is much more to be pitied.

Mr. Denham. And yet this day you inſult and throw ſtones at an unfortunate man, whom you would have endeavoured to comfort when he was leſs an object of pity.

Henry. My dear papa, I have done wrong; forgive me!

Mr.

Mr. Denham. I pardon you willingly, if you are ſorry for your fault. But my pardon is not ſufficient. There is another whoſe forgiveneſs you have ſtill to aſk.

Henry. You mean Joſeph.

Mr. Denham. And why Joſeph?

Henry. Becauſe I offended him.

Mr. Denham. If Joſeph had retained his ſenſes, it would certainly be his pardon that you ſhould demand; but as he is not able to underſtand what is meant by pardon, it were uſeleſs to addreſs yourſelf to him. Yet you think that every one ſhould aſk pardon of thoſe whom he has offended?

Henry. So you have taught me, papa.

Mr. Denham. And do you know who it is that has commanded us to have compaſſion upon the unfortunate?

Henry. God.

Mr. Denham. And yet you have not ſhewn compaſſion to poor Joſeph: on the contrary, you have aggravated his miſery by your inſults. Do you think that ſuch conduct does not offend God?

Henry. Yes, I acknowledge it, and will aſk forgiveneſs of him to-night in my prayers.

Henry kept his word; he repented of his fault, and at night aſked pardon of God from the bottom of his heart. And he not only ceaſed to trouble Joſeph for ſeveral weeks himſelf, but he hindered alſo others of his comrades from inſulting him. In ſpite of his fair reſolutions, however, he happened one day to mix in the rabble of boys who were following him. 'Tis true, it was purely out of curioſity, and only to ſee the tricks that they played upon this poor man. Now and then he could not refrain from hallooing like the reſt, Joſeph! Joſeph! and by degrees came to be the foremoſt in the mob. At length Joſeph's patience being tired by the ſhouts that purſued him, he turned ſhort about, and taking up a large ſtone, threw it at him with ſuch violence that it grazed his cheek, and almoſt cut off part of his ear. Henry returned home all over blood, and roaring heartily. It is a juſt puniſhment on you from God, ſaid Mr. Denham. But, replied Henry, Why have I alone been hurt, while my companions, who uſed him much worſe than I did, have not been puniſhed? The reaſon is, anſwered his father, that you knew better than the others, what a fault you were committing

committing, and consequently your offence was more criminal. It is very just that a child who knows the commands of God, and of his father, should be doubly punished, whenever he has such a disregard of his duty as to violate them.

THE LITTLE GLEANER.

A DRAMA, in one ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD BEVIL.	
MARCELLUS,	*his Son.*
HARRIET,	*his Daughter.*
MRS. JENNINGS.	
EMILY,	*her Daughter.*
HARDY,	*Bailiff to Lord Bevil.*

SCENE. *A new reaped field, on which remain still several sheaves of corn. On one side appears a nobleman's seat; on the other several cottages, and other objects that adorn a rural prospect.*

SCENE I.

(*The stage represents a field of corn covered with sheaves.*)

Emily, (*holding with both hands a basket full of ears of corn. She sits down near a sheaf.*)

COME, this is not a bad beginning! what joy will this be for my poor mother! (*she lays her basket on the ground, and looks at it with an air of satisfaction.*) That old reaper! how good-natured he was to fill my basket! I might have run about here and there all the day, and never have picked up so much as half of this. God reward him for it! but here are still some ears upon the ground: if I could only glean a handful or two—— (*She presses down the corn ears in her basket with both hands.*) I can make it hold them by pressing down a little, and besides, I have my apron. (*She rises, takes the two corners of her apron in one hand, and prepares to put into it with the other the ears of corn that she gathers, when a noise*

is heard.) O dear! Yonder is a man coming towards me, who ſeems to be angry. Yet I do not think that I have done any harm.

SCENE II.

Emily, Hardy.

Hardy, (*ſeizing her by the arm.*) Ah! little thief! have I caught you at it?

Emily. What do you ſay, ſir? I am not a thief. I am an honeſt little girl, I can tell you that.

Hardy. An honeſt little girl! you an honeſt little girl! (*Snatches the baſket out of her hands*) What have you got in this then, my honeſt little girl?

Emily. Ears of corn, as you ſee.

Hardy. And did theſe ears of corn grow in your baſket?

Emily. Ah! if they grew there, I ſhould not have occaſion to take ſo much trouble in gathering them up and down the fields.

Hardy. Then they are ſtolen?

Emily. Pray, ſir, do not treat me ſo ill. I would rather die of hunger, and my mother too, than do what you ſay.

Hardy. 'Blood! why they did not throw themſelves into your baſket of their own accord, did they?

Emily. Oh dear! you terrify me with your ſwearing. But only hear me. I went to glean down in yonder field, and there was a good-natured old man who ſaw me at work. Poor child! ſaid he, how ſhe labours! I will aſſiſt her. There were ſome ſheaves lying in the field, and he pulled out of them whole handfuls of ears, which he threw into my baſket. What is given to the poor, ſaid he, God repays; and—

Hardy. Aha! I underſtand you. The old man in that field below filled your baſket with ears that you have been pulling here out of our ſheaves. Heh!

Emily. Nay, then you may go and aſk himſelf. He can tell you.

Hardy. I go and aſk him! yes, you may wait for that. I have caught you here; that is enough.

Emily. But when I tell you that I have not touched a ſingle ſheaf! the few ears that I have in my apron, I picked

picked up from the ground, becauſe I thought that was allowed. However, if you do not chooſe that I ſhould, I am ready to return them. There, theſe are yours.

Hardy. No, no; theſe ſhall remain with the other, and you ſhall remain with the baſket, wherever it goes. Come follow me to the houſe of correction.

Emily. (*Frightened.*) How! You don't ſay ſo, my dear ſir!

Hardy. Oh! yes, your dear ſir! but I ſhould be much dearer if I let you eſcape, ſhould I not? To the houſe of correction I ſay, come, come along!

Emily. Ah! pray, for God's ſake!—I have picked up nothing here but the handfuls of ears that I returned to you. What would my poor mother ſay, if I ſhould not go home the whole day, and if ſhe heard that I had been put in priſon? it would be enough to kill her.

Hardy. A great loſs! the pariſh would be well rid of her.

Emily. (*Begins to cry.*) Ah! if you knew what a good mother ſhe is, and how poor we are! you would pity us.

Hardy. I am not here to pity people. I am here to take them up, when they treſpaſs upon my lord's grounds, and to clap them in priſon.

Emily. But when one has done nothing, when one is innocent as I am?—

Hardy. Oh! yes, tell me of your innocence! what, come here and ſteal a whole baſket full of corn, and then tell me a thouſand lies! come, come, walk along!

Emily. Ah! my dear ſir, have compaſſion on me. Take my baſket if you will; alas! my little ſtore will hardly make you much richer. But let me go, I entreat you; if not on my own account, at leaſt for the ſake of my poor mother. I am all the comfort and help that ſhe has.

Hardy. If I let you go, it is not on account of your mother at leaſt, that I can tell you; I could wiih her a hundred miles off: it is only on your own, becauſe your whimpering has moved me a little. But do not expect to have your baſket too; the law ſeizes on it as forfeit. Then, at ſeſſions, their worſhips will lay on a ſwinging fine, and if that is not paid, off to priſon, and turn out of the village. (*Takes the baſket upon his ſhoulder. Emily weeps bitterly and kneels to him*) Go, do not teaze me,

or you will see what is to be got by that! (*goes off muttering.*) Only see, if one were not always to be on the watch after them, little as they are, they would run away, I do believe, with the fields themselves.

SCENE III.

Emily (*alone.*)

(*She sits down on the ground and rests her head upon a sheaf. For some moments, she weeps in silence, at last she rises and looks about her.*) Ah! he is gone; the ill-natured man! he has carried away what was all my satisfaction. I have lost every thing, my ears of corn, my pretty basket and all; and besides, who knows what they will do to my poor mother and me? (*After a short pause.*) How happy those litttle birds are. They at least are permitted to come and take some grains for their food, and I—but who knows whether some ill-natured man, like this, be not watching them now, to kill them with his gun. I will frighten them all away, and then I will go myself; for, perhaps, they would punish me for having rested my head on this sheaf.—But what two children are those coming this way?

SCENE IV.

Marcellus, Harriet, Emily (*wiping her eyes.*)

Marc. Aha! was it you then, little girl, that the bailiff surprized just now, stealing the ears of corn from our sheaves? (*Emily sobs, but cannot answer.*)

Harriet, (*looking at her attentively, and taking her brother aside.*) She seems to be a very good little girl, Marcellus. See how she cries! Do not reproach her any more! that will afflict her worse; and it is not worth while, for a few ears of corn that she has picked up— (*Goes to her.*) My poor child, what makes you cry?

Emily. Why, they accuse me unjustly; and perhaps you think me in fault.

Marc. Then you are not in fault?

Emily. No, indeed, you may believe me. I went into that field down there to glean. An old reaper took pity on my fatigue, and filled my basket with ears of corn. I then

then came here, to pick up a few others that I saw scattered about. Your ill-natured bailiff found me near this sheaf, and accused me of stealing. He took away my basket, and would have carried me to prison, if my entreaties and tears for my mother had not at length prevailed on him to let me go.

Harriet. Ah! I should be glad to see him dare to molest you! We have a good papa, who does not suffer any ill to be done to the poor, and who would soon have released you.

Marc. Ay, and who will very soon make him give you back your basket. I promise you that.

Emily, (*joyfully.*) O dear! do you think so, my sweet little master?

Harriet. Marcellus and I will go, and will so beg of him—Do not be uneasy. He is never so well pleased with us as when we speak to him in favour of poor people. And besides, we could get you your basket again without speaking to him.

Emily. Ah! how happy you are, my pretty little miss, not to want help from any body, and even to be able to help others!

Marc. Are you very poor then, my little girl?

Emily. One must needs be poor, that comes here gleaning, with so much trouble, what is to make a little bread.

Harriet. What! is it for bread that you come gathering the ears of corn? I thought that you intended to toast the grains on a hot fire-shovel, and so to eat them, as my brother and I do sometimes when nobody sees us.

Emily. O dear! no. My mother and I intended to beat the corn out of those ears, and to give it to the miller, that we might have flour to make bread.

Harriet. But, my poor child, you could not have much out of that, and it would not last you very long.

Emily. Why, suppose we had only enough for a day or two, my mother and I should have a day or two the more to live.

Marc. Well! that you may have another day certain, I will give you this shilling which I have kept the last of all my money because it is quite new.

Emily. Ah! my good little master! So much money! No, no, I dare not take it.

Harriet (*ſmiling.*) So much money! Take it, never fear! If I had my purſe about me I would give you much more; but I keep it for you, and you ſhall not be a loſer.

Marcellus, (*ſtill holding out the money.*) Come, take it! (*Emily bluſhes, receives the money, and curtſies to him without ſpeaking.*)

Marc. This is doing only half. I will run as faſt as I can after our bailiff, and make him give me back the baſket, or elſe——

Emily. Oh! ſir, do not give yourſelf that trouble. You have promiſed to aſſiſt me, that is enough for me.

Harriet. Tell me, where do you live?

Emily. Juſt by, in the village.

Marc. We never ſaw you before; and yet we come here along with papa every year, about harveſt-time.

Emily. We have been here only a week, and live with a good old woman called Margaret who has ſhewed much friendſhip to my mother; Oh! a great deal of friendſhip indeed.

Harriet. What, old Margaret?

Marc. Why, we know her. She is the widow of a poor weaver who was out of work. My papa makes her come ſometimes to weed in the garden.

Harriet. Will you take me to your mother's?

Emily. It would be too great an honour for her. A young lady of quality, like you——

Harriet. No, no; our papa will not let us think ourſelves to be any better than other people, and if you have no other reaſon——

Emily. None at all; ſo far from it, you may help me to comfort her for the loſs of my baſket and my corn. And then, that naughty man that threatened us——

Marc. Fear none of his threats! While my ſiſter is going with you to your mother's, I will run after him, and I think——You will come back here again?

Emily. If you chuſe it, my good young maſter.

Marc. Your baſket ſhall be here before you return.

Emily. Perhaps I ſhall bring my mother with me, to thank you.

Harriet. Come along! let us haſten to find her! (*Takes Emily by the hand, and goes out with her.*)

SCENE

SCENE V.

Marcellus (alone.)

How happy are my ſiſter and I, not to be obliged, like this poor child, to go about picking up ears of corn for our food. Really, this little girl ſpeaks as if ſhe were born to ſomething better. She has not that dirty vulgar appearance of other cottage girls. Oh! certainly papa will oblige me ſo far.—But here he comes along with Hardy. That is clever! here comes the baſket too.

SCENE VI.

Marcellus, Lord Bevil, and Hardy.

Marc. (*running up to his father.*) Ah! dear papa, how glad I am to meet you!—(*To Hardy.*) Give me this baſket!

Hardy. Softly! ſoftly, ſir! You will pull my arm off!

Lord Bevil. What do you want with that baſket, Marcellus?

Marc. It belongs to a poor little girl from whom this wicked Hardy took it, as well as the ears of corn that had been given her. You ſhall hear the whole, papa.

Hardy. So, ſo, one is wicked then for doing one's duty, and for not aſſiſting rogues in their diſhoneſty! Why does my lord give me wages?

Lord Bevil. I have often told you, Hardy, it is for hindering vagrants from haunting my grounds and incommoding my labourers, but not for ſeizing poor people and dragging them to priſon: far leſs, if they be honeſt perſons, reduced by neceſſity to ſeek a mite of nouriſhment from my ſuperfluity, and who meddle with nothing but a few ears of corn that lie ſcattered after a rich harveſt.

Hardy. In the firſt place, I do not hinder them to glean as much as they will, after the corn is in; but while there is one ſheaf on the ground——

Marc. (*ironically.*) Why do not you ſay too, after the fields are fallow, or covered with ſnow? There is a great deal to pick up, indeed, after the harveſt is got home!

Hardy. You do not underſtand theſe affairs, maſter.—In the next place, who can anſwer to us that theſe are not thieves?

Marc. Thieves! bleſs me, thieves! The little girl told me that ſhe had not taken a ſingle ear of corn here, and that it was an old reaper in the next field who filled her baſket for her.

Hardy. That is good! ſhe told you: as if there was a word of truth in what thoſe gentry ſay! I caught her here cloſe by a ſheaf.

Lord Bevil. Pulling out the ears of corn?

Hardy. I won't ſay ſo much as that. But how do I know what ſhe had been doing before I came up? And then is not all that ſtory falſe of an old reaper who filled her baſket for her? Oh! it is very like the country people here; thoſe folks are ſo charitable!

Marc. Now I'll maintain that thoſe ears of corn were given her, for ſhe told me ſo: and ſo good a little girl I am ſure would not tell a ſtory.

Hardy. And pray, maſter, have you never told a ſtory? yet we all look upon you to be an excellent young gentleman.

Marc. Do you hear, papa, how this fellow Hardy treats me? (*to Hardy, angrily.*) No, if I told ſtories I ſhould be a wicked boy; but I do not, nor this good little girl neither. And it is you that are a——

Lord Bevil. Softly, Marcellus; I am thus far ſatisfied with your defence. We ſhould believe all men honeſt, until we are convinced of the contrary. But we ſhould never be in a paſſion with thoſe who are of a different opinion: we ſhould rather endeavour to bring them by gentleneſs to a more ſatisfactory and juſt way of thinking.

Hardy. No, no, my Lord, it is much better to believe all men wicked, until we ſee beyond a poſſibility of doubting that they are honeſt; that is much the wiſeſt maxim. Whenever I meet an ox in my road, I always ſuppoſe him to be miſchievous, and get out of his way. It may happen that he is not dangerous, but I run no riſque in being cautious. The ſureſt way is always the beſt.

Lord Bevil. If all men had your manner of thinking, with whom could we live? And what dealings could ever have ſubſiſted between you and me, if inſtead of putting you into an honeſt ſervice upon my eſtate, in order to afford

ord a livelihood to a disbanded old soldier, I had given you up to the magistrate as a vagrant, having neither discharge nor certificate?

Hardy. Yes, that is very true; but it is also true that I am an honest man.

Lord Bevil. I do not keep you in my service but because I am persuaded of that: but I had no foundation for believing it at first, except your word and your countenance.

Marc. My dear papa, if you depend upon one's word and countenance, you will much sooner believe our little girl than Hardy.

Hardy. Ay, Master! look at my face. Your papa will certainly be well satisfied with the countenance of your little girl, if it conveys so favourable an impression as mine does.

Marc. Oh! yes, it becomes you very well with that bear's face, to———

Lord Bevil. Fie, Marcellus!—Hardy, do you know this little girl?

Hardy. Yes, my Lord; I know her and I do not know her. I know that she has been here about ten days with her mother; but how or why they came here, the overseers can best inform you. And to speak my mind freely, it is ill done of them to receive such folks into the parish to increase the expence of the poor's rate.

Marc. Well then, I'll take that expence upon me; yes I.

Hardy. Why, have you any thing of your own, Sir?

Marc. If I have nothing, my papa has enough.

Hardy. In the mean time, all the parish murmurs; but when once you grease the fist of people in office, (*imitates the action of counting money*) for I am pretty sure the overseers———

Marc. Look ye there, if he is not speaking ill of the overseers! it would be well done to tell them.

Lord Bevil. Softly, child. I see, Hardy, it is impossible to cure your suspicious temper; so that I am inclined to suspect too, in my turn. You judge that this little girl has filled her basket here, because you found her in my field near a sheaf. You judge that the overseers would receive a bribe, because they have admitted a poor family into the village. Well then, I judge that you

only kept this child's basket, because she had no money or tobacco to give you; and that in such case you would have freely released her.

Hardy. How, my Lord! can you imagine?—

Lord Bevil. Why may not I think of you, as you allow yourself to think of others?

Hardy. Well, my Lord, I had better hold my tongue. And were I to see those beggars carry away your fields, your groves and your meadows—Shall I take this basket to the steward?

Marc. Oh no, no, dear papa, I beg it as a favour.

Lord Bevil. Hardy, you will carry it to the poor woman's house, and make an apology to the little girl.

Hardy. An apology? my Lord, an apology? can you think of such a thing? I go and make her an apology! for what?

Marc. For what? for having given her so much uneasiness without cause, and for having affronted her by accusing her of a base action.

Hardy. If they have not an apology nor basket until I——

Lord Bevil. Hardy, if I had been guilty of injustice to you, I should never hesitate to make amends. And to convince you of it, I will go myself: I will carry back the basket, and make an apology in your name.

Hardy. Or, rather do you Master Marcellus take that charge upon you.

Marc. Oh! with all my heart. Papa, the little girl is to come back presently with Harriet, who is gone to comfort her mother. I must wait for her.

Hardy. In that case, I have no business here. (*He goes off muttering.*) I see we shall have so many beggars in this village, that we must soon go begging ourselves.

SCENE VII.

Lord Bevil, Marcellus.

Marc. Papa, do you hear what he says?

Lord Bevil. Yes, my dear: I am willing to excuse his humours.

Marc. But how can you keep so ill-natured a man?

Lord

Lord Bevil. He is not ill-natured, my dear; but his overmuch zeal to ſerve us leads him aſtray. He is moſt faithfully attached to me, and fulfils his duty punctually.

Marc. But then, if he is unjuſt?

Lord Bevil. You heard him ſay, that he did not think he was. His only fault is, that he follows his orders too literally, and that he has not diſcernment enough to make the proper diſtinctions between perſons and circumſtances.

Marc. Pray, papa, explain that to me.

Lord Bevil. With pleaſure, my dear. When I fixed him in his employment, I gave him in charge to rid my grounds of vagrants, and to carry all ſuch, when found upon them, before a juſtice. This order could only regard thoſe wretches who live by thefts and robberies, or ſhould come to defraud or moleſt my tenants.

Marc. Ah! I underſtand. Whereas he looks upon all thoſe as rogues who ſubſiſt upon the charity of others, and never informs himſelf whether old age, ſickneſs, or inevitable misfortunes, have reduced them to that condition.

Lord Bevil. Very right, my dear boy! for circumſtances alter things exceedingly. For inſtance, you did not ſhew ſufficient reflexion in your diſpute with him. Can you tell whether the mother of this little girl is not a diſhoneſt perſon? whether the little girl herſelf has not told you an untruth, and actually ſtolen thoſe ears of corn out of my ſheaves?

Marc. No, my dear papa, that is impoſſible!

Lord Bevil. Why impoſſible? are you clearly informed of every thing? Do you know who ſhe is, who her mother is, and with what view they have come here?

Marc. Ah! if you had only ſeen her! if you had only heard her ſpeak! her language, her countenance, her tears! Then ſhe is ſo poor as to have occaſion for a handful of corn-ears to make her bread. Need one know more than this? Should I let a poor perſon periſh with hunger, becauſe I do not know as yet whether he merits my aſſiſtance?

Lord Bevil. Let me kiſs thee, my dear boy! Preſerve always theſe generous diſpoſitions towards the poor, and God will bleſs thee, as he has bleſt me, for the ſame ſentiments, by giving birth to them in thy young heart. Mercy is always preferable to ſeverity. A want of feeling can only lead to injuſtice; and if he who ſolicits our compaſſion does not merit it, the fault is his, not ours.

Marc. But, my dear papa, it is not prudent to commit to ſuch men as Hardy an office which puts it in one's power to be unjuſt.

Lord Bevil. You would be right, my ſon, if I had left to him alone the power of condemning or acquitting. He can at moſt commit but a ſlight injury, which it is eaſy to remedy; and this inconvenience is unavoidable. To judge of things according to the principles of equity, I have in my ſteward a man of good underſtanding, upright and noble in his ſentiments. He gave me a favourable account of the little girl and her mother, as ſoon as they were firſt received into the village, and informed me that they live with old Margaret, who is a very honeſt woman.

Marc. But what if Hardy had beat the little girl, as he threatened her?

Lord Bevil. Nothing could have carried him ſo far. I have forbidden him, on pain of loſing his place, to ſtrike any perſon whatſoever, even thoſe whom he ſhould ſurpriſe in doing any thing amiſs; and he rigorouſly purſues the orders that I give him.

Marc. Ah! papa, here is my ſiſter returning with the little girl.

SCENE VIII.

Lord Bevil, Marcellus, Harriet Emily.

Marc. (*running with the baſket to Emily.*) Here, my little girl, here is your baſket. There has not been a ſingle ear of it touched.

Emily. O my dear baſket! how much am I obliged to you, my good little maſter! (*perceiving Lord Bevil.*) Who is that gentleman?

Harriet, (*running towards her father, and jumping up to embrace him.*) This is our good papa.

Marc. Oh! he is a good papa, indeed, that I can aſſure you; ſo that you have nothing to fear. Come, I'll introduce you to him. (*Coming forward.*) He has ſcolded old Hardy well, for treating you as he did.

Emily, (*advances fearfully towards Lord Bevil and curtſies to him.*) I beg pardon, my Lord, for the liberty—but your Lordſhip's children are ſo good!

Lord

Lord Bevil, (*aside.*) Marcellus was right. Whoever looks on her cannot doubt her innocence. That graceful air, her manner of speaking, are proofs of no vulgar education.

Emily, (*in a low voice to Marcellus and Harriet.*) Have I made your papa angry? He is talking to himself.

Lord Bevil, (*overhearing her.*) No, my dear. If my children have behaved well to you, they have done no more than you appear to merit.

Harriet. Nor than she does really merit, papa. Ah! if you had seen her mother!

Lord Bevil. Who is your mother, my dear? By what means did you come to these parts? and how do you live?

Emily. We live—indeed I can scarce tell how. We live upon little or nothing. We spend the day, and sometimes the night, in spinning and working at the needle, to get us bread. Old Madge affords my mother lodging; and they sent me to-day into the fields to glean; but, indeed, my first attempt has not turned out well.

Marc. (*in a whisper to Emily.*) Better than you think! my sister will get papa's leave, that you shall have ears of corn without gleaning.

Lord Bevil. But where did you live before?

Emily. At Richmond, which is a few miles off. Living was too dear there. So old Margaret persuaded my mother to come to her, and offered her house-room for nothing.

Lord Bevil, (*aside.*) If people who are so poor exercise humanity to each other, what duties have not we to fulfil? (*to Emily.*) Is your father living; what is his profession?

Marc. I will lay a wager he is no working man.

Harriet. And so will I, especially since I have seen her mother.

Emily, (*confused.*) My father?—I have none. Indeed I never saw him. He died before I was born. Ah! if he was living now—

Lord Bevil. And do not you know who he was? What was his name?

Emily. My mother will inform you better than I.

Lord Bevil. Could I speak with her?

Harriet.

Harriet. Oh yes, papa, she is coming herself. She only begged a moment's time to put herself in order.

Lord Bevil. And who brought you up?

Emily. My mother entirely my lord. She taught me to read and write. She instructs me in my religion, and gives me some lessons in drawing.

Lord Bevil. In drawing! I have not a doubt remaining. This is a branch of some good family reduced by misfortunes to necessity.

Harriet. Ah! here she comes.

Marc. Is this she?

Lord Bevil, (*aside.*) I am impatient to clear up this mystery. This child recalls to my mind features that are well known to me, but whose I cannot recollect.

SCENE IX.

Lord Bevil, Mrs. Jennings, Marcellus, Harriet, Emily.

Emily, (*running to meet her mother, who appears confused on seeing Lord Bevil.*) Come, mama, do not be afraid! this is the papa of those two amiable children that shewed us so much good-nature; and he is very kind too, as kind as his children. (*Mrs. Jennings advances modestly. Harriet eagerly takes her hand, and draws her on towards her father.*)

Harriet. Oh! my papa knows all.

Mrs. Jenn. May I flatter myself that your lordship has not suspected my little Emily?—

Lord Bevil. The sight alone, madam, of you and your daughter is sufficient to convey the most favourable opinion of you both.

Marc. Is her name Emily? Oh! papa, it is easy to see that she was not born to be a gleaner.

Mrs. Jenn. The laws of necessity are sometimes severe, and as long as we do nothing dishonourable—

Lord Bevil. Nobody should blush for poverty; it may be found united to every virtue. But may I take the liberty, madam, to ask your name?

Harriet. Her name is Mrs. Lambert.

Mrs. Jenn. I should not disguise my real name from your lordship. I find myself, indeed, under the necessity of disclosing it to you, in order to justify myself in your

your lordſhip's opinion, for the ſtate to which you ſee me reduced. Yet I ſhould wiſh (*looking at the children*) to make this avowal to you without witneſſes; not that I bluſh for my humble ſituation, but if my name was known, I ſhould fear to meet among the lower claſs, ſome ungenerous ſouls, who would perhaps take a pleaſure in mortifying me, becauſe they ſometimes ſee thoſe who are in proſperity behave with the ſame want of generoſity to themſelves.

Marc. Well, I ſhall not liſten

Harriet. And I will never mention a word of it, I aſſure you. Whoever you are, Emily ſhall always be my friend.

Lord B. Be aſſured, Madam, I ſhould not enquire theſe particulars without being ſtrongly intereſted in them; and unleſs I were reſolved to make amends for the injuſtice of fortune.

Mrs. Jenn. I was born of a good family, though little favoured by fortune. I paſſed my youth in London, as companion to a Lady of the firſt rank. Eight years ago I became acquainted with Mr. Jennings, a lieutenant-colonel in the army, who had come to ſpend ſome months in town.

Lord B. (*eagerly*) Jennings! Jennings!

Mrs. Jenn. He conceived an affection for me, and his good qualities prejudiced me in his favour. I gave him my hand, and a few days after our marriage we retired to a ſmall eſtate which he had in Dorſetſhire.

Lord B. 'Tis the ſame! 'tis the ſame! I can trace his features in the face of this child.

Mrs. Jenn. How! my Lord.

Lord B. Go on, Madam, I conjure you.

Mrs. Jenn. I will be as brief as poſſible. We were beginning to enjoy, in a peaceful retirement, the happineſs of a moſt tender union. But alas! the fatigues of the ſervice had impaired my huſband's health, and a ſevere illneſs ſeizing him, put an end to his life in a few days. (*weeps*)

Harriet, (*to Emily.*) Poor child! you became an orphan very ſoon.

Emily. Ah, me; before I was even born.

Mrs. Jenn. He left me pregnant of this child whom you ſee. She was born in ſorrow. As ſoon as my huſband's

band's brothers, who were hard-hearted worldly men, saw that there was no male heir, they took possession of his property; and as we had delayed from day to day the formal attestations requisite to put our marriage articles in force, I was obliged to be satisfied with whatever they thought proper to allow for the subsistence of me and my daughter.

Lord B. Their ungenerous avarice gives room to suppose that the sum was small and could not last you long.

Mrs. Jenn. It sufficed to maintain me for a few years in Dorsetshire, during which time I continued to flatter myself with the expectation of obtaining a small jointure. But at length seeing all my hopes frustrated, I took the resolution of returning to London to my former benefactress. On my arrival, I learned that she had died a short time before. Having then no other resource than to sell what remained of my clothes and jewels, and to work with my own hands for a subsistence, I retired to Richmond, to live private and unknown. And there I met some time ago a woman whom I had formerly known, and who lives in this village.

Harriet. That is old Margaret, papa.

Mrs. Jenn. She had been servant to the Lady whom I mentioned. My attention to her during a severe illness attached her strongly to me. I explained my situation to her, and she proposed to me to come and live here, where I might enjoy a still more obscure retreat. I am indebted much to her hospitality, and as she has no relation to perform the last offices for her, she has given me to understand that I shall succeed to the possession of her little cottage. You see, my Lord—

Lord B. 'Tis enough, Madam. This generous woman shall not surpass me in gratitude. It gives me inexpressible joy to be able to repay a debt which I have contracted to your worthy husband.

Mrs. Jenn. How, my Lord, have you known my husband!

Marc. The father of this good little Emily?

Harriet. O my dear Emily, I see we shall keep you with us. But what is the matter? do you cry?

Emily. It is only for joy.

Lord B. To your husband I owe my life. How happy am I then in being able to repay that kindness to his wife and his child! I served under him last war. In a

dangerous engagement one of the enemy's horſemen had his ſword lifted over me at a time when I was quite ſpent with fatigue, ſo that I muſt have periſhed if my brave lieutenant-colonel had not ſaved my life by ruſhing upon him at the very moment.

Mrs. Jenn. I know him well by this deſcription. He was as brave as he was generous.

Lord B. Some days after, I was ſent with a detachment upon a very dangerous expedition. We were ſurrounded and forced to yield after a long reſiſtance. My baggage had been plundered, ſo that I was ſtript of both clothes and money. Colonel Jennings being informed of my ſituation procured me a recommendation to the enemy's general. Through his exertions I obtained every aſſiſtance requiſite whilſt under cure for a deep wound that I received. I was more than two years in recovering; and when we were ordered home, had barely time to pay him a viſit of acknowledgment before I was obliged to go on board immediately for the Weſt-Indies. I married there to my advantage; and in conſequence of that circumſtance, returned to England about ſix years ago. I was preparing to fly to him, when I heard that he was no more. I little thought that his wife and daughter experienced that reverſe of fortune in which I am grieved to find you at preſent.

Mrs. Jenn. Good God! by what wonderful ways haſt thou conducted me hither!

Marc. What, your father ſaved papa's life?

Harriet. How dearly we ought to love you?

Lord B. Come hither, Emily; thou ſhalt find in me the father whom thou haſt loſt. My children, too, have occaſion for a ſecond mother to replace her whom death has taken from them. The education that you have given your amiable child, (*Emily goes cloſe up to him, and takes his hand*) ſhews me, Madam, how worthy you are to fill ſo delicate an employ. I ſhall take every neceſſary precaution that you may not have to dread a ſecond time, the unforeſeen ſtrokes of adverſity. (*To Emily, who ſtill holds his hand*) Yes, my little dear, I will make no difference between you and my own children. You are the living image of your generous father, and are as worthy of my affection as he was of my gratitude.

Mrs. Jenn.

Mrs. Jenn, (*with emotion.*) How ſhall I anſwer, my Lord, to ſo much kindneſs! I have only tears to expreſs what I feel.

Harriet, (*embracing her.*) My dear new mama! will you always be with us then, as well as Emily? You ſhall ſee how glad we will be to obey you.

Marc. Yes, and Emily ſhall be my other ſiſter. She will certainly not go any more to glean. Ah! ill-natured Hardy, how I ſhall laugh at you now!

Mrs. Jenn. My dear little lambs! with what joy you fill my heart! Inſtead of one child then, I have now three; and no mother ſhall equal me in attention and tenderneſs to them. (*to Lord Bevil*) Will your Lordſhip permit me to go and impart theſe happy tidings to my good friend Margaret? I almoſt fear that ſhe will die with joy.

Lord B. Nothing is more juſt, Madam; meantime I will go and order an apartment to be prepared for you at my houſe.

Harriet. Papa, will you give me leave to go with Emily and my new mama?

Marc. And me too, papa; I ſhould wiſh to accompany them.

Lord B. With pleaſure my dear children. Afterwards you will bring Mrs. Jennings and her daughter to our houſe, without forgetting good old Margaret whom I invite alſo to come and dine with us.

Marc. (*to Emily, who is going to take the baſket*) No, Emily, this is not fit for you to carry now. Let the baſket remain here.

Emily. Oh! Sir! I would not give this baſket for any thing in the world. To it I owe my own happineſs and my mother's; the happineſs of knowing you; and in ſhort my life and well-being. No, my dear little baſket, I ſhall never bluſh to carry you. (*She lifts it up with difficulty.*)

Harriet. At leaſt take the ears of corn out, it will be lighter.

Emily. No, no. They are mine. For the good old reaper gave them to me, whatever Hardy might ſay. I will make a preſent of them to old Margaret.

Lord B.

Lord B. She ſhall not be forgot next harveſt, and from this day forward ſhall be aſſured of bread for her whole life.

Mrs. Jenn. May heaven reward you in your children for theſe acts of generoſity!

CECILIA AND MARIAN.

BEFORE the ſun had riſen above the horizon to enliven with his ſplendor one of the fineſt mornings of the ſpring, young Cecilia went down into her father's garden to taſte with more appetite, as ſhe roved through its walks, the ſweetneſs of a little cake of which ſhe intended to make her breakfaſt.

Every thing that could add to the beauties of the riſing day united to charm her. The pure breath of zephyr, while it diffuſed a calm around, refreſhed every ſenſe. Her palate was feaſted with ſweets; her eye with the lively freſhneſs of the ſpringing verdure; her ſmell with the balmy perfume of a thouſand flowers; and that her ear alone might not be without its ſhare of delight, two nightingales perching near her on the top of a green arbour, charmed her with their morning ſong. Cecilia was ſo tranſported with all theſe delicious ſenſations that her fine eyes were bedewed with a moiſture which, however, reſted on her eye-lids without dropping in tears. Her heart felt a ſoft emotion and was impreſſed with feelings of tenderneſs and benevolence. All at once this agreeable calm was interrupted by the ſound of ſteps, and a little girl came forward towards the ſame walk, eating with great appetite a piece of coarſe brown bread. As ſhe, too, came into the garden for amuſement, her eyes wandered from one object to another, without being fixed on any; ſo that ſhe came cloſe up to Cecilia before ſhe perceived her. On ſeeing who it was, ſhe ſtopped ſhort a moment, and looked down; then like a young deer that is frightened, and almoſt as ſwift as one, ſhe ran back again with all her ſpeed. Stop, ſtop, cried Cecilia, wait for me; why do you run away? But theſe words made the little wild creature fly ſtill faſter. Cecilia purſued;

ſued; but, as ſhe was leſs uſed to running, could not poſſibly come up with her. Luckily the little ſtranger had turned up another walk; and that in which Cecilia was led directly to the garden gate. Cecilia, as ſenſible as ſhe was pretty, ſlipped ſoftly along by a cloſe hedge that bordered the walk, and reached the end of it juſt as the little girl was going to paſs by. She caught hold of her unawares, crying, Ah! now you are my priſoner. Oh! I have you faſt, you cannot eſcape now. The little girl ſtruggled to get out of her hands. Do not be ill-natured, ſaid Cecilia to her; if you knew how well I mean to uſe you, I am ſure you would not be ſo ſhy. Come, my good child, come along with me for a moment. Theſe friendly words, and ſtill more, the gentle tone of voice with which they were pronounced, encouraged the little ſtranger, and ſhe followed Cecilia into a ſummer-houſe that was near.

Is your father alive? ſaid Cecilia, making her ſit down beſide her.

Marian. Yes, Miſs.

Cec. And what does he follow?

Marian. Any trade at all to earn his bread. He came to day to work in your garden, and has brought me with him.

Cec. Oh! I ſee him down there, upon the lettuce bed. It is fat Thomas. But what are you eating for your breakfaſt? Let me ſee; I want to taſte your bread. Oh dear! how it ſcrapes my throat! Why does not your father give you better than this?

Marian. Becauſe he has not ſo much money as your papa.

Cec. But then he earns ſome by his work, and he could afford you houſhold bread, or elſe ſomething along with this to make it palatable.

Marian. Yes, if I was his only child; but there are five of us, and we all eat heartily; and then one wants a frock, and another a jacket, and that makes my father quite at a loſs what to do. Sometimes he ſays, 'tis all in vain for me to work, I ſhall never earn enough to feed and clothe this young fry.

Cec. Then you never eat any plum cake?

Marian. Plum cake? what is that?

Cec. See, here is ſome in my hand.

Marian.

Marian. La! I never saw any before in my life.

Cec. Taste a little of it. Don't be afraid. You see I eat it.

Marian, (*joyfully.*) Oh! dear Miss, how good it is.

Cec. I believe so. My good girl, what is your name?

Marian, (*rising, and making her a low curtsey.*) Marian, Miss, at your service.

Cec. Well, my good Marian, stop here for me a moment. I am going to ask something from my governess for you, and will return immediately. But don't you go away.

Marian. Oh! no; I am not afraid of you now.

Cecilia ran to her governess and begged her to give her some currant jelly for a little girl who had nothing but dry bread for breakfast. The governess was pleased with the good-nature of her amiable pupil. She gave her some in a cup, and a small roll at the same time; and Cecilia ran with all her speed to carry Marian this breakfast. Well, said she as she came up, have I made you wait long; Here, my good child, take this; lay down your brown bread, you will eat enough of that another time.

Marian, (*tasting the jelly, and licking her lips.*) It is like sugar. I never tasted any thing so sweet.

Cecilia. I am glad that you like it. I was pretty sure it would please you.

Marian. What, do you eat such as this every day? Ah! we poor people do not know what it is to taste it.

Cec. I am sorry for that. Hark ye, come to see me now and then, I will always give you some. But bless me, how healthy you look! Are you never sick?

Marian. Sick, what I? no never.

Cec. Do you never catch cold? or feel your head stuffed?

Marian. What sickness is that?

Cec. When one is always coughing, and blowing one's nose.

Marian. Oh, yes, that happens to me sometimes, but it is not a sickness.

Cec. And do they make you keep your bed then?

Marian. Ha! ha! my mother I dare say would make a fine noise if I were to take it in my head to be lazy.

Cec. Why, what work can you do? You are so little.

Marian.

Marian. Muſt not I go in the winter to get ſtraw for our cow, and dry ſticks to make the pot boil? and in ſummer muſt I not go to weed the corn, and in harveſt time to glean and pull hops? Ah, Miſs, we are never at a loſs for work.

Cec. And are your ſiſters, too, as healthy as you?

Marian. Oh! we are all hearty, and as full of play as little mice.

Cec. Well, now I am glad of that; I was at firſt afraid that God took no care of ſo many poor children; but ſince you have your health, I ſee that he has not forgotten you. I am very well, too, in health, though certainly not ſo ſtrong as you; but, child, you go barefoot; why do not you wear ſhoes and ſtockings?

Marian. Becauſe it would coſt my father too much money, if he was to give them to us all; ſo he gives none of us any.

Cec. And are not you afraid of hurting yourſelf?

Marian. I never once mind it. God almighty made the ſoles of my feet hard, like ſhoes.

Cec. I ſhould not like to lend you mine; but how comes it that you have left off eating?

Marian. The time has paſt away in talk. I muſt now go and gather ſome greens for our cow. It will ſoon be eight o'clock, and ſhe waits for her breakfaſt.

Cec. Well; take the reſt of your roll with you; ſtop a moment; I will take out the crumb, and you ſhall put the jelly into the hollow of the cruſt.

Marian. I will carry it to my youngeſt ſiſter. Oh! ſhe will not be nice about it; ſhe won't leave the leaſt crumb, when once ſhe taſtes it.

Cec. Now I love you better than ever for thinking of your little ſiſter.

Marian. I never get any thing good but I give her part. Good bye miſs.

Cec. Good bye Marian; but remember to come here to-morrow at the ſame hour.

Marian. If my mother does not ſend me ſomewhere elſe, I'll warrant I ſhall not fail.

Cecilia had now taſted the happineſs of doing good. She walked a little longer in the garden, thinking how happy ſhe had made Marian, how grateful Marian had ſhewed herſelf, and how pleaſed her little ſiſter would be

to taſte currant jelly. What will it be, ſaid ſhe, when I give her ſome ribbands and a necklace. Mama gave me ſome the other day that were pretty enough; but I am tired of them now. Then I'll look in my drawers for ſome old things to give her. We are juſt of a ſize, and my ſlips would fit her charmingly. Oh! how I long to ſee her well dreſt.

Next morning Marian ſlipped into the garden again. Cecilia gave her ſome gingerbread that ſhe had bought for her. Marian did not fail to come every day, and Cecilia thought of nothing but new dainties to give her. When her pocket-money was out, ſhe begged her mama to order her ſomething out of the pantry, and her mother conſented with pleaſure. It happened however, one day, that Cecilia received an anſwer which grieved her. She was entreating her mother to advance her a little of her weekly allowance to buy ſhoes and ſtockings for Marian, that ſhe might not go barefoot. No, my dear Cecilia, anſwered her mother. And why, mama? I will tell you at dinner my reaſons for wiſhing that you would be a little more ſparing towards your favourite. Cecilia was ſurprized at this refuſal. She never longed ſo much for dinner-time as that day. At length they ſat down to table. Dinner was half over before her mother ſpoke a word concerning Marian. At length, however, a diſh of ſhrimps that was ſerved up furniſhed Mrs. Allen with an opportunity of beginning the converſation thus.

Mrs. A. Ah! here is my Cecilia's favourite diſh, is it not? I am glad they have brought ſome up to-day.

Cec. Yes, mama, I like ſhrimps very well, and at this ſeaſon they are good.

Mrs. A. I dare ſay that Marian would like them ſtill better than you do.

Cec. Ah! my poor Marian! I ſuppoſe ſhe has never ſeen any. If ſhe was only to look at theſe long whiſkers, ſhe would be frightened; oh! *ſo* frightened! I think I ſee her running away with all her ſpeed. Mama, if you will give me leave, I ſhould be curious to ſee how ſhe would look. There, I will take only two for her, two of the ſmalleſt.

Mrs. A. I am almoſt unwilling to conſent to your requeſt.

Cec.

Cec. Why ſo, mama? You that do good to every body? I aſked you this morning, too, for a little money to buy ſhoes and ſtockings for Marian, and you refuſed me. Marian ſurely muſt have vexed you. Has ſhe done any miſchief in the garden? oh! I ſhall be ſure to ſcold her.

Mrs. A. No, my dear Cecilia, Marian has not diſpleaſed me. But do you wiſh by your kindneſs to her to make her happy or unhappy?

Cec. Happy, mama. God forbid that I ſhould wiſh the contrary.

Mrs. A. I could wiſh, too, with all my heart, to ſee her more fortunate, ſince ſhe has gained your eſteem. But is it true, Cecilia, that ſhe eats her bread quite dry for breakfaſt?

Cec. It is very true, mama. I would not deceive you.

Mrs. A. How! and has ſhe been content with it till now?

Cec. O dear! yes, and I never eat a tart with more pleaſure than ſhe eats her brown bread.

Mrs. A. Then I ſhould think ſhe has a good appetite. But I can hardly imagine that ſhe goes barefoot.

Cec. I have always ſeen her barefoot. Aſk the gardener elſe.

Mrs. A. Then ſhe makes them all over blood, when ſhe walks on the gravel or pebbles.

Cec. Not at all. She runs about in the garden like a little deer; and ſhe ſays, laughing, that God almighty has made the ſoles of her feet hard, like a pair of ſhoes.

Mrs. A. I know that you never tell ſtories, but I confeſs that I can hardly believe what you ſay now. I ſhould be glad to ſee the wry faces that my Cecilia would make in eating her bread quite dry, without butter or ſweetmeats.

Cec. Oh! I know it would ſtick in my throat.

Mrs. A. Nor ſhould I be leſs curious to ſee how ſhe would ſet about walking barefoot.

Cec. Well then, mama, do not be angry, but yeſterday I had a mind to try. Being all alone in the garden, I took off my ſhoes and ſtockings to walk barefoot. I felt my feet ſadly hurt, but ſtill I walked on. At laſt I ſtruck againſt a ſtone. Oh! that did ſo pain me, that I went back as ſoftly as I could, and put on my ſhoes and ſtockings,

ſtockings, and I promiſed fairly never to walk barefoot again. My poor Marian! yet ſhe is ſo all the ſummer.

Mrs. A. But how comes it, then, that you cannot eat dry bread, nor walk barefoot as ſhe does?

Cec. The thing is, perhaps, that I am not uſed to it.

Mrs. A. Why then, if ſhe uſes herſelf, like you, to eat ſweet things, and to wear ſhoes and ſtockings, and afterwards if the brown bread ſhould go againſt her, and ſhe ſhould not be able to walk barefoot, do you think that you would have done her any great ſervice?

Cec. No, mama: but I mean that ſhe ſhall never be obliged to do ſo again all her life-time.

Mrs. A. A very generous deſign! and will your pocket-money be ſufficient for that?

Cec. Oh! yes, mama, if you will only add ever ſo little to it.

Mrs. A. You know that my heart is never againſt helping the diſtreſt, whenever an occaſion offers. But is Marian the only child that you know in neceſſity?

Cec. Nay, I know many others beſide. There are two, eſpecially, juſt by in the village, that have neither father nor mother.

Mrs. A. And they without doubt ſtand much in need of aſſiſtance.

Cec. Oh! they do indeed, mama.

Mrs. A. But if you give Marian every thing, if you feed her with biſcuits and ſweetmeats, while you let the reſt die with hunger, will there be much juſtice and humanity in that management?

Cec. But now and then I ſhall be able to give them ſomething. Yet, after all, I love Marian beſt.

Mrs. A. If you were to die, and Marian had been uſed to enjoy every indulgence——

Cec. I am pretty ſure that ſhe would cry for my death.

Mrs. A. Yes, I am convinced of that. But then would ſhe fall into indigence again, and perhaps be obliged to do ſome diſgraceful action, in order to live well and dreſs well as before. Who would then have the blame of her ruin?

Cec. (*ſorrowfully.*) I ſhould, mama. So then I muſt never give her any thing again?

Mrs. A. I do not think ſo; however, I ſhould imagine that you will do well to give her ſweet things ſeldomer, and to make her a preſent rather of a good coat.

Cec. Why, I was thinking of it. I will give her, if you pleaſe, one of my frocks.

Mrs. A. I ſuppoſe your muſlin ſlip would become her ſurprizingly; eſpecially without ſhoes or ſtockings.

Cec. Oh! every body would point at her. How ſhall we do then?

Mrs. A. If I were in your place, I would be ſparing in my amuſements for ſome time, and when I had ſaved a little money, would lay it out in buying whatever was moſt neceſſary for her. The ſtuff that poor children wear, is not very expenſive.

Cecilia followed her mother's advice. Marian came ſeldomer indeed to ſee her about breakfaſt time, but Cecilia made her other preſents that were more uſeful. At one time ſhe would give her an apron, another time a petticoat; and ſhe paid the ſchoolmaſter of the village ſo much a month for her ſchooling, that ſhe might improve herſelf perfectly in reading. Marian was ſo ſenſible of theſe kindneſſes that ſhe grew every day more tenderly attached to Cecilia. She came frequently to ſee her, and would ſay to her, Have you any commands for me? Is there any work that I can do for you? And whenever Cecilia gave her an opportunity of doing any ſlight ſervice, it was pleaſing to ſee with what joy Marian exerted herſelf to oblige her. One day ſhe came to the garden gate to wait for Cecilia's coming down, but Cecilia did not come. Marian came back again, but could not ſee Cecilia. She returned two days ſucceſſively, but no Cecilia appeared. Poor Marian was diſconſolate, not finding her benefactreſs. Ah! ſaid ſhe, can it be that ſhe does not love me? I have perhaps vexed her without meaning it. I am ſure, if I knew in what, I would aſk her pardon, for I could not live without loving her. Juſt then Mrs. Allen's maid came out. Marian ſtopped her. Where is Miſs Cecilia? aſked ſhe. Miſs Cecilia? replied the woman. She has, perhaps, not long to live. I am afraid that ſhe is in her laſt moments. She has the ſmall-pox. O dear heart! cried Marian, I won't let her die: and running to the ſtairs, ſhe flies up into Mrs. Allen's chamber. Madam, ſaid ſhe, for God's ſake tell me

me where is Miſs Cecilia? I muſt ſee her. Mrs. Allen would have ſtopped Marian, but the door being half open, ſhe had a ſight of Cecilia's bed, and was already by her ſide. Cecilia was in a violent fever, alone, and very low in ſpirits; for all her little acquaintances had forſaken her. Marian, drowned in tears, took her hand, ſqueezed it in hers, and kiſſed it; ſaying, Ah! is it thus I find you! Do not die, I pray you; what would become of me, were I to loſe you? I will ſtay with you night and day. I will watch over you, and ſerve you; will you allow me? Cecilia, ſqueezing her hand, ſignified to her that ſhe would do her a pleaſure in ſtaying conſtantly with her. Marian was now become, with the conſent of Mrs. Allen, Cecilia's nurſe; and performed this part to admiration. She had a ſmall bed made up for her cloſe beſide her little ſick friend, and never left her a moment. On the ſlighteſt expreſſion of pain from Cecilia, Marian roſe immediately to know what ſhe wanted. She gave her, with her own hands, the medicines ordered her by the phyſicians. Sometimes ſhe would go and gather bulruſhes, to amuſe her by making handſome little ruſh baſkets while ſhe looked on. Sometimes ſhe would tumble all Mrs. Allen's library over, to find pictures for her in the books. She exerted her imagination in ſearch of every thing that was capable of diverting Cecilia from the ſenſe of her illneſs. Cecilia had her eyes cloſed by the diſorder for near a week. This time appeared to her very tedious! but Marian told her ſtories of what happened in the village; and as ſhe had profited well by her leſſons at ſchool, read to her whatever ſhe thought would give her pleaſure. Now and then, too, ſhe addreſſed her with the moſt ſenſible conſolations. With a little patience ſhe would ſay, God almighty will have pity upon you, as you have had pity on me. At theſe words ſhe would weep, then quickly drying her eyes, Will you let me ſing you a pretty ſong to divert you! Cecilia had only to make a ſign, and Marian would ſing her all the ſongs that ſhe had learned from the young country maids round about. Thus the time paſſed over, without hanging heavy on Cecilia. At length by degrees her health was re-eſtabliſhed: ſhe could open her eyes again: her lowneſs of ſpirits left her: the pock dried up, and her appetite returned. Her face was

ſtill covered with red ſpots. Marian ſeemed to look at her with more pleaſure than ever, while ſhe thought how narrowly ſhe had miſſed loſing her. Cecilia on the other hand regarded her with equal tenderneſs. How ſhall I be able to pay you, ſhe would ſay, to my ſatisfaction, for all that you have done for me? She aſked her mama in what manner ſhe might recompenſe her tender and faithful nurſe. Mrs. Allen, who was almoſt beſide herſelf with joy to ſee her dear child reſtored to health after ſo dangerous an illneſs, anſwered her, Leave it to me. I ſhall take the charge of acquitting both your obligations and mine to her. She gave private orders to have a complete ſuit of clothes made for Marian, and Cecilia undertook to try it on her the firſt day that ſhe ſhould be allowed to go down into the garden. It was a day of rejoicing through the whole houſe. Mrs. Allen and all her family were tranſported with gladneſs at the recovery of Cecilia. Cecilia was delighted that ſhe had it in her power to recompenſe Marian: and Marian was out of her wits with joy to behold Cecilia once more in the ſame ſpot where their acquaintance had commenced, and beſides, to find herſelf new clad from head to foot.

LITTLE JACK.

MR. Churchill was returning home one day on horſeback, after taking a ride about his own eſtate. As he paſſed by the wall of a burying-ground belonging to a ſmall village, he heard the groans of a perſon on the other ſide. This worthy gentleman had a heart too full of compaſſion to heſitate in flying to the relief of the unfortunate perſon whom he heard groan. He alighted, and giving his horſe to the ſervant who followed him, ſprung over the encloſure of the burying-ground. He ſtood on tiptoe, and looking all round, at length perceived in a corner, at the fartheſt end, a grave covered with earth that was ſtill quite freſh. Upon this grave lay, at his full length, a child about five years old, who was weeping. Mr. Churchill approached him with looks

of

of kindneſs, and ſaid to him, What doſt thou do there, my little friend?

Child. I am calling my mother. They laid her here yeſterday, and ſhe does not get up.

Mr. Ch. That is becauſe ſhe is dead, my poor child.

Child. Yes, they ſay that ſhe is dead, but I cannot believe it. She was ſo well the other day, when ſhe left me with old Suſan our neighbour; ſhe told me ſhe was to come back, but ſhe does not come. My father is gone away too, and my little brother, and now the other little boys of the town won't have me.

Mr. Ch. Won't have you? why ſo?

Child. I do not know; but when I want to go along with them, they drive me away and leave me by myſelf. And they ſay naughty things, too, about my father and mother. That is what vexes me moſt of all. O mammy get up, get up!

Mr. Churchill's eyes filled with tears. You ſay that your father is gone away, and your brother too; where are they gone?

Child. I do not know where my father is; and my little brother went away yeſterday to another town. There came a gentleman all in black, juſt like our parſon, and took him away.

Mr. Ch. And where do you live now?

Child. With our neighbour Suſan. I am to be there until my mother comes back, as ſhe promiſed me. I love my other mammy Suſan very well; but (*pointing to the grave*) I love my mammy that is here a great deal better. O mother, mother! why do you lie ſo long? when will you get up?

Mr. Ch. My poor child, you call her in vain, for you will never awake her.

Child. Well then, I will lie down here, and ſleep by her. Ah! I ſaw her when they put her into a great cheſt to carry her away. Oh! how white ſhe was! and how cold! I will lie down here and ſleep by her.

Mr. Churchill could no longer refrain from tears. He ſtooped down, took the child up in his arms, and kiſſing him tenderly, ſaid, What is your name, my poor little fellow?

Child. They call me Jackey when I am good, and when I am a bad boy they call me you Jack.

Mr. Churchill, though in tears, ſmiled at this anſwer. Will you take me to Suſan? Oh yes, yes, Sir, anſwered the child; and running before Mr. Churchill as faſt as his little legs could go, conducted him to Suſan's door. Suſan was not a little ſurprized on ſeeing a gentleman enter her cottage with little Jack, who pointing to her, and running to hide his face in her lap, ſaid, That is ſhe; that is my other mammy. She knew not what to think of ſo extraordinary a viſit. Mr. Churchill, however, did not leave her long in ſuſpence. He expreſſed to her the ſituation in which he had found the child, and the compaſſion that he felt for him; and at the ſame time requeſted her to favour him with every information concerning the parents of little Jack. Suſan bade him be ſeated, and placing herſelf cloſe by him, began thus. The father of this child is a ſhoe-maker, whoſe houſe joins mine. He is an honeſt, ſober, laborious man, under thirty, and a comely perſon. His wife was a handſome woman, but did not get her health well. Withal ſhe was very careful, and a good houſewife. They were married about ſeven years ago, lived vaſtly well together, and would have made the happieſt couple in the world, if they had been a little better in their affairs. John had nothing but his trade, and Margaret being left an orphan, brought her huſband only a little money that ſhe had ſaved in the ſervice of a worthy clergyman, the curate of the next pariſh. This little ſum was laid out in buying a bed, and a few other articles of houſhold furniture, with a ſmall ſtock of leather for his work. In ſpite of their poverty, they contrived to maintain themſelves during the firſt years of their marriage, by dint of labour and good management. But children came on, and then began their difficulties. Yet ſtill they might have made it out by doubling their induſtry, if misfortunes had not happened to them. Poor Margaret who had worked in the fields every day during the hay time, to bring home ſome money at night to her huſband, fell ſick of fatigue, and continued ſo all the harveſt and all winter. Phyſick is very expenſive, and then beſides, the work did not go on ſo well, becauſe John's cuſtomers left him one by one, as they were afraid of being ill ſerved in a houſe where there was a ſick wife. At laſt Margaret grew better, but her huſband's buſineſs declined. He was obliged

to

to borrow money to pay the apothecary; and having loſt all his cuſtomers, he was now quite out of work. At the ſame time Margaret could earn nothing; her ſtrength was ſo much reduced that nobody would give her employment. Beſides, the rent of their houſe, and the intereſt of the money that they had borrowed, came heavily upon them. They were obliged more than once to ſuffer hunger, and thought themſelves very happy when they had a morſel of bread to give to their children. At theſe words little Jack withdrew into a corner, and began to ſob. With all this it happened that their hard-hearted landlord, ſeeing them not able to pay the rent of the two winter quarters, threatened John to put him in gaol. They begged hard of him to have patience until the hay-making came on, becauſe then they could earn ſomething by working in the fields; but neither their entreaties nor their tears could ſoften him, though he is the richeſt man in the place. It was with much ado that he allowed them a month's delay; but he ſwore that if at the end of that time he was not paid the whole, he would ſell their furniture and put John in priſon. Their houſe was now a picture of melancholy and patient diſtreſs, capable of ſoftening a heart of ſtone. You may believe me, Sir; I have often been grieved to the ſoul on hearing the complaints of theſe good neighbours, and not being able to relieve them. I went once myſelf to their landlord, and prayed him to have compaſſion on their extremity. I offered to pawn to him all that I poſſeſſed in the world. But it was to no purpoſe. You are no better than they are, anſwered he; this it is to have ſuch traſh of tenants as you are all together. Ah! Sir, (*here the tears trickled down Suſan's cheeks*) I bore this reproach patiently, that I might not provoke him ſtill more; but oh! how I ſuffered in being no more than a poor widow, and in not being able to afford the leaſt comfort to thoſe worthy people! How much good the rich might do if they had the ſame inclination as the poor! But to return to our unfortunate neighbours; I adviſed Margaret to make known her diſtreſſes to the clergyman with whom ſhe had lived ſome years as an honeſt and worthy ſervant, and to beg of him to advance her ſome money. She anſwered me, that ſhe would ſpeak about it to her huſband, but that ſhe could hardly think of doing ſo,

because the curate might imagine that they were reduced to want through their own bad management. Three days ago she brought me her two children as she used to do, and begged me to take care of them till the evening. She intended to go to a neighbouring village, and try if she could have some hemp from the weaver to spin, in order to clear her debt. She could never bring herself to go before the clergyman her old master; but her husband was to go in her stead, and he had set off the same day. I took charge of the children with pleasure, for I loved them very well, having been at the birth of them. Margaret, as she was going, clasped them to her breast and kissed them, as if it were the last time that ever she should see them. Her eyes were swimming in tears, and she said to the eldest, Jackey, I am to be back very soon, and then I'll come and fetch you. She took me by the hand, thanked me for being so good as to look after her children, kissed them once more, and departed. A little time after, I heard an odd sort of noise in her house, that went thump, as it were; but imagining that she was gone out, I supposed it might be only the inner door clapping to, and so did not think any more about it. Well, the evening came on, it grew dark night, and I saw nothing of my neighbour. I thought I would go to her house, and see if she was gone in to lay her hemp down before she came to fetch the children. I found the door open, and went in. But O heavens! how was I struck on beholding Margaret stretched at her length, stone dead, at the foot of the stairs. As for me, I stood motionless, and as cold as a stone. I did not know what to do. At length after trying in vain to recover her, I ran to the surgeon who came, and feeling her pulse, shook his head and sent directly for the coroner. They held an inquest, the surgeon being present, to examine how she came by her death; and they brought it in that she must have died suddenly, or that having fallen into a fit, and not being able to call for help, she expired in that condition. I can easily imagine how it happened. She had returned into her own house to go up to the loft for the bag that was to hold her hemp, and as her eyes were still dimmed with tears, she had missed her step in coming down, and fallen from the top of the stairs, with her head foremost, on the ground. The bag that was beside her shewed it plainly,

plainly. Yet for all that, the coroner thought otherwise. So the body was ordered to be buried the next morning before day-light in a corner of the church-yard, and an enquiry to be made after John, to know what was become of him. I propoſed to the pariſh officers to keep the two children myſelf; for though I find it hard enough to live, yet, thought I, the bounteous God knows that I am a helpleſs widow; and if theſe two children come to my charge, will ſurely aſſiſt me to feed them. The younger brother to this did not ſtay long with me. Yeſterday of all days, and even not long after Margaret had been buried, did the worthy curate her old maſter come by chance to ſee her. He knocked for ſome time at her door, and as nobody opened, he came to my window and aſked me what was become of John Johnſon the ſhoemaker that lived in the next houſe. I told him that if he would give himſelf the trouble to ſtep in a moment, I had many things to tell him. He came in, and ſat down there, juſt where you are. I told him all that had happened, which made him ſhed tears. Afterwards I told him that John had ſome thoughts of applying to him in his diſtreſs. He ſeemed ſurprized, and aſſured me poſitively that he had not ſeen John. The two children came up to him, and he fondled them a good deal. Little Jack aſked him if he could not awake his mother, who had been a long time aſleep. The tears came into the good curate's eyes when he heard the child talk ſo; and he ſaid to me, Good woman, I will ſend to-morrow for theſe two little boys, and I will keep them at home with me. If their father returns, and ſhould be able to bring them up, I ſhall reſtore them to him whenever he requires it. In the mean time I will take charge of their education. All this was not very agreeable to me; for I love theſe little innocents as if I were their mother, and it would have given me ſome pain to ſee them ſnatched from me ſo ſoon. Doctor, ſaid I to him, I cannot conſent to part with theſe children. I am uſed to them, and they are uſed to me.—Well then, my good woman, you muſt give me one of them, and I will leave you the other, ſince he is likely to be ſo happy with you; and from time to time I ſhall ſend you ſomething towards his maintenance. I could not refuſe the good parſon this. He aſked little Jack if he ſhould not like to go with him. What, there

where my mother is? said Jack; oh yes with all my heart.—No, my little man, I do not mean there! but to my handſome houſe, and my handſome garden.—No, no, let me ſtay here with Suſan. I'll go every day to where my mother is. I would rather go there than to your handſome garden. The good gentleman did not chuſe to trouble the child more, who had gone to hide himſelf behind the curtains of my bed. He told me that he would ſend his man for the youngeſt, who would give me more trouble than the other; and at his going, left me ſome money for this child. This, Sir, is all that I have to inform you of the parents of little Jack. What doubles my uneaſineſs at preſent is, that John does not return, and that a report goes in the pariſh, that he is gone to join a gang of ſmugglers, and that his wife killed herſelf for grief. Theſe ſtories have gained ſuch ground in the village, that there is not one, even to the children, but talks of them; and whenever my poor Jack would go amongſt the other boys, they drive him away, and are ready to beat him. The poor child is quite dull, and never ſtirs out now, unleſs to go to his mother's grave.

Mr. Churchill had liſtened in ſilence to Suſan's account, and was deeply affected by it. Little Jack was come again cloſe up to her. He looked at her with fondneſs, and called her ſeveral times his mother. At length Mr. Churchill ſaid to Suſan, My worthy woman, you have conducted yourſelf very generouſly towards this unfortunate family: God will not fail to reward you for it.

Suſan. I have done no more than my duty. We are ſent into this world to aſſiſt and relieve each other. I always thought that I could do nothing more pleaſing in the ſight of God for all the bleſſings that I have received from him, than to comfort my poor neighbours to the utmoſt of my power. Ah! if I could have done more than I did! But I am poſſeſſed of nothing in the world except my cottage, a little garden where I have a few greens, and what I can earn by the work of my hands. Nevertheleſs, for theſe eight years that I have been a widow, God has always given me an honeſt ſupport, and I hope will do ſo while I live.

Mr. Ch. But if you keep this child, the expence of maintaining him may be very inconvenient to you, before he be capable of earning his bread.

Suſan,

Susan. I shall always take care not to let him want. We will share even to my last morsel of bread.

Mr. Ch. And how are you to furnish him with clothes?

Susan. I leave the care of that to him who clothes the fields with grass and the trees with leaves. He has given me fingers to sew and spin; they shall work to clothe our poor little orphan. Whosoever can pray and work, will never want.

Mr. Ch. Then you are resolved to keep little Jack with yourself.

Susan. Always, Sir; I could not live under the thought of sending away this destitute infant from me, or of letting him come upon the parish.

Mr. Ch. You are, I suppose, related to his family?

Susan. No otherwise than as neighbours and fellow-christians.

Mr. Ch. Then, as I am also related to both of you, by religion and humanity, I will not suffer you alone to have all the honour of doing good to this orphan, since God has provided me with the means for it more amply than you. Commit the education of little Jack to my care; and since you are so strongly attached to each other, and that your benevolence merits my esteem as much as the child's affection for his mother, I will take you both home with me, and provide for you. Sell your garden and your cottage, and come live at my house; there you shall have a comfortable support and a home for the rest of your life.

Susan, (*looking at him affectionately.*) Do not be angry at me, sir. May God reward you for all your goodness! but I cannot accept your offers.

Mr. Ch. And why?

Susan. In the first place, I am fond of the spot where I was born, and have lived so long; then again, I could not suit myself to the bustle of a great house, nor to the sight of so many folks in a family; neither am I us'd to ease or nice living. I should fall sick if I had nothing to do, or if I eat finer food than ordinary. Let me bide therefore in my cottage with my little Jack: it will do him no harm to live a little hard. Nevertheless, if you chuse to send him now and then a small matter, to pay for his schooling, and to furnish him with tools for whatever trade he may take up, the gracious God will not fail to pay you an hundred fold; at least this boy and I will pray

daily for you that he may. I have no child; he ſhall be inſtead of one to me; and what little I poſſeſs ſhall belong to him, whenever it pleaſes the Lord to call me to himſelf.

Mr. Ch. Well then, be it ſo. I do not wiſh that what I mean well ſhould make you unhappy. I will leave little Jack with you, ſince you are ſo well together. Talk to him often of me, and tell him that I am in the place of a father to him, while you, on the other hand, will take upon you the cares and the name of the mother for whom he grieves ſo much. I ſhall ſend you every month what may be ſufficient for your ſubſiſtence. I will come frequently to ſee you; and my viſit ſhall be as much on your account as his.

Suſan lifted up her eyes to heaven, and implored its favours on Mr. Churchill. She then ſaid to the child, Come hither, Jackey, and aſk this gentleman's bleſſing; he will be your father now. The little boy did ſo; but ſaid preſently to Suſan, How can he be my daddy? he wears no apron. Mr. Churchill ſmiled at this innocent queſtion of little Jack, and throwing his purſe on the table, Farewel, ſaid he, generous Suſan! farewel my little friend! it ſhall not be long before you ſee me again. He then left them, and mounting his horſe, took the road that led to the pariſh where the Curate lived who had taken home the younger orphan. He found the Curate reading a letter, on which he now and then ſhed tears. After the firſt civilities, Mr. Churchill explained the ſubject of his viſit to the worthy divine, and aſked him if he knew what was become of the father of thoſe two unfortunate children. Sir, anſwered the Curate, it is not a quarter of an hour ſince I received this letter, written by him to his wife. It was incloſed in one to me, and contains a ſmall draft for the uſe of his wife: he requeſts me to deliver it to her, and to conſole her for his abſence. As ſhe is dead, I have opened the letter: here it is; be ſo kind as to read it. Mr. Churchill eagerly took the letter, and read as follows:

Dear wife,

I cannot think without uneaſineſs on the trouble that my abſence muſt have occaſioned you. But let me inform you of what has happened to me. Being on my way to the

the clergyman's houſe, I began to think in this manner: Of what uſe will it be to me to go begging thus? I ſhall only get rid of one debt by contracting another, and ſhall gain nothing but the uneaſineſs of thinking how to pay it. I that am yet young, and can work, to go and aſk ſo much money? I ſhall be taken either for an idle fellow, or a drinker. The parſon to be ſure married us, and loves us as his children; but if he were to take a diſlike, and refuſe me! or on the other hand, if he were not able to relieve us! And then ſuppoſing that he advanced me the ſum for a year, ſhould I be ſure to have it in my power to pay him? and if I did not, ſhould not I be as bad as a thief? It would be defrauding him. Thus I reaſoned, my dear Margaret, and began afterwards to think how I might extricate our affairs by acting in a juſter manner. I often ſighed and put up my prayers to heaven. At laſt it came into my head all at once, thought I, you are ſtill a young man, you are ſtout and able bodied, what harm would there be if you went on board of a man of war for a few years? You can read and write, and caſt accounts pretty well. You may ſtill make a fortune for your wife and children; at leaſt you may clear all your debts. Conſider that if you have good ſucceſs, and happen on ſome prize money, it will be the making of your wife. For above half an hour theſe were my thoughts, when at laſt I ſaw part of a preſs-gang at a diſtance behind me. They ſoon came up with me, and aſked me whence I came, where I was bound, and whether I would go as a volunteer? I ſeemed at firſt not to like the ſea, but they queſtioned me again, and promiſed me a bounty of five pounds. I told them that for ſo much I would ſerve during the war. Done, ſaid they. Come along with us, my lad, and the affair ſhall be ſettled preſently. They brought me before the lieutenant who aſked me ſome queſtions; and I anſwered them ſo much to his ſatisfaction that he advanced my bounty immediately. And thus, my dear Margaret, I have entered the king's ſervice to clear my affairs. I ſend you a draft for the five pounds. I would not keep a penny of it. Pay the forty ſhillings that we owe, and whatſoever elſe may be due. With the remainder do the beſt you can to keep houſe. Live well, that you may recover your ſtrength. Clothe our children, and ſend them ſoon to ſchool. I know

know that although you are handy and careful, you will not be able to make this sum last very long. But patience! my wages are 17s. 6d. *per* month; I will try if I cannot find a way to forward part of them to you at the end of a few months; and whenever we arrive in harbour, I shall ask leave to go on shore on purpose to see you. My dear Margaret, do not grieve; trust in God. We may soon have a peace. I will then return to you, and we shall begin housekeeping together once more. My lieutenant has promised me to write to our churchwardens, that the parish may not be uneasy on my account. Bring up our children carefully; make them stick to home, and be fond of work. Pray with them every day, and teach them their duty, that they may grow up to be honest men; for you are very capable of instructing them well. Live in the fear of the Lord, pray to him for me, and I will pray to him in your behalf. Answer me soon. You have only to give your letter to the doctor, he knows best how to direct it. Remember me to the two boys. Tell Jack that if he is a good lad, I will bring him home something at my return. God be praised for all things. Continue still to love me, who remain

Your ever faithful husband,

JOHN JOHNSON.

Mr. Churchill's eyes were filled with tears while he read this letter. When he had finished it, This man, cried he, may truly be called a good husband, a good father, and an honest man! Sir, there is a real pleasure in contributing to the happiness of such excellent people. As to John's debts, I will pay them and will enable him besides to take up his trade again decently. Let this money remain for the children who have cost their father dear; and let it be divided between them as soon as they are capable of doing for themselves. Till then keep it in your hands, and speak to them at times of it as of the strongest proof of a father's affection. I will pay you interest for it, to be joined with the capital; for I wish to have some part in this sacred deposit. The worthy curate was too much affected to be able to answer Mr. Churchill. The latter understood the force of his silence, and squeezing him by the hand, took his leave.

All his designs in favour of John have been executed. John, being safe returned, enjoys an easiness of circumstances which he never experienced before, and would be the happiest of men, but for his grief for the loss of Margaret. He finds no other comfort, than in talking of her constantly with Susan. This worthy woman looks upon herself as his sister, and as a mother to his children. Little Jack never lets a single day pass without going to his mother's grave. He has made so good a use of Mr. Churchill's generosity, in improving himself, that this excellent gentleman has it in view to establish him in the most advantageous manner. He has taken the same care of John's younger son, and he never mounts his horse without recalling to mind this affecting incident. Whenever he meets any subject of chagrin, he goes to see the persons whom he has made happy, and always returns home relieved of every uneasy sensation.

THE MASONS ON THE LADDER.

AS Mr. Dormer was walking one day with little Archibald his son, in one of the public squares, they stopped before a house that was building, and which was raised as high as the second story. Archibald remarked a number of workmen placed one above another upon the rounds of a ladder, who were moving their arms up and down successively. This appearance excited his curiosity. Papa, cried he, what game are those men playing? Let us go a little nearer to the foot of the ladder.

They placed themselves in a spot where there was no danger, and observed a man go and take a large stone from a heap, and carry it to another man placed on the first round of the ladder; and he, raising his arms above his head, handed the stone to a third who was placed above him, who, by the same operation, passed it up to a fourth; and thus, from one hand to another, the stone very soon reached the scaffold, where the masons were ready to make use of it.

What

What do you think of this ſight? ſaid Mr. Dormer to his ſon. Why are ſo many perſons employed in building this houſe? Would it not be better that one man ſingly ſhould work at it, and that the reſt ſhould go, and each build for himſelf?

Very true, indeed, papa, anſwered Archibald! there would then be many more houſes than there are.

Do you conſider well, ſaid Mr. Dormer, what you now ſay? Do you know how many arts and trades are concerned in forming ſuch a houſe as this? One ſingle man, therefore, who would undertake a building, ſhould be maſter of all theſe profeſſions; ſo that he would ſpend his whole life in acquiring thoſe different ſorts of knowledge, before he could begin to build. But, ſuppoſing that he could in a ſhort time perfect himſelf in every thing neceſſary to be known for the purpoſe; ſee him all alone, and without any aſſiſtance, firſt digging the earth to lay his foundation; then going to ſeek ſtone, hewing it, making mortar, plaiſter and white-waſh; in ſhort, preparing every thing neceſſary to a maſon. See him full of ardor, taking his meaſurements, raiſing his ladders, erecting his ſcaffolds: but in what time do you think his houſe would be raiſed to the top?

Archibald. Ah! papa, I am greatly afraid that he would never be able to finiſh it.

Mr. Dormer. You are very right, child; and it is the ſame with all the labours of ſociety. Were a man to withdraw himſelf totally and work for himſelf alone; were he to refuſe to borrow the aid of others, fearing to be obliged to lend them his in return, he would exhauſt his ſtrength in the undertaking, and ſee himſelf quickly under the neceſſity of abandoning it: whereas, if men lend their aſſiſtance mutually, they execute in a ſhort time the moſt puzzling and laborious works, to perform which each of them ſingly would require the courſe of a whole life. It is the ſame alſo with the pleaſures of life: he who would taſte them alone could procure to himſelf but few enjoyments; but let all unite in contributing to their mutual happineſs, and each will find his ſhare in this union.—You are one day to be a member of ſociety, my dear child! Let the example of theſe workmen be always preſent to your memory. You ſee how much they eaſe and ſhorten their labours by mutually aiding each other. We will

will pass by here again, some days hence, and we shall find their house finished. Endeavour, therefore, to help others in their undertakings, if you wish that they should, in their turn, exert themselves to labour for you.

THE SWORD,

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD ONSBURGH.
AUGUSTUS, - *his Son.*
HENRIETTA, - *his Daughter,*
ELDER RAYNTON, } *Friends of Augustus.*
YOUNGER RAYNTON, }
ELDER DUDLEY, }
YOUNGER DUDLEY, }
CRAPE, - - *a Servant to Lord Onsburgh.*

SCENE. *The Apartment of Augustus.*

SCENE I.

Augustus.

AHA! this is my birth-day! They did well to tell me, otherwise I should never have thought of it. Well, it will bring me some new present from papa. But, let's see what will he give me? Crape had something under his coat when he went into papa's room. He would not let me go in with him. Ah! if I were not obliged to appear a little more sedate than usual, I should have forced him to shew me what he was carrying. But hist! I shall soon know it. Here comes my papa.

SCENE II.

Lord Onsburgh, (holding in his hand a sword and belt.) Augustus.

Lord Ons. Ah! are you there, Augustus? I have already wished you joy of your birth-day; but that is not enough, is it?

Aug.

Aug. Oh! papa—but what have you in your hand there?

Lord Onſb. Something that I fear will not become you well. A ſword; look ye!

Aug. What! is it for me? Oh! give it to me, dear papa; I will be *ſo* good and *ſo* diligent for the future—

Lord Onſb. Ah! if I thought that! But do you know that a ſword requires a man? That he muſt be no longer a child who wears one, but ſhould conduct himſelf with circumſpection and decency; and, in ſhort, that it is not the ſword that adorns the man, but the man that adorns the ſword.

Aug. Oh! never fear me. I ſhall adorn mine, I warrant! and I'll have nothing to ſay to thoſe mean perſons——

Lord Onſb. Whom do you call thoſe mean perſons?

Aug. I mean thoſe who cannot wear a ſword and a bag: thoſe who are not of the nobility, as you and I are.

Lord Onſb. For my part, I know no mean perſons but thoſe who have a wrong way of thinking, and a worſe of conducting themſelves; who are diſobedient to their parents, rude and unmannerly to others: ſo that I ſee many mean perſons among the nobility, and many noble amongſt thoſe whom you call mean.

Aug. Yes, I think in the ſame manner.

Lord Onſb. What were you talking then juſt now, of a bag and ſword? Do you think that the real advantages of nobility conſiſt in thoſe fopperies? They ſerve to diſtinguiſh ranks, becauſe it is neceſſary that ranks ſhould be diſtinguiſhed in the world. But the moſt elevated rank does only add more diſgrace to the man unworthy to fill it.

Aug. So I believe papa. But it will be no diſgrace to me to have a ſword, and to wear it.

Lord Onſb. No. I mean that you will render yourſelf worthy of this diſtinction no otherwiſe than by your good behaviour. Here is your ſword, but remember——

Aug. Oh! yes, papa. You ſhall ſee! (*He endeavours to put the ſword by his ſide, but cannot. Lord Onſburgh helps him to buckle it on.*)

Lord Onſb. Eh! why it does not ſit ſo ill.

Aug. Does it now? Oh! I knew that.

Lord Onſb.

Lord Onſb. It becomes you ſurprizingly. But, above all things, remember what I told you. Good bye! (*Going, he returns.*) I had forgot. I have juſt ſent for your little party of friends to ſpend this day with you. Obſerve to behave yourſelf ſuitably.

Aug. Yes, papa.

SCENE III.

Auguſtus.

(*He ſtruts up and down the ſtage, and now and then looks back to ſee if his ſword be behind him.*) This is fine! this is being ſomething like a gentleman! let any of your citizens come in my way now. No more familiarity if they do not wear a ſword: and if they take it amiſs—Aha!—out with my rapier. But hold! let us ſee firſt if it has a good blade. (*drawing his ſword and uſing furious geſtures.*) What, does that tradeſman mean to affront me?—One,—two!—Ah! you defend yourſelf, do you?—Die, ſcoundrel!

SCENE IV.

Henrietta, Auguſtus.

Henrietta, (*who ſcreams on hearing thoſe laſt words.*) Bleſs me! Auguſtus, are you mad?

Aug. Is it you, ſiſter?

Henrietta. Yes, you ſee it is. But what do you do with that inſtrument? (*pointing to the ſword.*)

Aug. Do with it? what a gentleman ſhould do.

Henrietta. And who is he that you are going to ſend out of the world?

Aug. The firſt that ſhall dare to take the wall of me!

Henrietta. I ſee there are many lives in danger. And if I ſhould happen to be the perſon—

Aug. You?—I would not adviſe you. I wear a ſword now, you ſee. Papa made me a preſent of it.

Henrietta. I ſuppoſe to go and kill people, right or wrong.

Aug. An't I the honourable? If they do not give me the reſpects due, ſmack, a box on the ear: and if your little

little commoner will be impertinent,—ſword in hand—(*going to draw it.*)

Henrietta. Oh! leave it in quiet, brother. And leſt I ſhould run the riſque of affronting you unknowingly, I wiſh to be informed what the reſpect is that you demand.

Aug. You ſhall ſoon ſee. My father has juſt ſent for ſome of my young acquaintance. If thoſe little puppies do not behave themſelves reſpectfully, you ſhall ſee how I will manage.

Henrietta. Very well; but I aſk you what we muſt do to behave ourſelves reſpectfully towards you?

Aug. In the firſt place, I inſiſt upon a low bow; very low.

Henrietta, (*with an affected gravity making him a low curtſy.*) Your lordſhip's moſt humble ſervant. Was that well?

Aug. No joking, Henrietta, if you pleaſe, or elſe—

Henrietta. Nay, I am quite ſerious, I aſſure you. We muſt take care to know and perform our duty to reſpectable perſons. It would not be amiſs to inform your little friends too.

Aug. Oh! I will have ſome ſport with thoſe fellows; give one a pull, t'other a pinch, and play all ſorts of tricks on them.

Henrietta. Thoſe, I take it, are ſome of the duties of a gentleman that wears a ſword; but if thoſe *fellows* ſhould not like the ſport, and return it on the gentleman's ears—

Aug. What! low vulgar blood? No, they have neither hearts nor ſwords.

Henrietta. Really, papa could not have given you a more uſeful preſent. He ſaw plainly what a hero was concealed in the perſon of his ſon, and that he wanted but a ſword to ſhew him in his proper light.

Aug. Hark ye, ſiſter! it is my birth-day, we muſt divert ourſelves. However, you will not ſay any thing of it to papa.

Henrietta. Why not? he would not have given you a ſword, if he did not expect ſome exploit of this ſort from a gentleman newly equipt. Would he have adviſed you otherwiſe?

Aug. Certainly! you know that he is always preaching to me.

Henrietta. What has he been preaching to you, then?

Aug.

Aug. I don't know, not I. That I ſhould adorn my ſword, and not my ſword me.

Henrietta. In that caſe you underſtood him properly, I muſt ſay. To adorn one's ſword, is to know how to make uſe of it; and you are willing to ſhew already that you have that knowledge.

Aug. Very well, ſiſter! You think to joke; but I would have you to know, madam——

Henrietta. Oh! I know extremely well, all that you can tell me; but do you know too, that there is one principal ornament wanting to your ſword?

Aug. What is that? (*Unbuckles the belt, and looks all over the ſword.*) I do not ſee that there is the leaſt thing wanting.

Henrietta. Really, you are a very clever ſwordſman. But a ſword-knot, now? Ah! how a blue and ſilver knot would dangle from that hilt!

Aug. You are right, Henrietta. Hark-ye! you have a whole band-box full of ribbands in your room; ſo—

Henrietta. I was thinking of it; provided that you do not give me a ſpecimen of your fencing, or lay your blade about me in return.

Aug. Nonſenſe! here is my hand, that is enough; you have nothing to fear. But quick,—a handſome knot! When my little party comes, they ſhall ſee me in all my grandeur.

Henrietta. Give it to me, then.

Aug. (*giving her the ſword.*) There, make haſte! You will leave it in my room, on the table, that I may find it when I want it.

Henrietta. Depend on me.

SCENE V.

Auguſtus, Henrietta, Crape.

Crape. The two Maſter Dudleys, and the Maſter Rayntons, are below.

Aug. Well! cannot they come up? Muſt I go to receive them at the bottom of the ſtairs?

Crape. My lady ordered me to tell you to come and meet them.

Aug. No, no; it is better to wait for them here.

Henrietta.

Henrietta. Nay, but ſince mama deſires that you will go down——

Aug. Indeed, they are worth all that ceremony! Well, I ſhall go directly. Come, what are you doing? Will this make my ſword-knot? Go, run, and let me find it on my table, properly done. (*Going out,*) Do you hear?

SCENE VI.

Henrietta.

The little inſolent! in what a tone he ſpeaks to me! Luckily I have the ſword. A proper inſtrument, indeed, in the hand of ſo quarrelſome a boy! Yes, yes, ſtay till I return it to you. My papa does not know you ſo well as I; but he muſt be told—Ah! here he is.

SCENE VII.

Lord Onſburgh, Henrietta.

Henrietta. You are come in good time, papa. I was going to you.

Lord Onſ. What have you then of ſo much conſequence to tell me?—But what do you do with your brother's ſword?

Henrietta. I have promiſed him to put a handſome knot to it; but it was only to get this dangerous weapon out of his hands. Do not give it to him again, whatever you do.

Lord Onſ. Why ſhould I take back a preſent that I have given him?

Henrietta. At leaſt be ſo good as to keep it until he becomes more peaceable. I juſt now found him all alone, laying about him like Don Quixote, and threatening to make his firſt trial of fencing upon his companions that come to ſee him.

Lord Onſ. The little quarreller! If he will uſe it for his firſt exploits, they ſhall not turn out to his honour, I promiſe you. Give me this ſword.

Henrietta, (*gives him the ſword.*) There, ſir. I hear him on the ſtairs.

Lord Onſ. Run, make his knot, and bring it to me when it is ready. (*They go out.*)

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Auguſtus, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, elder Raynton, younger Raynton.

(*Auguſtus enters firſt, with his hat on; the others follow him, uncovered.*)

Elder Dudley, (*aſide to elder Raynton.*) This is a very polite reception.

Elder Raynton, (*aſide to elder Dudley.*) I ſuppoſe it is the faſhion now to receive company with one's hat on, and to walk before them, in one's own houſe.

Aug. What are you mumbling there?

Elder Dudley. Nothing, Mr. Onſburgh; nothing.

Aug. Is it ſomething that I ſhould not hear?

Elder Raynton. Perhaps it may.

Aug. Now I inſiſt upon knowing it.

Elder Raynton. When you have a right to demand it.

Elder Dudley. Softly, Raynton! It does not become us in a ſtrange houſe——

Elder Raynton. It is ſtill leſs becoming, to be unpolite in one's own houſe.

Aug. (*haughtily.*) Unpolite? I unpolite? Is it becauſe I walked before you?

Elder Raynton. That is the very reaſon. Whenever we have the honour to receive your viſits, or thoſe of any other perſon, we never take the precedence.

Aug. You only do your duty. But from you to me—

Elder Raynton. What then, from you to me?——

Aug. Are you noble?

Elder Raynton, (*to the two Dudleys and his brother.*) Let us leave him to himſelf, with his nobility, if you will take my advice.

Elder Dudley. Fie, Mr. Onſburgh! If you think it beneath your dignity to keep company with us, why invite us here? We did not aſk that honour.

Aug. It was not I that invited you; it was my papa.

Elder Raynton. Then we will go to my lord and thank him for his civility. At the ſame time we ſhall let him know that his ſon thinks it a diſhonour to receive us. Come, brother!

Aug. (*ſtopping him.*) You cannot take a joke, Maſter Raynton. Why, I am very happy to ſee you. It was to

do

do me a pleaſure that papa invited you, for this is my birth-day. I beg you will ſtay with me.

Elder Raynton. That is another affair. But be more polite, for the future. Though I have not a title, as you have, yet I will not ſuffer any one to offend me, without reſenting it.

Elder Dudley. Be quiet, Raynton! We ſhould reſt good friends.

Younger Dudley. This is your birth-day then, Mr. Onſburgh?

Elder Dudley. I wiſh you many happy returns of it.

Elder Raynton. So do I, ſir; and all manner of proſperity. (*Aſide*) And particularly that you may grow a little more polite.

Younger Raynton. I ſuppoſe you have had ſeveral handſome preſents.

Aug. Oh! of courſe.

Younger Dudley. A great deal of cakes and ſweetmeats, no doubt?

Aug. Ha! ha! cakes? That would be pretty, indeed. I have thoſe every day.

Younger Raynton. Ah! then, I'll wager, it is in money Two or three crowns? eh!

Aug. (*diſdainfully.*) Something better, and which I alone of all here—yes, I alone, have a right to wear.

(*Elder Raynton and elder Dudley converſe aſide.*)

Younger Raynton. If I had what has been given you, I could wear it as well as another, perhaps.

Aug. (*looking at him with an air of contempt.*) Poor creature! (*To the two elder brothers.*) What are you both whiſpering there again? I think you ſhould aſſiſt to amuſe me.

Elder Dudley. Only furniſh us with the means.

Elder Raynton. He that receives friends ſhould ſtudy their amuſement.

Aug. What do you mean by that, Mr. Raynton?

SCENE IX.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Auguſtus, Henrietta.

Henrietta, (*bringing in a plate with cakes.*) Your ſervant, gentlemen; I am glad to ſee you w ll.

Elder Raynton. Much at your ſervice, miſs, (*bowing to her.*)

Elder Dudley. We are happy to ſee you, miſs, amongſt our party.

Henrietta. Sir, you are very obliging.—(*To Auguſtus.*) Brother, mama has ſent you this to entertain your friends, until the chocolate is ready. Crape will bring it up preſently, and I ſhall have the pleaſure of helping you.

Elder Raynton. Miſs, you will do us a great deal of honour.

Aug. We do not want you here!—But now I think of it—my ſword-knot!

Henrietta. You will find the ſword and the knot in your room. Good bye, gentlemen, until I ſee you again.

Elder Raynton. Shall we ſoon have the favour of your company, miſs?

Henrietta. I am going to aſk mama leave.

SCENE X.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Auguſtus.

Auguſtus, (*ſitting down.*) Come, take chairs, and ſit down. (*They look at each other, and ſit down without ſpeaking. Auguſtus helps the two youngeſt, and then himſelf, ſo plentifully, that nothing remains for the two eldeſt.*) Stop a moment! They will bring in more, and then I'll give you ſome.

Elder Raynton. Oh! no; we do not deſire it.

Aug. Oh! with all my heart!

Elder Dudley. If this be the politeneſs of a young nobleman——

Aug. Is it with ſuch as you that one muſt ſtand upon ceremony? I told you before, that they will bring us up ſomething elſe. You may take it when it comes, or not take it. You underſtand that?

Elder Raynton. Yes, that is plain enough; and we ſee plainly too in what company we are.

Elder Dudley. Are you going to begin your quarrels again? Mr. Onſburgh, Raynton, fie! (*Auguſtus riſes; all the reſt riſe alſo.*)

Aug. (*going up to the elder Raynton.*) In what company are you then, my little cit?

Elder Raynton, (*firmly.*) With a young nobleman that is very rude and very impudent; who values himself more than he ought; and who does not know how well-bred people should behave one to the other.

Elder Dudley. We are all of the same opinion.

Aug. I rude and impudent? Tell me so, who am a gentleman?

Elder Raynton. Yes, I say it again; very rude, and very impudent; though you were a duke, though you were a prince.

Aug. (*striking him.*) I'll teach you to whom you are talking! (*Elder Raynton goes to lay hold on him. Augustus slips back, goes out, and shuts the door after him.*)

SCENE XI.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley.

Elder Dudley. Bless me, Raynton, what have you done? He will go to his father, and tell him a thousand stories. What will he think of us?

Elder Raynton. His father is a man of honour. I will go to him, if Augustus does not. He certainly has not invited us here to be ill-treated by his son.

Younger Dudley. He will send us home, and make a complaint against us.

Younger Raynton. No; my brother behaved himself properly. My papa will approve what he has done, when we tell him the whole. He does not understand having his children ill used.

Elder Raynton. Come with me. Let us all go and find Lord Onsburgh.

SCENE XII.

Elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley, Augustus.

(*Augustus enters with his sword undrawn. The two younger boys run, one into a corner, and the other behind an arm-chair. Elder Raynton and elder Dudley stand firm.*)

Aug.

Aug. (*going up to elder Raynton.*) Now I'll teach you, little insolent—*Draws, and instead of a blade, finds a long turkey's feather. He stops short, in confusion. The little ones burst into a loud laugh, and come up.*)

Elder Raynton. Come on! Let us see the temper of your sword!

Elder Dudley. Do not add to his confusion. He only deserves contempt.

Younger Raynton. Aha! this was it, then, that you alone had a right to wear?

Younger Dudley. He will do no great harm to any body with that terrible weapon.

Elder Raynton. I could punish you now for your rudeness, but I should blush to take such a revenge.

Elder Dudley. He is no longer worthy of our company. Let us all leave him to himself.

Younger Raynton. Good bye to you, Mr. Knight of the Turkey's Feather.

Younger Dudley. We shall not come here again until you be disarmed, for you are too terrible now. (*As they are going, elder Raynton stops them.*)

Elder Raynton. Let us stay and give an account of our behaviour to his father, otherwise appearances will be against us.

Elder Dudley. You are right. What would he think of us, were we to leave his house thus, without seeing him?

SCENE XIII.

Lord Onsburgh, Augustus, elder Raynton, younger Raynton, elder Dudley, younger Dudley.

(*They all put on an air of respect, at the entrance of Lord Onsburgh. Augustus goes aside, and cries for spite.*)

Lord Ons. (*to Augustus, looking at him with indignation.*) What is this, sir, that I hear? (*Augustus sobs, and cannot speak.*)

Elder Raynton. My lord, you will pardon this disturbance that appears amongst us. It was not caused by us. From the first moment of our coming, Mr. Onsburgh received us so ill——

Lord Ons. Do not be uneasy, my dear little friend. I know all. I was in the next room, and heard, from

the beginning, my ſon's unbecoming diſcourſe. He is the more blameable, as he had juſt been making me the faireſt promiſes. I have ſuſpected his impertinence for a long time, but I wiſhed to ſee, myſelf, how far he was capable of carrying it; and, for fear of miſchief, I put a blade to his ſword, that, as you ſee, will not ſpill much blood. (*The children burſt out a laughing.*)

Elder Raynton. Excuſe the freedom, my lord, that I took, in telling him the truth a little bluntly.

Lord Onſb. I rather owe you my thanks for it. You are an excellent young gentleman and deſerve, much better than he does, to wear this badge of honour. As a token of my eſteem and acknowledgment, accept this ſword; but I will firſt put a blade to it that may be more worthy of you.

Elder Raynton. Your lordſhip is too good; but allow us to withdraw. Our company may not be agreeable to Mr. Onſburgh to-day.

Lord Onſb. No, no, my dear boys, you ſhall ſtay. My ſon's preſence ſhall not diſturb your pleaſure. You may divert yourſelves together, and my daughter ſhall take care to provide you with whatever may amuſe you. Come with me into another apartment. As for you, ſir, (*to Auguſtus,*) do not offer to ſtir from this place. You may celebrate your birth-day here all alone. You ſhall never have a ſword, until you deſerve it, if you were even to grow old without wearing one.

PRISCILLA AND MARCUS.

MRS. CAREY a young widow had two children Priſcilla and Marcus both equally deſerving of her affection, which nevertheleſs they ſhared very unequally. Priſcilla, young as ſhe was, perceived her mama's partiality to her brother. It afflicted her, but ſhe concealed within her own breaſt the ſorrow which this preference occaſioned her. Though not diſagreeably plain, her features did not correſpond with the charms of her mind; but her brother was beautiful as the God of Love is painted to us. All the fondneſs, all the careſſes of

Mrs.

Mrs. Carey, were lavished on him alone; and the servants, to gain the favour of their mistress, were studious to flatter him in all his fancies. Priscilla, on the contrary, from her mother's coldness, found herself the more slighted by the rest of the family. Far from anticipating her wishes, they even neglected her real wants. She would shed floods of tears, when she found herself alone and forsaken by every body, but never suffered the slightest complaint or mark of discontent to escape her in the presence of others. In vain did she endeavour, by a constant observance of her duty, by her mildness and her attentions, to make amends in her mother's opinion for the deficiency of her beauty: the qualities of her mind were unnoticed by eyes accustomed only to look on outward advantages. Mrs. Carey, not much affected by the marks of tenderness which Priscilla shewed her, seemed, particularly since her husband's death, to view her with a kind of disgust. She was continually chiding her, and required perfections in her which could not even be expected from an understanding far more advanced.

This unjust mother fell sick. Marcus appeared strongly touched at her sufferings; but Priscilla, who, in the softened looks and languid countenance of her mother, thought she perceived an abatement of her accustomed severity, far surpassed her brother in her care and vigilance. Attentive to her mother's slightest wants, she exerted all her penetration to discover them, that she might spare her even the trouble of expressing them. While her mother's illness had the least appearance of danger, she never quitted her pillow. Entreaties, or even commands, could not prevail upon her to take a moment's repose. At length Mrs. Carey recovered. This happy circumstance dissipated the apprehensions of Priscilla; but her sorrows began afresh, when she saw her mama reassume her usual severity towards her.

One day, when Mrs. Carey was discoursing with her children of the pains that she had suffered during her illness, and was thanking them for the tender and earnest affection which their cares for her had testified, "My dear children, added she, you may both ask of me whatever will give you most pleasure. I promise to grant it to you, if your desires are within the extent of my fortune.

What do you wiſh, Marcus? ſaid ſhe firſt to her ſon.—A watch and a cane, mama, replied he.—You ſhall have them to-morrow morning.

And you, Priſcilla?—Me, mama? me? anſwered ſhe, trembling, I have nothing to wiſh for, if you love me.

That is not an anſwer. You ſhall have your recompenſe too, miſs. What would you wiſh? Speak.

Though Priſcilla had been accuſtomed to this tone of ſeverity, yet ſhe felt it more ſenſibly on this occaſion than ever ſhe had done before. She threw herſelf at her mother's feet, looked up to her with eyes all drowned in tears, and ſuddenly hiding her face with both her hands, liſped out theſe words, "Give me only two kiſſes, ſuch as you give my brother."

Mrs. Carey's heart melted at theſe words, and ſhe felt thoſe ſentiments of affection to her daughter now revive which ſhe had hitherto ſuppreſſed. Taking her up in her arms, ſhe claſped her to her breaſt and loaded her with kiſſes. Priſcilla, who for the firſt time received her mother's careſſes, gave a looſe to the effuſions of her joy and love. She kiſſed her cheeks, her eyes, her breaſt, her hands: and Marcus, who could not help loving his ſiſter, mixed his embraces with her's. They all enjoyed a happineſs which was not confined to the preſent moment. Mrs. Carey repaid with intereſt to Priſcilla that affection which ſhe had before withheld from her, and Priſcilla returned it with new marks of tenderneſs. Nor was Marcus in the leaſt jealous on this account, but rejoiced in his ſiſter's happineſs. He ſoon reaped the reward of ſo generous a behaviour. The natural goodneſs of his diſpoſition having been a little injured by the weakneſs and doating fondneſs of his mother, he gave way in youth to many little indiſcretions which would have loſt him her heart, but Priſcilla always found means to excuſe him to her. The ſenſible advice too which ſhe gave him completed the reform of his manners; and they all three experienced that there is no true happineſs in a family without the moſt cordial union between brothers and ſiſters and the moſt lively and equal affection between parents and children.

THE

THE LAMB.

LITTLE Flora, the daughter of a poor countryman, was ſeated one morning by the ſide of the road, holding on her lap a porringer of milk for her breakfaſt, in which ſhe ſopped a few ſlices of coarſe black bread. Juſt then a farmer was paſſing the road, who had in his cart about a ſcore of lambs that he was going to ſell at the market. Theſe poor creatures, crowded one upon the other, with their feet tied together and their heads hanging down, filled the air with plaintive bleatings, which pierced the heart of Flora, but were heard by the farmer with an ear of unconcern.

When he was come up oppoſite to the little country girl he threw down before her a lamb which he was carrying acroſs his ſhoulder. "There, my girl, ſaid he, is a good-for-nothing beaſt that has juſt died, and made me five ſhillings the poorer. Take it, if you will, and make a ſtew of it."

Flora quitted her breakfaſt, laid down her porringer and her bread, and taking up the lamb, began to examine it with looks of compaſſion. "But, ſaid ſhe immediately, why ſhould I pity you? To-day or to-morrow they would have run a great knife through your throat, while now you have nothing more to fear." While ſhe was ſpeaking thus, the lamb revived by the warmth of her arms, opened its eyes a little, made a ſlight motion, and cried *baa* faintly, as if it was calling its mother. It would be difficult to expreſs the little girl's joy. She covers the lamb with her apron, and over that with her ſtuff petticoat, bends her breaſt down towards her lap to warm it ſtill more, and blows with all her force into its noſtrils and mouth. She felt the poor animal ſtir by degrees, and at each of its motions ſhe felt her own heart throb. Encouraged by this firſt ſucceſs, ſhe crumbles ſome ſoft bread into her porringer, and taking it up in her fingers, with ſome difficulty forced it between its teeth which were ſhut faſt. The lamb, which was dying only through hunger, felt itſelf a little ſtrengthened by this nouriſhment. It began now to ſtretch its limbs, to ſhake its head, to wag its tail, and to prick up its ears. It had ſoon ſtrength enough to ſupport itſelf upon its legs, and

then went of its own accord to Flora's porringer, who ſmiled to ſee it drink up her breakfaſt. In ſhort, before a quarter of an hour was paſt, it had already played a thouſand little gambols.

Flora, tranſported with joy, took it up in her arms, and running to the cottage, ſhewed it to her mother. Baba (ſo ſhe named it) became from that moment the object of all her cares. She ſhared with it the little bread which was given her for her meals, and would not have exchanged it ſingly for the largeſt flock in the neighbourhood. Baba was ſo gratefully ſenſible of her fondneſs, that ſhe never quitted Flora a ſingle ſtep: ſhe would come to eat out of her hand, would friſk round her, and whenever ſhe was obliged to go out without her, would bleat moſt pitifully.

This was not the only recompence with which Heaven repaid Flora's compaſſionate tenderneſs. Baba brought forth young lambs, and theſe others in their turn: ſo that in a few years after, Flora had a pretty flock that nouriſhed all her family with their milk, and furniſhed them comfortable clothing from their wool.

THE VINE-STUMP.

MR. Sutton, being at his country-houſe in the ſpring, went out with his ſon Julius to walk in his garden. The violet and primroſe were in their bloom, and many trees began already to ſhew their budding verdure, and to be clothed in white and crimſon bloſſoms.

They went by chance into a ſummer-houſe at the foot of which roſe a vine-ſtump twiſting wildly and ſtretching its naked branches in a rude irregular manner. "Papa! cried Julius, ſee this ugly tree, how it points at me! why do not you have Martin to grub it up and make fire-wood of it?" At the ſame time he began to pull at it in order to tear it up, but its roots had taken too firm hold in the earth. "Do not moleſt it, ſaid Mr. Sutton to his ſon, I will have it ſtand as it is, and at the proper time I ſhall tell you my reaſons."

Julius.

Julius. But, papa, see close by it those lively blossoms of the lilac and the laurustinus. Why is not it as well adorned as they are, if it is to be kept? It spoils and disfigures the garden. Shall I go and tell Martin to pluck it up?

Mr. Sutton. No, my dear; I tell you, I will have it stand as it is, at least a little longer.

Julius persevered in condemning it: his father tried to divert his attention to other objects, and the unfortunate vine-stump was forgotten.

Mr. Sutton's affairs called him to a distant part of the country. He set off the next day, and did not return till the middle of Autumn. His first care was to visit his country-house, whither he brought his son once more. The day being very hot, they went to enjoy the shade of the summer-house. "Ah! papa, said Julius, what a charming green shade! I thank you for having that ugly dry stump plucked up that I was so uneasy to see last Spring, and for putting in its place this handsome shrub, to give me an agreeable surprize. What delightful fruit! See, these fine grapes, some purple, others almost black. There is not a single tree in the garden that looks so well. They have all lost their fruit, but this;—see how it is covered! see those large green leaves that hide the clusters. I should like to know if the fruit be as good as it appears handsome."

Mr. Sutton gave him a grape to taste. This renewed his joy; and how much was it enlivened, when his father informed him that from those berries was produced that delicious liquor which he sometimes tasted after dinner. "You seem to be astonished, my dear, said Mr. Sutton. I should surprize you much more, were I to tell you that this is the same crooked misshapen stump that pointed at you in the Spring. I will go, if you chuse, and order Martin to pluck it up and make fire-wood of it."

Julius. Oh! by no means, papa: let him take all the others in the garden before this; I do like the grapes so well!

Mr. Sutton. You see then, Julius, that I did well in not following your advice. What has happened to you happens frequently in the world. We see a child ill clothed, and of an unpleasing outside appearance; we despise him and grow proud, on comparing ourselves with

him; we even carry our cruelty so far as to address him with insulting discourses. Beware, my child, of such hasty judgments. In this person, so little favoured by nature, dwells perhaps an exalted soul which will one day astonish the world by its great virtues, or enlighten it by its knowledge. It is a rugged stem, but may produce the noblest fruits.

CAROLINE.

LITTLE Caroline, of whom we have spoken, (page 15,) was one day playing beside her mother who was then busy writing letters. The hair-dresser being come, Mrs. P—— told him to step into an adjoining dressing-room with Caroline, and to take a little of her hair off. Instead of a little, the hair-dresser took off so much that the little girl's head was entirely naked. Her mother entered just as this unlucky operation was finished. "Ah! my poor Caroline, exclaimed she, you have lost all your fine hair!"—"Do not be uneasy, mama, answered Caroline with the greatest simplicity; it is not lost, it is put up in that drawer."

Last Summer vacation, while she was in the country, a chicken was served up at dinner, and Mrs. P——, who had no company but her children, having helped her eldest daughter to some of it, offered a bit to Caroline.

No, mama, answered she with a sigh; I shall not eat any of it.—

And why, my dear?—

Because, mama, that chicken and I saw one another every day, and we lived very friendly together.—

But your sister eats some of it.—

Oh! my sister may eat it, to be sure; she was not so well acquainted with it as I was.

What may not be hoped from a child born with such amiable simplicity, and such tenderness of heart? May she resemble her mother more and more, and all my wishes for her will be accomplished,

THE

THE FARMER.

SIR John Downton had ſhut himſelf up one morning in his ſtudy, in order to give his attention to ſome affairs of conſequence. A ſervant came to inform him that farmer Martin his tenant was at the ſtreet-door and deſired to ſpeak with him. Sir John ordered him to ſhew the farmer into the drawing-room, and to requeſt him to ſtay a moment, until his letters ſhould be finiſhed. Robert, Arthur and Sophia, Sir John Downton's children, were in the drawing-room when Mr. Martin was introduced. He ſaluted them reſpectfully as he entered, but it was eaſy to ſee that he had not learned his bow from the dancing-maſter; nor were his compliments of a more elegant turn. The two boys looked one at the other, ſmiling with an air of contempt. Their eyes meaſured him very familiarly from head to foot. They whiſpered each other and laughed out ſo loud that the poor man bluſhed and did not know what countenance to put on. Robert even carried his incivility ſo far, as to walk round him, holding his noſe, and aſking his brother, "Arthur, do not you perceive ſomething of the ſmell of a dung-heap?" And going for a chafing diſh of hot coals, he burnt ſome paper over it and carried it round the room, to diſperſe, as he ſaid, the unpleaſant ſmell. He then called a ſervant and deſired him to ſweep up the dirt that Martin had left on the floor-cloth with his nailed ſhoes. Arthur, mean time, held his ſides, laughing at his brother's impertinences.

It was not the ſame with Sophia their ſiſter. Inſtead of imitating the rudeneſs of her brothers, ſhe reproved them for it, endeavoured to excuſe them to the farmer, and approaching him with looks of good-nature, offered him wine to refreſh himſelf, made him ſit down, and took his hat and ſtick herſelf and laid them by. In the mean time Sir John came out of his ſtudy, and approaching farmer Martin in a friendly manner, took him by the hand, aſked how his wife and children were, and what had brought him to town. "Sir, anſwered the farmer, I come to pay you my half-year's rent:" and at the ſame time he drew out of his pocket a leathern bag full of

money. "You will not be displeased, continued he, that I have been something beyond my time: our roads were so flooded, that I could not carry my corn to market sooner."

"I am not at all displeased with you, replied Sir John: I know that you are an honest man and have no occasion to be put in mind of your engagements." At the same time he had a table laid before the farmer, to count the money on. Robert stared at the sight of farmer Martin's guineas, and seemed to look at him with a little more respect.

When Sir John had counted the farmer's money and found it right, the latter drew out of his great-coat pocket a small jar of candied fruits. "I have brought something said he, for the young folks. Won't you be so good, Sir John, as to let them come out one of these days, and take a mouthful of the country air with us. I'd try to entertain and amuse them too, as well as I could. I have two good stout nags, and would come for them myself, and take them down in my four-wheeled chaise."

Sir John promised to go and see him, and would have kept him to dinner; but Mr. Martin thanked him for his kind invitation, and excused himself for not being able to accept it, as he had many bargains to make in town, and was in a hurry to return home. Sir John filled his pockets with cakes for his children, thanked him for the present that he had made to his, and having wished him good health, as well to support his fatigues as on his family's account, saw him down stairs and took his leave.

As soon as he was gone, Sophia, before her brothers, informed her father of the rude reception which they had given to the honest farmer. Sir John expressed his displeasure at Robert and Arthur, and at the same time commended Sophia for her conduct. "I see, said he kissing her, that my little Sophia knows how to behave herself to honest people."

As it was about breakfast hour, he opened the farmer's jar of fruits and eat some of them with his daughter, and they both thought them excellent. Robert and Arthur were at table too, but were not invited to taste the fruits. They devoured them with their eyes, but Sir John did not seem to observe their longings. He resumed his commendations of Sophia, and exhorted her never to despise

a person

a perſon for the plainneſs of his dreſs. " For, ſaid he, if we were to behave politely only to thoſe who are well clad, we ſhould ſeem to direct our civilities to the dreſs, not to the perſon who wears it. People in the moſt homely clothing are often the moſt honeſt; we have an inſtance of it in farmer Martin. He not only by his labour ſupports himſelf, his wife and children, but during theſe ſix years that he is my tenant, he pays his rents ſo punctually that I have never had the ſmalleſt fault to find with him in that reſpect. Yes, my dear Sophia, if this man was not ſo honeſt, I could not ſupply the expence of maintaining you and your brothers. It is he who clothes you and procures you a good education; for it is in clothing you and paying the expences of your inſtruction that I diſpoſe of the ſums which he pays me every half-year."

After the breakfaſt was finiſhed, he ordered the remainder to be locked up in the beaufet. Robert and Arthur followed it with deſiring eyes and ſaw plainly that it was not kept for them. In this their father ſoon confirmed them. " Do not expect, ſaid he, to taſte theſe fruits, either to-day, or any other time. When the farmer who brought them ſhall have reaſon to be ſatisfied with you, he will not fail to ſend you ſome."

Robert. But, papa, is it my fault, if he did not ſmell well?

Sir John. How did he ſmell, then?

Robert. Of the dung-heap, inſufferably.

Sir John. Whence could he have contracted that ſmell?

Robert. From his loading carts with it every day.

Sir John. What ſhould he do then, to get rid of it?

Robert. He ſhould—he ſhould—

Sir John. He ſhould, perhaps, not put dung upon his grounds at all?

Robert. There is only that way.

Sir John. But if he did not enrich his land, how could he draw a plentiful crop from it? And if he had always bad crops, how could he manage to pay me the rent of his farm?

Robert would have replied, but his father gave him a look in which Arthur and he plainly read his diſpleaſure. —The next Sunday, very early, the good farmer was at Sir John Downton's door. He ſent up his compliments, and kindly invited him to come and take an excurſion to his

his farm. Sir John, pleaſed with his hearty obliging manner, would not mortify him by a refuſal. Robert and Arthur earneſtly entreated their father to make them of the party, and promiſed to behave themſelves more civilly. Sir John yielding to their ſolicitations, they mounted the four-wheeled chaiſe with joyful looks, and as the farmer had a pair of excellent horſes and drove well, they were at his houſe before they had any ſuſpicion of it. Who can deſcribe their ſatisfaction when the chaiſe ſtopped? Cicely, wife to farmer Martin, appeared with a ſmiling countenance at the wicket, which ſhe opened, and ſaluted her gueſts; and taking the children in her arms to help them down, ſhe kiſſed them, and led them into the yard. All her own children were there in their beſt clothes, who welcomed the young gentlemen, ſaluting them with great reſpect. Sir John would willingly have ſtopped a moment to talk with the little ones and careſs them, but Mrs. Martin preſſed him to go in, leſt the coffee ſhould grow cold. It was already poured out, at a table which was covered with a napkin as white as ſnow. The coffee-pot was not of ſilver, nor the cups of china, yet every thing was in the neateſt order. Robert and Arthur, however, looked at each other ſlily and would have burſt out in a laugh if they had not feared to offend their father. But Cicely, gueſſing their thoughts by the looks which they exchanged, made an apology for their fare, which ſhe confeſſed was not ſo fine as they would have had at their own houſe; however ſhe hoped that they would be ſatisfied with the cheerful entertainment of poor people. With the coffee they had muffins of a delicious taſte. It was eaſy to ſee that Mrs. Martin had uſed all her art in kneading and baking them.

After breakfaſt, the farmer aſked Sir John to look at his orchard and grounds, to which he conſented. Cicely took all the pains imaginable to make this walk agreeable to the children. She ſhewed them all her flocks which covered the fields, and gave them the prettieſt lambs to play with. She then led them to her pigeon-houſe: every thing there was clean and wholeſome: there were on the ground two young pigeons which had juſt quitted their neſt, but did not dare as yet to truſt their callow wings. Some of the mothers were ſitting over their eggs, and

others

others buſied in giving nouriſhment to their young which had juſt broken the ſhell. From the pigeon-houſe they went to the bee-hives: Cicely took care that they ſhould not go too near them, but however ſhe gave them a view of the bees at work.

As moſt of theſe ſights were new to the children, they ſeemed very much delighted with them: they were even going to take a ſecond review of them, if farmer Martin's youngeſt ſon Tom had not come to inform them that dinner waited. They were ſerved on pewter and drank out of Delft ware: but Robert and Arthur were ſtill ſo full of the pleaſure of their morning's walk that they were aſhamed to indulge their ſatirical humour; they thought every thing excellent. It is true, Cicely had ſurpaſſed herſelf in preparing them the beſt cheer.

After dinner, Sir John perceived two fiddles hung up againſt the wall. What perſon here plays thoſe inſtruments? ſaid he.

My eldeſt ſon and I, anſwered the farmer; and without ſaying any more, he made a ſign to Luke, his ſon, to take down the fiddles. They played by turns ſome old tunes on the fiddles, both ſprightly and pathetic, of which Sir John expreſſed his ſatisfaction in the moſt flattering manner.

As they were going to hang up the inſtruments again, "Come Robert and Arthur, ſaid Sir John, it is now your turns. Play us ſome of your beſt tunes:" and at the ſame time he put the fiddles into their hands. But they did not know even how to hold the bow, and their confuſion raiſed a general laugh.

Sir John then requeſted the farmer to put the horſes to, that they might return to town. Martin preſſed him ſtrongly to paſs the night with him, but at length yielded to Sir John's excuſes.—"Well, Robert, ſaid that gentleman to his ſon, as they returned, how do you find yourſelf after your little journey?"

Robert. Very well, papa. Thoſe good people have done their utmoſt to give us every ſatisfaction.

Sir J. Downton. I am happy to ſee you ſatisfied. But if farmer Martin had not taken ſo much pains in doing the honours of his houſe, if he had not offered you the ſmalleſt refreſhment, would you have been as well pleaſed with him as you now ſeem to be?

Robert. No, certainly.

Sir

Sir John. What would you have thought of him?

Robert. That he was an unmannerly clown.

Sir John. Robert, Robert, this honeſt man came to our houſe, and far from offering him any refreſhment, you made game of him. Which then is the beſt bred, you or the farmer?

Robert, (*bluſhing.*) But it is his duty to receive us well. He gains by our lands.

Sir John. What do you call gaining?

Robert. I mean, that he finds it his advantage to gather in the crops of our corn-fields, and the hay of our meadows.

Sir John. You are right. A farmer has occaſion for all that; but what does he do with the grain?

Robert. He maintains with it, himſelf, his wife and his children.

Sir John. And with the hay?

Robert. He gives it to his horſes to eat.

Sir John. And what does he do with his horſes?

Robert. He uſes them in plowing the ground.

Sir John. Thus you ſee, that one part of what he gains from the earth returns to it. But do you believe, that he conſumes the remainder with his family and his horſes?

Robert. The cows have their part of it too.

Arthur. And his ſheep too, and his pigeons, and his poultry.

Sir John. That is true. But are his whole crops conſumed upon his own ground?

Robert. No. I remember to have heard him ſay that he took part of them to market, to ſell for money.

Sir John. And what does he do with this money?

Robert. I ſaw, laſt week, that he brought you a leathern bag full of it.

Sir John. You now ſee who draws the greateſt profit from my lands, the farmer or I. It is true, he feeds his horſes with hay from the meadows, but his horſes ſerve to plow the fields which, without theſe plowings, would be exhauſted by weeds. He feeds his ſheep too, and his cows, with the hay; but their dung contributes to make the fallow grounds fruitful. His wife and his children are fed with the corn of the harveſts, but in return they paſs the ſummer in weeding the crops, and afterwards, ſome in reaping them, ſome in threſhing; and theſe labours

again

again turn to my advantage. The reſt of his corn and hay he takes to market to ſell them, but it is in order to give me the money that he receives. Suppoſe that there remains ſome part for himſelf, is it not fair that he ſhould have a recompence for his labours? Now therefore, once more tell me, which of us two draws the greateſt profits from my lands?

Robert. I now plainly ſee that you do.

Sir John. And without this tenant, ſhould I have that profit?

Robert. Oh! there are many tenants to be had.

Sir John. You are right; but not one more honeſt than this. I had formerly let this farm to another who impoveriſhed the land, cut down the trees, and let the outhouſes run to ruin. At quarter-day, he never had any money for me; and when I would expoſtulate with him, he ſhewed me clearly that his whole ſtock was not ſufficient to anſwer my demand.

Robert. Ah! the knave!

Sir John. If this man were of the ſame kind, ſhould I receive much profit from my eſtate?

Robert. Certainly not.

Sir John. To whom then am I obliged for what I do receive?

Robert. I ſee that you owe it to this honeſt farmer.

Sir John. Is it not therefore our duty to receive a man well who renders us ſo great ſervices?

Robert. Ah! papa, you make me ſee very plainly that I was wrong.

For ſome minutes a deep ſilence enſued. Sir John then reſumed the diſcourſe thus; Robert, why did not you play upon the fiddle?

Robert. You know, papa, that I have never learned.

Sir John. Then farmer Martin's ſon knows ſomething that you do not.

Robert. That is true. But then, does he underſtand Latin as I do?

Sir John. And do you know how to plow? can you drive a team? can you ſow wheat, barley, oats, and other grain, or rear a crop of them? Would you know how ſo much as to fix a hop-pole, or prune a tree, ſo as to have good fruit?

Robert. I have no occaſion to know all that: I am no farmer.

Sir

Sir John. But if all the people in the world knew nothing else but Latin, how would things go then?

Robert. Very ill; we should have no bread, no vegetables.

Sir John. And could the world do very well, even though nobody knew Latin?

Robert. I believe it could.

Sir John. Remember then all your life what you have just seen and heard. This farmer so coarsely clad, who saluted and addressed you in so rustick a manner; this man is better bred than you, knows much more than you, and things of much greater use. Therefore you see how unjust it is to despise any one for the plainness of his dress or the ungracefulness of his manner.

THE FATHERS RECONCILED BY THEIR CHILDREN.

A DRAMA, in one ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. CRUMPTON,	
CONSTANTINE, -	*his Son.*
ALICIA, - -	*his Daughter.*
THOMAS, - - -	*Son of the apothecary of the village.*
GRACE, - - -	*his Sister.*

The scene lies in a garden, under the windows of Mr. Crumpton's house in the country. On one side a summer-house, and at the bottom of the stage a tuft of trees.

SCENE I.

Mr. Crumpton, Alicia and Constantine.

Alicia. BUT papa—

Mr. Crumpton. I repeat it to you. Let neither of you henceforward, under pain of my displeasure, have the least connexion with the apothecary's children.

Alicia. What has made you so angry then with Mr. Garvey?

Mr.

Mr. Crumpton. Am I obliged to give you an account?

Conſtantine. No, certainly. It does not become us to queſtion you. (*to Alicia.*) When my papa gives his orders, it is our buſineſs to obey without reply.

Mr. Crumpton. Yes, that is my meaning. Mr. Garvey is an obſtinate, diſobliging perſon. Ungrateful! to refuſe ſuch a matter to me who am his landlord, and from whom he enjoys his fortune and livelihood!

Conſtantine. That is ſcandalous, papa: and I do not know why we have been ſo long connected with the children of ſuch people. Indeed if there had been one genteel boy beſides in our neighbourhood, I ſhould never have ſpoken a word to Thomas.

Alicia. O papa! can you hear my brother talk ſo? Thomas and Grace are ſuch good children; we ſhould be very happy if we were as good as they.

Mr. Crumpton. What is it to me whether they be good or bad? Once more I forbid you to have a word of diſcourſe with them, or elſe I ſhall keep you ſhut up at home.

Conſtantine. Let Thomas dare ſo much as to come ſneaking about this garden! I'll give him—

Mr. Crumpton. What would you ſay? I do not intend that they ſhould be ill-treated, or affronted in the ſmalleſt matter.

Conſtantine, (*confuſed.*) Nay, I do not mean that, neither. I only ſay that I will not let them come within a hundred yards of us. Oh! I ſhall keep a look out.

Alicia. Yet you had ſo great a friendſhip for Mr. Garvey! You looked upon him as ſo honeſt a man! as a man of ſo much learning and good ſenſe! you remember very well that it was he who taught my brother Latin, and gave me my firſt leſſons in ſpelling, merely through friendſhip, before we had a maſter.

Mr. Crumpton. All that may be; but I forbid another word on the ſubject. I will have nothing to ſay to him, as you ſhall have nothing to ſay to his children. What? I think you cry. Dry up thoſe tears, Miſs. Have you then ſo little reſpect for your father's commands, that it coſts you tears to obey them?

Alicia. No, papa. But pardon this laſt mark of regard that my heart affords them. I ſhall not be leſs obedient than my brother.

Conſtantine.

Conſtantine. We ſhall ſee who will be moſt dutiful.

Alicia. At leaſt you will not inſiſt that I ſhould hate them. It would not be in my power to obey you.

Mr. Crumpton. Neither to hate them, nor to uſe them ill: only to break off all connexion with them. This is my order.

Alicia. I will do whatever is your pleaſure. But I have one favour to aſk you.

Mr. Crumpton. What is that?

Alicia. That I may ſpeak to them once more, to tell them your orders.

Conſtantine. For what? all correſpondence is at an end.

Mr. Crumpton. I think your requeſt reaſonable, and grant it. You may tell them at the ſame time that their father muſt pay me in three days, or elſe he will repent it.

Alicia. How? my dear papa, does Mr. Garvey owe you any thing?

Mr. Crumpton. Do you think that I would aſk him for what he did not owe me? But that does not concern you. Only remember to obey me. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE II.

Alicia and Conſtantine.

Alicia. Well, brother, is this your friendſhip for Thomas and Grace?

Conſtantine. Well, ſiſter, is this your obedience to your father?

Alicia. You pretend to obedience? It is hypocriſy; nothing more. You only flatter him to wheedle ſome money from him. You love nothing in the world.

Conſtantine. Becauſe I do not take pleaſure in continually diſobliging him? Would you have me run after theſe children now he has forbidden me?

Alicia. You little deſerved their friendſhip, if it coſts you no more to give it up. But whenever your expectations from any one are at an end, your affection for them ſoon vaniſhes.

Conſtantine. As if I had ever any thing to expect from children of that ſort!

Alicia. What was that caſe then of mother of pearl which you prevailed on Grace to give you not a week ago?

ago? and thoſe tablets that you contrived to coax ſo dexterouſly from Tommy yeſterday? You have cringed to them a thouſand times for a noſegay or an orange; and now——

Conſtantine. Now I muſt obey. But truly the apothecary's children are fine company to grieve after!

Alicia. Yes, and I ſhall ſee you, perhaps, this evening in the middle of the dirtieſt boys of the village.

Conſtantine. I ſhall not loſe much by the exchange.

Alicia. And they ſtill leſs.

Conſtantine. I do not care. But here comes Mr. Thomas; adviſe him as a tender friend not to come too near me.

Alicia. If you do not like to ſee him, you may go away.

Conſtantine. I do *not* like to ſee him, and I will ſtay.

SCENE III.

Alicia, Conſtantine, Thomas (carrying a little wooden houſe, painted blue.)

Thomas, (*to Alicia.*) Oh! how glad I am to find you!

Conſtantine. Dear Tom, what have you there in that little houſe?

Thomas. It is a preſent that Mr. Billingſley's gamekeeper made me.

Conſtantine. And you come to make me a preſent of it, my dear friend?

Alicia, (*aſide.*) The hypocrite!

Thomas. It is for Miſs Alicia.

Alicia. For me, no, no, my friend. Since it is a preſent to you, I will not deprive you of it.—But pray what is it?

Conſtantine, (*imperiouſly.*) Come, I'll ſee what it is; (*endeavours to ſnatch the wooden houſe from Thomas who holds it forcibly.*) Some ugly bird, I ſuppoſe.

Thomas. An ugly bird? no, you are out. Gueſs, Miſs: but I wont keep you in pain; it is a ſquirrel. Oh! a comical little beaſt it is! He always ſtrives to hide himſelf in your pocket: then he comes to eat out of your hand, and he runs after you like a little ſpaniel. (*He takes it out of its houſe, and gives its chain to Alicia.*) Don't let it go, though. He muſt grow tame with you, otherwiſe he would take a trip to the grove.

Conſtantine

Conſtantine, (*with a look of envy.*) A fine preſent indeed! a ſquirrel! it ſmells like a pole-cat.

Alicia. O the charming little creature! how ſprightly it looks!

Thomas. I could have wiſhed, Maſter Conſtantine, to have another to offer you; and I will bring you the firſt that I have. When he is a little uſed to you, Miſs, he will play ſuch tricks as will make you die with laughing. He is worſe than a monkey.

Alicia. For that reaſon, Maſter Tommy, I will not deprive you of it. (*to the ſquirrel.*) Come, little rogue, go into your houſe again. You muſt take it back, friend Thomas.

Conſtantine. Yes, do not you hear? You muſt take it back.

Thomas. How? he is not mine now. You would not diſoblige me, Miſs Alicia? No, I know you would not. (*he runs to the ſummer-houſe.*) There. I will leave him here on the bench.

Conſtantine, (*to Alicia.*) Only dare to take it, and ſee if papa won't make you pay dear for it.

Alicia. I am almoſt inclined to take it, becauſe of your threatening. My papa has not forbidden me to receive ſquirrels. I am ſorry for poor Tom, that I have nothing to give him in return but a ſad farewel.

Conſtantine. Well, leave it to me; I will diſmiſs both him and his ſquirrel.

Alicia. No, no, do not take that trouble. (*to Thomas, as he returns.*) Once more, my friend, I cannot accept your preſent. I have ſuch diſagreeable news for you that I do not know——

Conſtantine. Yes, yes, Mr. Thomas. If you ſhew yourſelf before our garden, or only look at the walls of our houſe!—

Thomas. What? could you have the heart, Sir, to hinder me? I thought you had more friendſhip for me.

Conſtantine. Our friendſhip is broken off, to let you know; and pray do not think——

Alicia. I beg you will excuſe his ill manners. You do not know, perhaps, that your father has had a quarrel with ours.

Thomas. Pardon me, I know it, and it has made me uneaſy enough. However, I did not think that the mat-

ter went so far as to break off our friendship. And I should still less have expected it from Master Constantine.

Constantine. Sister, will you send him away immediately, or shall I go and acquaint my papa?

Thomas. If you are to have any trouble on my account, Miss Alicia——

Alicia. Do not fear, my friend; you may stay awhile. My papa will not take it amiss.

Constantine. We shall see that; I will open the cause to him. (*He goes out but returns a moment afterwards and slips into the summer-house unperceived.*)

SCENE IV.

Alicia, Thomas.

Thomas. For heaven's sake, Miss Alicia, tell me, what have I done then to your brother?

Alicia. In the first place the matter is that he is a little jealous on account of the squirrel that you have given me. Then he thinks that he will curry favour with *our* papa, in taking part in his quarrel with *yours*. For my papa is very angry, and I do not know why.

Thomas. Nor I neither. I only heard my father say as he walked about by himself, I could not have expected this from Mr. Crumpton. He then went to find my mother; and as my sister was with her then, she must know what the business was.

Alicia. In the mean time, my papa has forbidden us to see you or speak to you.

Thomas. What! shall I see you no more? shall I not be allowed to speak to you? Ah? how shall I part with you? what will my poor sister do who is so fond of you? Oh dear! what have we done then?

Alicia. Comfort yourself, my dear Thomas; we shall still be good friends, and if we are forbidden to see each other, who will hinder us to think one of the other? Thus for instance; when I play with your squirrel, I shall think of you. I will always call him by your name. Oh! how I shall love him!

Thomas. How happy you make me in telling me so! I do not know whether I should now grieve any more; but here comes my sister. She looks very dull.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Alicia, Thomas, Grace.

Alicia, (*running to meet Grace, and saluting her.*) My dear Grace!

Grace. My good Miſs Alicia! (*Conſtantine appears at the bottom of the ſtage, leading Mr. Crumpton privately behind the ſummer-houſe.*)

Thomas, (*to Grace.*) Ah! you are going to hear diſagreeable news.

Grace. And I bring you no better. My father and mother are in ſuch trouble——

Thomas. Did I not tell you ſo? Well, what paſſed?

Grace. Your father perhaps may be angry with ours, but certainly his demand is ſomething unreaſonable.

Alicia. Unreaſonable? that cannot be. Ah! if it were ſo, I ſhould ſtill have hopes of perſuading him. Tell me, however, what is it?

Grace. You know that handſome tuft of trees that is behind your garden?

Alicia. Oh yes; where we uſed to go in the ſpring evenings to hear the nightingale ſing. A charming little grove!

Grace. You know, too, that this little grove was given to my father by old Mr. Drury, in return for his ſervices to him during his life-time.

Alicia. Well!

Grace. Well, Mr. Crumpton wants to have it.

Alicia. What, my papa?

Thomas. What our pretty little grove?

Grace. My father told him, that he ſhould be very happy to oblige him; that he ſhould never forget how much he and his family were indebted to him; but that his friend had deſired him on his death-bed never to part with this grove, that it might always ſerve to keep him in his memory.

Alicia. With all the reſpect that I owe my papa, I cannot deny but he is in the wrong here. But however, he would not have it for nothing. That is not his way of thinking.

Grace. Oh dear, no. He means to pay my father for it, and even perhaps more than it is worth.

Thomas. And what does he wish to do with it? Has he not a view of it as well as we?

Grace. He wants to cut down all those fine trees.

Alicia and Thomas. Cut them down?

Grace. You know the hill that is behind the grove? He says that will make a fine prospect. Now the grove is at the foot of the hill; so, to have the prospect, he must cut down the grove.

Alicia. Ah! now I see why he brought down an architect from town who talks to him about grottos and bridges and Chinese temples. My father dreams of nothing but improvements. He has a plan of them continually in his hands, and talks of them a hundred times a day, even to me. And I who made myself so happy to see all those fine things shortly! Ah! I'll have nothing to do with them. Let your father keep his grove.

Thomas. What would become of the birds that chirp so sweetly on those venerable trees, and who generally built their nests there, because nobody disturbed them, and we carried them food there?

Grace. And the refreshing cool that we breathed there in the hot summer days?

Alicia. And the echo that used to answer us from the hill when we sung?

Grace. The prospect of a grove in full leaf is, I believe, as good as that of a hill.

Alicia. And then what occasion has my father for a new prospect? He has so many others on every side.

Thomas. I should think that one of my own limbs was lopt off at every stroke of the hatchet.

Alicia. No, no; your father must not deprive himself of his grove.

Grace. Must not? Ah! he will not keep it long.

Alicia. Why not? My papa will never go and take it from him by force, I suppose? He has not the power.

Thomas. But if he is angry with us and has forbidden you to see and speak to us, I would rather give ten groves like that.

Grace. And don't you think that I would too? What should I do there without you, Miss Alicia? I should never have any desire to go into it.

Alicia. My dear Grace, we used to be so happy in it. Do you remember when we used to go there in the even-

ing, and tell each other every thing that had happened to us in the day?

Grace. Yes, and each brought her work. You ſewed, and I knitted. Then, when Thomas brought us flowers, we left off our work to make noſegays. You gave me yours, and I gave you mine. That was enough to make us think of each other the whole next day.

Thomas. And now that is all over, never to return!

Alicia. No; we ſhall have no more ſuch delightful moments. It will make me grow ſick, and then my papa will be ſorry, and I will tell him, that if he would reſtore me to health, he muſt allow me to ſee my little friends again. (*They all three embrace, and weep.*)

Grace. But meantime the grove will be cut down; it certainly muſt.

Alicia. And why?

Grace. Ah; Miſs Alicia, I have not told you all. About ten years ago, Mr. Crumpton lent my father fifty pounds to ſet him up; and you know that my father has never yet been able to pay him.

Alicia, (*aſide.*) Ah! this was the debt mentioned juſt now.

Grace. If we will keep the grove, Mr. Crumpton will have his fifty pounds; and my father does not know how to raiſe them. Amongſt all his friends, there is none but your papa himſelf that could furniſh him with ſo great a ſum; and he is the very perſon that demands it.

Alicia, (*taking both their hands.*) Oh! if there be nothing but that, I can ſettle it.

Grace. Settle it?

Thomas. You, Miſs?

Alicia, (*with joy in her countenance.*) Do you promiſe not to betray me?

Grace. I betray you!

Thomas. Ah! can you doubt but we will promiſe?

Alicia. Well then, hear me. You know—I cannot think of it without being moved ſtill—You know how fond my mama was of me. In her laſt illneſs, one day when I was alone with her, ſhe called me to her bed ſide; ſhedding a flood of tears, ſhe kiſſed me, and taking a purſe from under her pillow, Here, my dear Alicia, ſaid ſhe, take this. I forbid you to let any one know that I have given it to you. Keep this money for important occaſions.

caſions. You have a kind heart and a good underſtanding for your age; (it was mama, however, that ſaid this.) You will know how to diſpoſe of it worthily. Your father has a noble and generous ſoul, but is ſomething paſſionate and revengeful. You may, perhaps, ſpare him occaſions of vexation or ſorrow. On ſo extenſive an eſtate as ours, there muſt be many poor people who have ſuffered undeſerved loſſes; ſuch you may aſſiſt in ſecret. You may alſo repay ſuch ſervices as may be done you, without having always recourſe to your father. It is through your hands that I have for theſe two years paſt diſtributed my favours and my aſſiſtance: I hope that you have acquired ſufficient diſcernment to diſtinguiſh thoſe who have a claim to pity. In ſhort, I doubt not but you will make the beſt uſe of this little ſum which I truſt to your hands, for the benefit of honeſty in diſtreſs. I ſhall think that I myſelf have done the good which you ſhall do; and it is the beſt means by which I can be preſent to your memory." She was ſo exhauſted that ſhe could ſay no more; but I ſhall ever remember this diſcourſe as long as I live.

Grace, (*wiping her eyes.*) Excellent lady!

Thomas. My father and mother never ſpeak of her but with tears in their eyes.

Alicia. My mama had a great friendſhip for them too. She told me at her death, always to look upon Mr. Garvey as one of my beſt friends, and to follow his ſenſible advice in every thing. You ſee, then, that I have obligations to you. How happy am I in honouring mama's memory; in ſatisfying my own gratitude; in ſaving my papa from an act of injuſtice; in ſparing him the ſorrow that he would feel for it; in preſerving every thing; the charming little tuft of trees; our own friendſhip; the pleaſure of ſeeing each other as before—

Grace, (*throwing her arms round her neck.*) O my dear Miſs Alicia!

Thomas, (*taking her hand.*) My father will bleſs you in his heart, but he will never take your money.

Alicia. Certainly he will take it if I requeſt him. Nobody in the world ſhall know any thing of it. Stay here, my dear friends; I will go for it.

Thomas. I ſhall not take the charge of it, however.

Alicia. You ſhall, my dear Grace. And Thomas, if you hinder her, take notice I do not accept your ſquirrel: I obey my father rigorouſly; I never look at you again; I never go either to your houſe, or into the grove again.

Grace. Well, miſs, ſince you ſpeak in that manner—

Alicia, (*ſtopping her mouth.*) You do not know what you ſay. I won't even hear you. Stay for me, I ſhall ſoon return. If I am not interrupted, I ſhall write a few lines to your father. In caſe that I cannot join you again, I will put the purſe near the ſummer-houſe; there, under that large ſtone. Mark the place well now; do you hear?

Grace. I am ſure that my father will ſend me back with your money.

Alicia. Let him beware of that. Beſides, you will not know where to find me; for, alas! it is perhaps the laſt time that we are allowed to diſcourſe together.

Grace. Ah! Miſs Alicia, what cruel words!

Alicia. I muſt certainly obey my father. But we are neighbours: we are not forbidden to look at each other; and whenever our eyes can meet unobſerved—

Grace. Oh! mine ſhall take care to ſeek yours, and to tell them that I ſhall never forget to love you.

Thomas. Who will hinder us to be in your way when you go out to walk? and then—

Alicia. You are right. A ſmile, a little wink or ſide look can paſs without being ſeen. Come, take comfort; all will go well. But where is the ſquirrel? As I am going into my room, I will carry it up.

Thomas. Stop a moment; I will go and fetch his houſe, and carry it for you as far as your door. (*Runs to the ſummer-houſe.*)

Alicia. Good bye, my dear Grace.

Grace. Ah! Miſs Alicia, I cannot believe that it is to be for ever.

Thomas, (*returning in a fright with the ſquirrel's houſe.*) Bleſs me! the ſquirrel is not here.

Alicia. What! my ſquirrel gone? O dear, Thomas!

Thomas. Somebody muſt have opened the door, for I remember to have ſhut it.

Alicia. It can be none but my brother. He was jealous that you made me a preſent of it; and while we were

ſpeaking here, he ſlipped into the ſummer-houſe and opened his little door.

Thomas. If he only carried away the ſquirrel to play with him a little?

Alicia. I know him better than you do. He has let him run away.

Thomas. Well, ſtay; he cannot be very far off. If I can diſcover him upon ſome tree, I need only ſhew him a nut to make him come down immediately. I will go and hunt all about.

Alicia, (*to Thomas.*) I wiſh you ſucceſs in the chace, my dear friend! (*To Grace.*) Poor Thomas! I pity him, he was ſo happy in making me that preſent!

Grace. That is true indeed. He never was at eaſe until he had brought it to you.

Alicia. Well, I muſt leave you, my dear Grace. I will take the terrace walk; it leads to the houſe; and do you go out by the little door of the garden, and ſlip round along the wall. You need only ſtand under my window, without taking notice of any thing. I will throw you the purſe with a letter. If my papa is not in my way, I will come and bring them to you myſelf.

Grace. O my dear generous friend, what good nature! (*They go out different ways.*)

SCENE VI.

Mr. Crumpton, Conſtantine.

Conſtantine. Well, papa, was I wrong? You ſee what pains my ſiſter takes to obey you.

Mr. Crumpton. And what is this ſtory of a ſquirrel?

Conſtantine. I did not tell it to you while we were hid, becauſe they would have heard us. But here is the affair: The dear friend Thomas made a preſent of the ſquirrel to the dear friend Alicia. The dear friend Alicia received this ugly little beaſt with ſo much pleaſure, that ſhe calls it her dear friend Tommy. But I have managed ſo, that ſhe has not had much amuſement with it.

Mr. Crumpton. How ſo?

Conſtantine. They put the ſquirrel's little houſe on the ſummer-houſe bench. I ſlipped in there, whilſt they were taking a tender farewel. I opened the little door,

took the ſquirrel out, and let him looſe amongſt the trees. I ſaw him ſoon climb up into a tree, and jump from branch to branch. They will be pretty cunning if they ever catch him again.

Mr. Crumpton. Then, ſir, you have done a very raſcally action. Did not I forbid you to moleſt thoſe poor children? and you knew very well the trouble that you were going to cauſe to your ſiſter.

Conſtantine. Since ſhe diſobeyed you, did ſhe not deſerve to be puniſhed?

Mr. Crumpton. Is it to you that the right of puniſhing her belonged? Run, tell the gardener and his people to look for the ſquirrel and to bring it to me.

Conſtantine. But papa, you forbad my ſiſter any communication with Mr. Garvey's children; and will you ſuffer her to receive a preſent from them?

Mr. Crumpton. Was Thomas informed of my intentions when he brought the ſquirrel?

Conſtantine At leaſt Alicia knew them, and was not that diſobeying you?

Mr. Crumpton. It belonged to me to determine that. She certainly would have ſhewed me the preſent that ſhe received; and if I thought it proper, I ſhould order her to return it. Again I ſay, run and let this ſquirrel be found again, or you ſhall anſwer to me for it.

Conſtantine. But papa, you have heard them talk finely. My ſiſter has money unknown to you, and ſhe gives it to Mr. Garvey to pay you. Should not I do better, to go and watch Grace, to ſurprize her when ſhe receives the purſe, and to bring it to you?

Mr. Crumpton. Only dare to do it. You know my orders. Obey.

Conſtantine, (*murmuring.*) I thought that I had done ſuch fine things!

SCENE VII.

Mr. Crumpton, (*muſing.*)

Yes, I ſee that I have ſuffered my paſſion to carry me too far. What a pattern of friendſhip, gratitude and generoſity, do theſe children ſhew! It is true, I had forbidden Alicia—But ſhould I have forbidden her? ſhould I ſup-

I ſuppreſs thoſe ſentiments in her heart, to which I myſelf had given birth? Could I deprive her of the only happineſs which ſhe enjoys in this ſolitude? the greateſt happineſs of human life? an amiable and virtuous ſociety with children of her own age? a bleſſing, the loſs of which I could not make good with all my fortune? and for what reaſon? to ſatisfy an empty whim. My dear Alicia, neither thoſe grottos, thoſe bridges, thoſe Chineſe temples, nor all thoſe ornaments with which I meant to embelliſh my garden, nothing, in ſhort, could have made you forget the unadorned grove where friendſhip found ſo ſweet a retreat. What a leſſon is this to me? But for you, I was alſo going to loſe a valuable friendſhip. However you preſerve to me the precious bleſſing. You ſave me from injuſtice and remorſe. How your noble conduct makes me feel the unworthineſs of your brother. Ill natured boy! in what an odious light has he ſhewn himſelf. But let me baniſh this mortifying idea from my heart. I am impatient to know if Mr. Garvey thinks as generouſly as his children. The part that he takes, will determine my happineſs. I have either loſt a friend undeſerving of my attachment, or I ſhall now find one worthy of me. (*Alicia croſſing the bottom of the ſtage on tiptoes, Mr. Crumpton perceives her, and calls,*) Alicia! (*She goes on. Mr. Crumpton calls a ſecond time,*) Alicia! come hither!

SCENE VIII.

Mr. Crumpton, Alicia.

Mr. Crumpton. Where were you going? Why did you ſtrive to avoid me?

Alicia, (*confuſed.*) Becauſe—I was afraid to diſturb you, papa.

Mr. Crumpton. You were going, perhaps, to ſeek the ſquirrel that Thomas gave you as a preſent?

Alicia. Yes, papa. It is true, he has given me one. I ſuppoſe Conſtantine told you.

Mr. Crumpton. You did not receive it, I preſume.

Alicia. I! no.—Oh! yes, how could I avoid it. Poor Tommy! he was in ſuch joy when he offered it to me.

Mr. Crumpton. You muſt return it.

Alicia. Yes, papa, if I had it; but it has run away.

Mr. Crumpton. Is this true, Alicia?

Alicia. Yes, ſir, I aſſure you. I can ſhew you his houſe; it is empty.

Mr. Crumpton. Who could have let it out? this was a trick of Conſtantine's.

Alicia. No, papa. Do not accuſe my brother of it. The door muſt have been ill-faſtened, and ſo the priſoner eſcaped. But Tommy is in purſuit of him, and if he catches it again, he will bring it back to me.

Mr. Crumpton. You mean then, to have a ſecond converſation with him? What have you to ſay to him? Have not you told him my reſolution? And have not you taken your leave of him?

Alicia. Yes, papa; but—Oh! I was ſo ſorry! I ſhall not eaſily comfort myſelf.

Mr. Crumpton. You find then a difficulty in obeying me?

Alicia. Oh! it is not that; never imagine it. But could you love me ſtill, could you own me for your child, if I were to tell you that this quarrel does not grieve me? What would you think of me, or what would my friends think, if I could withdraw my heart from them at once, without feeling the leaſt concern?

Mr. Crumpton. But is the offence offered me by their father ſo indifferent to you that you take no part in it?

Alicia. Oh! I do take a part in it, and I would give any thing in the world that you had full ſatisfaction.

Mr. Crumpton. You know then what I aſk of him, and what he refuſes me?

Alicia. I know—I know—Ah! papa, why do you aſk me?

Mr. Crumpton. Becauſe I would know if Mr. Garvey's children are acquainted with the affair, and have entruſted it to you.

Alicia. Yes, they told me—they told me all. Do not be angry, papa!

Mr. Crumpton. Well, what do you think of my demand? Does it appear unreaſonable? Have not I a right to expect from Mr. Garvey, in return for all my kindneſs, a ſlight compliment which I would repay him an hundred-fold?

Alicia. Dear papa, I am only a child; how can I decide amongſt big people?

Mr. Crumpton. Conſult your heart. I would know what it ſays.

Alicia.

Alicia. Pray excuſe me. My heart, perhaps, might ſay ſomething that would diſpleaſe you.

Mr. Crumpton. I underſtand. It would judge, no doubt, that I am in the wrong.

Alicia. Ah! now you are going to be angry.

Mr. Crumpton. Only ſpeak; you will ſee.

Alicia. I would not offend you for any thing in the world.

Mr. Crumpton. You will not; only tell me freely what you think.

Alicia. Well then, I think that you are right, and Mr. Garvey too.

Mr. Crumpton. Both of us right? Ah! you little flatterer, that is impoſſible. One of us muſt be right, and the other wrong.

Alicia. Pardon me! I ſpoke it as I think. You have done Mr. Garvey great kindneſſes, and are right to expect from him, in acknowledgement, a matter that you have ſo much at heart: and he is right in refuſing it you, becauſe he has reaſons for not giving it up.

Mr. Crumpton. But are his reaſons juſt, or ill-founded?

Alicia. It is not for me to be the judge of them. You look upon it as his duty, in gratitude to give you up his little grove; and he looks upon the keeping of it to be alſo a duty of gratitude. You would cut it down, to make a fine proſpect; he thinks it an agreeable ſhady retreat for his children. You are his landlord, and have power: he has nothing but the prayers and tears of his family.

Mr. Crumpton. Enough of this; you are too dangerous an advocate. Well, let him pay me the fifty pounds that I have lent him, and he may keep his grove.

Alicia. Then it will be force—

Mr. Crumpton. That will ſhew which is right, Eh?

Alicia. No papa, I only meant—Oh! I do not know what I would ſay. But the fifty pounds, where can he have them?

Mr. Crumpton. If you do not know, neither do I. However, if he applied to you—

Alicia, (*embracing her father.*) Oh! I cannot conceal it from you any longer. And though you were even to puniſh me for it—I have deſerved your anger—I have—

Mr. Crumpton. Come, come, let me go! What does all this mean, miſs?

SCENE IX.

Mr. Crumpton, Alicia, Conſtantine, (hauling in Grace,) Grace.

Conſtantine. Ah! papa, I have her, I have her. She has a letter; I ſuppoſe, for my ſiſter. Come, give it to me, or I'll ſearch you all over. Yes, yes, ſhe had it in her hand as ſhe ſlipped along the yew-hedge.

Mr. Crumpton. No violence, Conſtantine. (*To Grace.*) Do you want any body here, child?

Grace, (*confuſed.*) No—Yes, ſir, I was looking for—

Mr. Crumpton. Why are you frightened? Well, whom do you want?

Grace. Miſs Alicia.

Conſtantine. But you know, Grace, that papa has forbidden her to ſpeak to you.

Mr. Crumpton (*to Conſtantine.*) I requeſt you to be ſilent. (*To Grace.*) And what is this letter in queſtion?

Grace. It is nothing—nothing— (*looking ſorrowfully at Alicia.*) Ah! Miſs Alicia, will you forgive me?——

Alicia. My dear Grace, we muſt hide nothing from papa, now.

Conſtantine, (*to Mr. Crumpton.*) How, ſir? they ſpeak to each other before your face. Is that obedience?

Mr. Crumpton. Will you be ſilent? Well, Grace, may not I know?—

Grace. Well, ſir, ſince I muſt tell you, the matter is, that my father has written a letter to miſs here, thanking her for her kindneſs. (*trembling as ſhe offers the letter to Alicia. Conſtantine ſeizes it.*)

Conſtantine. O papa! it is full of money. (*To Alicia.*) Ah! you will be paid now.

Alicia. I was going to confeſs the whole to you, papa, when Grace and my brother interrupted us. I ſubmit to my puniſhment.

Mr. Crumpton, (*opens the letter and reads.*)

"*Moſt worthy Miſs,*

"I SHOULD not be deſerving of your generous intentions in my favour, if I were baſe enough to lead you into the ſlighteſt act of deceit, by accepting the money which you

you offer me in order to pay your papa. No, my dear miſs, I am his debtor, and ſhall have the misfortune to continue ſo, until I can acquit my debt by my own reſources. I am unhappy in not being able on this occaſion to meet your father's wiſhes ſo chearfully as I would on any other. If Mr. Crumpton, without mentioning it to me, had purſued the courſe which his power enables him to uſe, I ſhould never have expoſtulated. He may aſſure himſelf, that I ſhould not even have formed in my own mind a ſingle complaint againſt him. At leaſt, I ſhould not have to reproach myſelf with violating the ſacred promiſe that I have paſt. Let him know theſe ſentiments, my worthy little friend. His friendſhip and yours are more valuable to me than all the poſſeſſions in the world. Continue ſtill in the ſame generous diſpoſition towards me and my children.

I have the honour to be, &c."

(*Mr. Crumpton, without ſhutting the letter, looks at Alicia.*)

Alicia, (*running to him.*) Now, papa, you ſhall know how this money came into my hands, and forgive me for not owning to you before!—

Mr. Crumpton, (*kiſſing her.*) I know the whole, my dear Alicia. I heard your converſation. I am delighted with the nobleneſs and generoſity of your ſentiments. I do not bluſh to confeſs, that perhaps, but for you, I was going to commit an action that would have made me unhappy all my life. Here is your money. Make that noble uſe of it which your excellent mother enjoined you. Do not fear that I ſhall ever ſuffer it to be exhauſted by your bounty. Your little grove ſhall remain, my dear children, and friendſhip ſhall unite you ſtill.

Alicia, (*taking his hand.*) O papa! I owe you now a ſecond life.

Grace, (*taking his other hand.*) O ſir! what goodneſs! Ah! how my father—

Mr. Crumpton. Tell him, my dear Grace, that I requeſt him to take his note again; that I have a ſmall alteration to make in it, of which I will ſpeak to him.

Conſtantine. How? papa, you—

Mr. Crumpton. Hold your ill-natured tongue. You have given me to-day proofs of a very bad heart.

Conſtantine. I have only obeyed you. Muſt not children obey their parents?

Mr. Crumpton. Without doubt, they muſt. But when the commands of their parents are unjuſt, they muſt then firſt obey their duty and their Maker. If your heart did not tell you that mine yielded too much to paſſion, I have no further hopes of you. See how Alicia has acted.

Conſtantine. But mama did not leave me any money at my own diſpoſal.

Mr. Crumpton. Becauſe ſhe foreſaw the improper uſe that you might have made of it. And then, had not you words at leaſt of comfort for your little friends, and for a man who had once the care of your education? But what is become of the ſquirrel? Have you given orders to find him?

Conſtantine. I could ſee nobody in the garden.

SCENE X.

Mr. Crumpton, Conſtantine, Alicia, Grace, Thomas.

(*Thomas enters running, and out of breath. He holds the ſquirrel in one hand, the other is wrapped in a handkerchief ſtained with drops of blood.*)

Thomas. Joy! joy! here he is! I have found him, here he is! (*perceiving Mr. Crumpton, he ſtops ſhort.*)

Alicia, (*running to him.*) O! my good Tommy, (*ſhe takes the ſquirrel.*) My pretty little Tommy, have I found you? Oh! you ſhall never eſcape from me again. Come, ſir, march into your houſe once more. (*Shuts him up in his houſe, and carries him into the ſummer-houſe.*)

Mr. Crumpton. What is the matter with your hand, my dear Tom? I think I ſee blood upon your handkerchief.

Thomas, (*with ſurpriſe and joy.*) My dear Tom! miſs, do you hear that?

Alicia. Yes, child; all is made up.

Grace. Now we are friends for ever. (*Thomas jumps for joy, and bows to Mr. Crumpton. Grace taking her brother's hand, and looking at it with concern.*) Have you hurt yourſelf? Let me ſee.

Alicia. And on my account too?

Thomas. It is nothing. It was a branch that broke with the ſpring that I made to jump after the runaway. I

tore

tore my hand a little; but I ſhould have left an arm behind, rather than not bring back the ſquirrel to Miſs Alicia.

Alicia. Ah! how good-natured! Papa, you muſt have it dreſt. Nurſe has an excellent ſalve.

Mr. Crumpton. That care ſhall be yours. Come, children, follow me. I will have a little entertainment prepared for you to-day, at my houſe, and I will go myſelf, and invite your parents to come and partake of it. I have been your ſcholar this day, and I ſee, by your example, that well-diſpoſed children may give uſeful leſſons to their parents.

VERSES ON AN INFANT IN THE CRADLE.

Happy child! the bliſs poſſeſſing
Which calm Innocence beſtows;
Ah! preſerve the envied bleſſing,
To enſure your life's repoſe.

Sleeping, many a playful viſion
Paints before you forms of joy,
Peaceful ſports and ſcenes Elyſian
All your ſlumb'ring hours employ.

When you wake, your parents, ſmiling,
Meet your eye's new-open'd charms;
You, their tender cares beguiling,
Fill with bliſs their claſping arms.

Hopeful babe! your joy or ſadneſs,
Prompt by turns their changing vow;
When your front expands with gladneſs,
Pleaſure ſmiles on every brow.

Happy child! the bliſs poſſeſſing
Which calm Innocence beſtows,
Ah! preſerve the envied bleſſing,
To enſure your life's repoſe.

Mildly gay, no ſorrow wounds you,
No vain wiſh your peace deſtroys;
While each object that ſurrounds you
Brings you ever varying joys.

Should

Should your breaſt, with ſhort-liv'd anguiſh,
Heave a momentary ſigh,
Round your lip the dimples languiſh,
E'en while tears bedew your eye.

Ev'ry harſh and joyleſs feeling
Tender infancy diſarms;
Clay-cold age, his troubles healing,
Melts with love before your charms.

Happy child! the bliſs poſſeſſing
Which calm Innocence beſtows,
Ah! preſerve the envied bleſſing
To enſure your life's repoſe.

Soon, alas! your proſpect drowning,
Angry ſtorms ſhall ſweep the plain;
Fortune ſoon unkindly frowning,
Plunge in grief youth's ſportive train.

Me, whom nature kindly bleſſes,
Still, ev'n ſtill, with artleſs Lore,
Spent with toil and keen diſtreſſes,
Fortune oft has wounded ſore.

Thouſand cares, alas! ſubdue me,
In life's buſy circle toſt,
Treach'rous hopes, reverſes gloomy,
Friendſhips falſe, and kindred loſt.

Happy child! the bliſs poſſeſſing
Which calm Innocence beſtows;
Ah! preſerve the envied bleſſing,
To enſure your life's repoſe.

If thou, Chance, with aim perfidious,
Point freſh ſorrows at my head;
Here I ſhield me, pow'r inſidious!
Peace protects the infant's bed.

Here the innocent's careſſes,
Pouring balm my ſorrows o'er,
Spite of thee, and life's diſtreſſes,
To my heart ſhall peace reſtore.

Whilſt

Whilſt I ſing (proud ſage believe me)
'Th' only age that taſtes of bliſs,
Of the hours which fate may give me
Sweeteſt hour perhaps is this.

Happy child! the bliſs poſſeſſing
Which calm Innocence beſtows;
Ah! preſerve the envied bleſſing,
To enſure your life's repoſe.

THE LITTLE MISS DECEIVED BY HER MAID.

Mrs. Barlow, Amelia.

Amelia. MAMA, will you give me leave to go and ſee my couſin Henry this evening?

Mrs. Barlow. No, I do not chuſe it, Amelia.

Amelia. Pray, mama, why ſo?

Mrs. B. I have no occaſion, I ſuppoſe, to tell you my reaſons. A little miſs ought always to obey her parents, without allowing herſelf to aſk them queſtions. However, to ſatisfy you that I have always a reaſonable motive, whenever I order or forbid you any thing, I ſhall tell you. Your couſin Henry can only ſet you an indifferent example; and I ſhould fear, if you ſaw him too often, that you would imitate his levity and indiſcretion.

Amelia. But, mama—

Mrs. B. No reply, I requeſt. You know that my orders muſt be followed punctually.

Amelia retired a little to hide her tears; and ſoon after, her mother being gone out, ſhe ſat down in a corner, and gave her grief full vent. Juſt then Nanny, who was lately come into Mrs. Barlow's ſervice, entered the room. "How, Miſs Amelia, ſaid ſhe, are you crying? What is the matter? May not I know what troubles you?"

Amelia. Leave me, Nanny. You cannot comfort me.

Nanny. Nay, why not? There was Miſs Sophy, at my laſt ſervice, always came to me whenever any thing ailed her, "My dear Nanny, ſhe would ſay, you ſee what has happened to me; tell me, what muſt I do?" And I had always good advice to give her.

Amelia.

Amelia. I do not want your advice. I tell you once more, that you can do nothing for me.

Nanny. Give me leave, at leaſt, to go for your mama. She will, perhaps, be better able to comfort you. I do not like to ſee ſo pretty a miſs as you in trouble.

Amelia. Oh, yes! mama, indeed!

Nanny. I cannot believe that it was ſhe who grieved you.

Amelia. Who ſhould it be, then?

Nanny. I could never have thought it. I ſhould always ſuppoſe you ſo reaſonable, that your mama could not refuſe you any requeſt. Ah! if I had a child ſo well diſpoſed as you, ſhe ſhould be her own miſtreſs. But your mama loves to command, and for a whim would oppoſe your moſt innocent wiſhes. How can one have ſo amiable a child, and take pleaſure to thwart her! I cannot expreſs how I ſuffer to ſee you in this ſituation.

Amelia, (*beginning to cry afreſh.*) Ah! it will break my heart.

Nanny. Indeed, I fear it will. How red and ſwelled your eyes are! You are very cruel to yourſelf, not to let thoſe who love you ſincerely, try to give you ſome comfort. Ah! if Miſs Sophy had been in half your trouble, ſhe would not have failed to open her heart to me.

Amelia. I dare not mention mine to you.

Nanny. Not that, for my part, I care much about knowing it.—Oh! it is, perhaps, becauſe your mama makes you ſtay at home while ſhe goes to the play.

Amelia. No: ſhe has promiſed me not to go there without me.

Nanny. Well, what is it, then? Your trouble ſeems to increaſe. Shall I go for your little couſin? You may play along with him to divert you.

Amelia, (*ſighing.*) Ah! I ſhall not have that pleaſure any more.

Nanny. It will not be hard to procure it for you. A young miſs ſhould have ſome company. Your mama has not a mind to make a nun of you?

Amelia. I am not allowed to ſee him.

Nanny. Not to ſee him? I do not know what your mama thinks. Miſs Sophy's was juſt the ſame. She would never let her have the leaſt intimacy with Miſs Semple. But how we contrived to deceive her!

Amelia. How was that?

Nanny. We watched the moment when she went out to pay visits: then either Miss Sophy went to Miss Semple, or Miss Semple came to her.

Amelia. And her mama did not know it?

Nanny. It was I that guarded against that.

Amelia. But if I were to go to see my cousin, and mama should ask, Where is Amelia?

Nanny. I would tell her that you were in the garden: or, if it was a little late, I would tell her that you were gone to bed, and fast asleep; and immediately I would run to find you.

Amelia. Ah! if I thought that my mama would know nothing of it—

Nanny. Trust me for that: she will never suspect it. Will you take my advice? Go and pass the evening with your little cousin. Never trouble yourself about the rest.

Amelia. I have a mind to try it for once. But you promise me at least that mama—

Nanny. Go! never fear!

Amelia in effect did go to see her cousin. Her mama came home a short time after, and asked where she was. Nanny answered, that she had been tired of sitting all alone, so had eaten a good supper, and was gone to bed.

In this manner Amelia deceived her unsuspecting mama several times. Ah! much more did she deceive herself in acting thus. Before, she was always cheerful, and took pleasure in being near her mama, and would run with joy to meet her, whenever she had been absent a moment. But now, what was become of her chearfulness? She was ever saying to herself, "O dear! if mama knew where I have been!" and she trembled whenever she heard her voice. If at any time she saw her look a little serious, "I am undone! she would cry. Mama has discovered that I have disobeyed her." But this was not all that made her unhappy. Nanny would often cunningly tell her how generous Miss Sophy had been to her; how often she had given her sugar and tea; and how freely she had trusted her with the keys of the cellar and beaufet. Amelia took pride in deserving from Nanny the same praises for confidence and generosity. She stole sugar and tea from her mama for Nanny, and found means to procure her the keys of the cellar and beaufet.

beaufet. Nevertheleſs, ſometimes ſhe felt the reproaches of her conſcience. " I am doing wrong, ſhe would ſay to herſelf, and my tricks will be found out ſooner or later. I ſhall loſe the friendſhip of mama." She then went to Nanny, and proteſted that ſhe would never give her any thing again. " Juſt as you pleaſe, miſs, anſwered Nanny; but take care; you may perhaps, have reaſon to repent it! Stay till your mama comes home, I will tell her how obediently you have followed her orders." Amelia cried and did every thing that Nanny deſired her. Before, it was Nanny that obeyed Amelia; but now it was Amelia that obeyed Nanny. She ſuffered every ſort of rudeneſs from her, and had nobody to whom ſhe could complain. The wicked girl came to her one day and ſaid, " You muſt know, I have a fancy to taſte the pie that was locked up in the beaufet yeſterday; beſides that, I want a bottle of wine. You muſt go and look for the keys of your mama's drawers."

Amelia. But, dear Nanny!

Nanny. We are not talking about dear Nanny! Do you mind what I aſk of you?

Amelia. Why, mama will ſee us; or if ſhe does not ſee us, God Almighty will ſee us and puniſh us.

Nanny. He ſaw you all the times that you went to your couſin, yet I never obſerved that he has puniſhed you.

Amelia had received good inſtructions in religion from her mother. She was ſtrongly perſuaded that God has always an eye upon us; that he rewards our good actions, and has only forbidden us what is evil, becauſe it is hurtful to us. It was through mere thoughtleſſneſs that ſhe went to ſee her couſin, contrary to her mama's orders. But it always happens that, from yielding to one error, one falls immediately into another. She ſaw herſelf obliged to do every wrong thing that her ſervant ordered her, for fear of being betrayed by her.

It may eaſily be imagined how much ſhe ſuffered in this ſituation. She one day withdrew to her chamber, in order to weep at her eaſe. " Oh! cried ſhe, how much is one to be pitied who is diſobedient! Unhappy child that I am! Slave to my own ſervant! I can no longer do what is my duty, but am forced to do what a wicked maid orders me. I muſt be a liar, a thief and a hypocrite! Lord have mercy on me!" Saying thus, ſhe held up both

both hands to hide her face which was drowned in tears, and began to reflect what steps she should take. At length, she rose all at once, crying, " I am resolved: and though my mama were not to let me come near her for a month; though she were to— But no, she will be reconciled to me; she will call me once more her Amelia. I depend on her fondness. But how dear it will cost me! How shall I bear her looks and reproaches! No matter; I will confess the whole to her." She then immediately sprung out of her chamber, and seeing her mama walking all alone in the garden, she flew towards her, and embracing her closely, covered her cheeks and her bosom with her tears. Grief and confusion stopped her speech.

Mrs. Barlow. What is the matter, my dear Amelia?

Amelia. Ah! mama—

Mrs. B. What is the meaning of these tears?

Amelia. My dear mama!

Mrs. B. Speak, child! what occasions this agitation?

Amelia. Ah! if I thought that you could pardon me!

Mrs. B. I pardon you, since your repentance appears so lively and so sincere.

Amelia. My dear mama, I have been a disobedient girl; I have gone several times to see my cousin Henry, contrary to your orders.

Mrs. B. Is it possible, my dear Amelia? you who formerly feared so much to displease me!

Amelia. Ah! I should not be your dear Amelia, if you knew all.

Mrs. B. You make me uneasy: but trust every thing with me. You must have been deceived. You never gave me cause of complaint until now.

Amelia. Yes, mama, I have been deceived. 'Twas Nanny, Nanny—

Mrs. B. What! it was she?

Amelia. Yes, mama: and that she might not tell you, I have often stolen the keys of the cellar and beaufet. I have stolen for her I know not how much sugar and tea.

Mrs. B. Unhappy mother that I am! Do I hear this shocking account of my own daughter! Leave me, unworthy child! I shall go and consult with your father how we should treat you.

Amelia. No, mama, I will not quit you. Punish me first, but promise me that your love for me will one day return.

Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. Ah! unhappy child! you will be sufficiently punished.

Mrs. Barlow, at these words, left Amelia quite disconsolate, seated on a grassy turf, and went to seek Mr. Barlow, and they concerted together the means of saving their child from her ruin.

Nanny was called up. Mr. Barlow, after loading her with the severest reproaches, ordered her to quit his house immediately. It was in vain that she wept and pleaded for a less rigorous sentence. In vain she promised that nothing of the same sort should ever happen again. Mr. Barlow was inexorable. You know, answered he, how mildly I have treated you, and what indulgence I have shewn to your faults. I thought that my kindness might induce you to second my wishes as to my child's education, and it is you that have led her into disobedience and theft. You are a monster in my sight! Leave my presence, and be careful to reform, unless you wish to fall into the hands of a more terrible judge.

It was next Amelia's turn. She appeared before her parents in a situation worthy of pity. Her eyes were swoln with crying; all the features of her face were changed; a frightful paleness covered her cheeks, and her whole body shuddered as if in the convulsions of an ague. Unable to utter a word, she awaited in mournful silence the judgment of her father. "You have, said he in a severe voice, you have deceived, you have offended your parents. What could incline you to follow the advice of a wicked servant, rather than of your own mother, who loves you so tenderly, and desires nothing in the world so much as to make you happy? If I punished you with the indignation that your behaviour inspires; if I banished you from my sight for ever, as I have the companion of your faults, who could accuse me of injustice?"

Amelia. Ah! papa, you can never be unjust towards me. Punish me with all the severity that you shall judge necessary, I will bear the whole: but begin with taking me once more in your arms; call me once more your Amelia!

Mr. Barlow. I cannot embrace you so soon. I am willing not to chastise you, on account of the confession that you have made; but I shall not call you my Amelia, until you have deserved it by a long repentance. Pay great attention

attention to your conduct. Punishments always follow faults, and it is you that will punish yourself.

Amelia did not as yet fully understand what her father meant by these last words. She did not expect so mild a treatment: she went therefore up to her parents with a heavy heart, and curtsying to them, repeated afresh her promises of the most perfect submission. In effect, she kept her word: but alas! her punishment followed very soon, as her father had told her. The wicked Nanny spread the most infamous stories concerning her. She told all that had passed between her and Amelia, and added a thousand horrid lies besides. She said that Amelia, by the humblest entreaties, and by the force of presents which she had stolen from her parents, had laboured so long to corrupt her, that at length she suffered herself to be persuaded to procure her secret meetings with her cousin Henry; that they saw each other every evening, unknown to their parents; and that Amelia came often home very late. These things she related with circumstances so odious, that every one conceived the most disadvantageous ideas of Amelia. She was obliged to suffer the most cruel mortifications on this subject. Whenever she entered amongst a party of her little friends, she saw them all whisper each other, and look at her with an air of contempt, and an insulting smile. If ever she staid somewhat late in a company, they would say, "It is plain, she waits here until the hour of her appointment." Had she a fashionable ribband, or an elegant dress, they would say, "Whenever one can get one's mama's keys, one may buy what one pleases." In short, upon the least difference between her and any of her companions, "Do not talk, miss! they would say. Thinking of your cousin Henry confuses your ideas." These reproaches were so many stabs to the heart of Amelia. Often, when she was quite overwhelmed with grief, she would throw herself into her mother's arms, and seek for comfort there. Her mother generally answered her, "Suffer with patience, my dear child, what your imprudence has brought on you. Pray to God to forget your fault, and to shorten the time of your mortifications. These proofs will be of service to you all your life, if you can profit by them. God has said to children, *Honour your father and your mother, and submit in all things to their will.* This commandment is meant for their

their happineſs. Poor children! ye know not the world yet. Ye cannot foreſee the conſequences that your actions may draw after them. God has committed the care of guiding you to your parents who love you as themſelves, and who have more experience and reflection to ward off every danger from you. This you did not chuſe to believe; but you now experience how wiſely God requires of children ſubmiſſion to their parents, ſince you have ſuffered ſo much by your diſobedience. My dear Amelia, let your misfortune ſerve for your inſtruction! It is the ſame with all the commandments. God preſcribes to us only what is advantageous; He forbids only what is pernicious to us. We act therefore to our own hurt, whenever we do what is wrong. You will often find yourſelf in circumſtances, when it will be impoſſible for you to foreſee how much vice may injure you, or how much virtue may profit you. Recollect then what you have ſuffered by one ſingle fault, and regulate all the actions of your life upon this unerring principle: *Every action which is contrary to Virtue, is contrary to our own happineſs.*"

Amelia punctually obeyed the wiſe advice of her mother. The more ſhe was afterwards obliged to ſuffer the conſequences of her imprudence, the more reſerved ſhe became and attentive to her own behaviour. She profited ſo well by this diſgrace that, through the prudence of her conduct, ſhe ſtopped the mouths of all who would ſpeak ill of her, and obtained the name of the *irreproachable Amelia.*

THE OLD MAN BEGGING.

Mr. Anneſley (to a ſervant.) WHY did not you make this good old man come in?

Old Man. Sir, I was aſked; but it was my own choice not to go in.

Mr. Ann. And why, pray?

Old Man. I bluſh to tell. I am doing a thing to which I am not accuſtomed: I come—to beg alms.

Mr. Ann. You ſeem honeſt: why ſhould you bluſh to be poor? I have ſome friends that are ſo. Be you of the number.

Old Man. Excuſe me, ſir: I have not time.

Mr. Ann.

Mr. Ann. What have you then to do?

Old Man. What is the moſt important thing in this world: to die. I may tell you, ſince we are alone. I have not more than a week to live.

Mr. Ann How do you know that?

Old Man. How do I know it? I can ſcarcely explain that to you. But I know it, becauſe I feel it: and that proof is ſure. Happily nobody is a loſer by my death. My daughter and my ſon in law have maintained me theſe two years.

Mr. Ann. They have only done their duty.

Old Man I was once juſt rich enough not to fear becoming chargeable to any body. I lent my money to a gentleman that called himſelf my friend. He lived merrily, until at laſt he reduced me to poverty. I beg pardon, ſir! you are a gentleman too; but I ſpeak the truth.

Mr. Ann. I have as much pleaſure in hearing it as you have in ſpeaking it, though it were even againſt myſelf.

Old Man. I ſhould have been wiſer, had I worked to the laſt; but I was grown pale and withered, and I looked upon this change as a ſignal from Providence to repoſe myſelf. I never diſliked work, Sir. When I was young, that ſupported my health: I had no other phyſician. But what ſtrengthens youth, exhauſts old age. I was no longer able to work. When I had loſt my fortune, I was deſirous to work again. I deſired it with all my heart. I felt for my arms, but could not find them. Excuſe me for dropping a tear when I think of it. No moment of my life ever was more heavy than when I felt myſelf ſo weak.

Mr. Ann. You then had recourſe to your children?

Old Man. No, ſir: they came to me of themſelves. I had only one daughter, but I found a ſon in her huſband. They made me welcome to every thing they had, and took care of me, although I had not ſixpence to leave them. May God Almighty take them to his heavenly table, as they have taken me to their table in this world!

Mr. Ann. What, are they become cooler to you now?

Old Man. No, ſir, but they are become poor themſelves. The floods have ſwept away their houſe and deſtroyed their ſtock: ſo they have borrowed money to maintain me at eaſe till my death; the only thing that ever they did againſt my will. I could wiſh them to have a ſum for my funeral

funeral before-hand, that I may not be a charge to them, even when dead. It is for this reaſon that I come begging alms. I am an old man, but a young beggar.

Mr. Ann. And where do you live?

Old Man. I beg pardon, ſir; but muſt not anſwer that, either for myſelf or my children.

Mr. Ann. Excuſe my indiſcreet curioſity. Heaven forbid that I ſhould ſeek to gratify it!

Old Man. Sir, I believe you. In eight days, look up to heaven: you will then, I hope, ſee my dwelling; it will not be concealed then.

Mr. Ann. (*offering him a handful of ſilver.*) Take this, good old man, and may God keep you!

Old Man. All that, ſir? No, it was not my intention. I want but a crown; the reſt is of no ſervice to me. There is no want in heaven.

Mr. Ann. You will give the remainder to your children.

Old Man. God forbid! My children can work; they want nothing.

Mr. Ann. Farewell, my good old man! Go and repoſe yourſelf.

Old Man. (*returning him all his money, except a crown.*) Take this again, ſir.

Mr. Ann. My friend, you make me bluſh.

Old Man. I bluſh myſelf too. Even a crown is too much to take. Keep the reſt for thoſe who are to beg longer than I.

Mr. Ann. I feel for your ſituation.

Old Man. I hope that heaven will alſo feel for it, and for your generoſity, ſir, and repay it to you.

Mr. Ann. Will you take any food?

Old Man. I have already had ſome broth and ſome bread.

Mr. Ann. At leaſt take ſome proviſion with you.

Old Man. No, ſir; I will not affront Providence ſo much. However, a glaſs of wine,—juſt one—

Mr. Ann. More, if you chuſe, my friend.

Old Man. No, ſir, only one; I cannot bear more. You deſerve that I ſhould drink with you the laſt drop of wine that I ſhall taſte upon earth, and in heaven I will tell from whom I received it. Bountiful God! even a cup of water is not without its recompenſe from thee. (*Mr. Anneſley goes himſelf for a bottle. The old man lifts up his hands*

hands to heaven.) My laſt refreſhment! Heaven reward him one day who gives it to me.

Mr. Ann. (*returning with a bottle and two glaſſes.*) Take this glaſs, my good old man. I have brought one for myſelf too. We will drink together.

Old Man, (*looking up.*) God be thanked for all the bleſſings of this life! (*Drinks a little; then touches glaſſes with Mr. Anneſley.*) May the Lord grant that your latter end be as happy as mine!

Mr. Ann. My good old man, ſtop here to-night. Nobody ſhall ſee you, if you deſire it.

Old Man. No, ſir, I cannot; my time is precious.

Mr. Ann. Can I ſerve you in any thing further?

Old Man. I could wiſh it, ſir, for your ſake. But I want nothing more in this world; nothing but a glove, (*looking at his hand.*) I have loſt mine.

Mr. Ann. (*taking a pair out of his pocket, and offering them.*) Here, my good friend.

Old Man. Keep that: I aſk only one.

Mr. Ann. And why do you not take the other?

Old Man. This hand can bear the air. It is only the left that ſuffers. It has loſt its warmth theſe two years. (*Puts the glove on his left-hand, and gives his right to Mr. Anneſley.*) I ſhall think of you, ſir.

Mr. Ann. And I too of you. O my good friend! let me accompany you. I find it hard to keep the promiſe that I gave you.

Old Man. Then ſo much the better for you, ſir, if you keep it. (*going*)

Mr. Ann. Give me your hand once more, my good old man! It is full of bleſſings.

Old Man. I hope to take you by the hand in Paradiſe.

THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF A SOCIABLE CHARACTER.

FERDINAND was by nature of a thoughtful and obſerving turn. In his walks with his uncle, nothing that ſtruck his view was loſt to his reflexions. His couſins complained that, while he appeared to enjoy ſo much

himself, he sought so little to contribute to the general amusement of the family. They thought at first of requesting their father not to take him with them any more, but a more gentle method of correcting him soon occurred. They agreed together to hold the same conduct with him, for some days, that he maintained towards them. One went to see Westminster-abbey; another the regalia and armoury at the Tower; a third the exhibition at Somerset-house; but when they came home, the accounts which they generally gave to each other of what they remarked were suppressed. Instead of that mutual communication of the pleasures of the day which made their evenings pass so delightfully before, a grave reserve and a tiresome silence took place amongst them. Ferdinand remarked this change with as much surprize as mortification. He felt the want of those effusions of communicative chearfulness which, indeed, rarely originated from him, but in which he never failed to interest himself. Accustomed as he was to reflexion, he easily perceived the injustice of his own behaviour, and soon became as free as he had before been reserved. When he yielded to this amiable principle which is implanted in men by nature, in order to connect and unite them by sentiment, his heart tasted the pleasures of benevolence and friendship; and his ardent desire of knowledge found new means of gratification from the lights which he collected from others, at the same time that he imparted his information to them.

A GOOD

A GOOD HEART COMPENSATES FOR MANY INDISCRETIONS.

A DRAMA, in one ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. VAUGHAN.
MARY ANNE, - *his Daughter.*
FREDERICK, - *his Nephew.*
DOROTHEA, - - *his Niece.*
SERVANT.
PETER, - - *an old Coachman.*

SCENE, *An apartment in Mr. Vaughan's Country-House.*

SCENE I.

Mr. Vaughan.

THIS is what one gains by taking charge of other people's children! This Frederic, how I loved him? he was, I believe, dearer to me than my own son, and the scape-grace now plays these pranks! How could he change so far from what he promised in his infancy! Such goodness of heart, such spirit, such chearfulness! The courage of a lion, and the mildness of a lamb! One could not help loving him. But let him never appear before me again. I will never even hear him mentioned.

SCENE II.

Mr. Vaughan, Dorothea.

Dorothea. Did you send for me, uncle? What are your commands?

Mr. Vaughan. I have fine news for you, concerning your rogue of a brother.

Doroth. (*turning pale*) Concerning Frederick?

Mr. Vaughan. There, read that letter from Richard, or I will read it to you myself. (*reads.*)

" *Dear Papa,*

" I am ſorry to have none but diſagreeable news for you; however, it is better that you ſhould receive them from me, than from another. Our dear Frederick"—— Oh! yes. He deſerves that affectionate name now.— " Our dear Frederick goes on very indifferently. He ſold his watch ſome days ago, and what is ſtill worſe, the greateſt part of his ſchool books and books of devotion. I will tell you how I came to know it. At a ſtanding of ſecond-hand books, I aſked the other day by chance for the Whole Duty of Man; for as I had worn mine out by dint of reading it, I thought I could not do better than to buy another. The bookſeller ſhewed me one which I knew immediately to be Frederick's. I was poſitive of it, as his name was upon the title page. I bought it for ſixpence, but did not ſay a word about it, for fear of prejudicing our ſchool-fellows againſt him. I contented myſelf with ſhewing it to the head maſter who ſent for the bookſeller, and aſked him from whom he had that book. The bookſeller confeſſed that he had bought it from my couſin, and Frederick could not deny it, but ſaid, that he had ſold it becauſe he wanted money; and that meantime, until he ſhould be able to buy another, he had borrowed one from a friend who had two. The head maſter would know what he had done with this money, and Frederick told him, though I ſuſpect his account to be all a fib. Oh! thought I to myſelf, we muſt find if he has not parted with ſome of his neceſſaries too. I thought firſt of the watch that you gave him for his new-year's gift, to let him ſee how his time went, which was a matter that he minded very little, as you may remember. I aſked him what o'clock it was. He ſeemed confuſed and told me that his watch was at the watch-maker's. I went thither that moment, in order to be certain. There was not a word of truth in it. I expoſtulated with him, as an affectionate couſin ought; but he anſwered me that it was no concern of mine, and that his watch was much better as he had diſpoſed of it than in his fob, as he had no longer occaſion to know the hour, for his buſineſs. Who knows what he may have done worſe? for one cannot gueſs the whole."—Well what do you ſay to this, Dorothy?

Dorothea.

Dorothea. Dear uncle, I own that I am as much displeased at my brother as you are. Notwithstanding—

Mr. Vaughan. A little patience! this is not all. The best of the story is to come. (*reads.*)

" Only hear what he has done since. The day before yesterday he went out in the afternoon without leave. Evening came on; he did not return. Supper bell rang: he was not to be found. In short, he staid out the whole night, and did not come in until the next morning. You may imagine how he was received. They asked him where he had been; but he had invented all his stories before-hand. And indeed though every thing that he said were true—however, he is to appear this evening before all the masters; and if they do him justice he will be expelled shamefully, or at least sent home. What afflicts me most is his ingratitude for all your kindnesses, the disgrace that he brings on us, and the irregular way of life that he follows. I cannot believe that he told truth, in speaking of the place where he spent the night." And, why do not you mention it? " But I wish that he may. It would be still worse, and he would only be the more worthy of your resentment. He threatens now, to run away, and go home." Yes, yes, let him come! let him only put his foot upon my threshold; he will see the consequence. Let him go where he spends his nights. As for you, Dorothea, I desire you never to speak a word to me in his favour. They may put him in prison, send him home, expel him ignominiously; it is all equal to me. I shall never concern myself about him. He may go to some sea-port and ship himself as cabin-boy for the West-Indies. I have used him as my son too long.

Dorothea. True, my dear uncle, you have been as a father to us, and even our own parents could not have shewn more care and kindness to us.

Mr. Vaughan. I have done it with pleasure, and take no merit to myself for it. Your mother, while I was abroad on my travels, did the same for my children. So it became my duty, and I never to this day declined it: but—

Dorothea. Ah! if my brother has forgot himself for a moment, it is owing only to his impetuous temper. You have had him long under your eye. Whenever he had

done a fault, his repentance and ſorrow for having offended you, always exceeded the offence.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, and how many indiſcretions have I pardoned him? When he burned his eye-brows and hair with his fire-works; when he threw a ſtone through one of our neighbour's windows, and broke a large looking-glaſs; when he fell into the mire, and ſpoiled a new ſuit of clothes; when he overturned the handſomeſt carriage that I ever had; did not I forgive him all this? I attributed theſe miſchievous freaks to a petulance that did not however as yet ſhew a bad diſpoſition: but to ſell his watch and his books, to leave his ſchool a-nights and lye out, to fly againſt his maſters, and ſtill to have the face to think of coming home to me!

Dorothea. My dear uncle, be pleaſed firſt to hear what he can ſay in his juſtification.

Mr. Vaughan. Hear *him?* Heaven forbid that I ſhould even ſee him. I ſhall tell all my tenants to receive him with a good ſtick, if he offers to come amongſt them.

Dorothea. Ah! no. Your heart could never conſent to ſuch harſhneſs. You will not deny the requeſt of a niece that loves and honours you as her father.

Mr. Vaughan. You ſhall ſee whether that will be difficult to me.

Dorothea. Will you have me think then that you no longer love the memory of your ſiſter, that you no longer love me?

Mr. Vaughan. You? I have no fault to find with you; and therefore your brother's miſbehaviour ſhall never change my ſentiments as to you. But if you love me, do not teaze me with any more ſolicitations. Study only to live happy in my friendſhip.

Dorothea. How can I live happy, while I ſee my brother in diſgrace with you?

Mr. Vaughan. He has deſerved it but too well. Why not tell what he did with the money, and where he lay out?

Dorothea. It appears from the letter that he confeſſed both. It is only Richard that will not believe him. (*Looks at Mr. Vaughan with the tears in her eyes.*) Ah! dear uncle—

Mr. Vaughan, (*a little ſoftened.*) Well. He ſhall have one chance more, on your account. I will wait for the head maſter's letter.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Mr. Vaughan, Dorothea, Servant.

Mr. Vaughan. What do you want?

Servant. A meſſenger, ſir, would ſpeak with you.

Mr. Vaughan. What has he brought?

Servant. A letter from the ſchool. (*Gives him the letter.*)

Mr. Vaughan, (*looking at the ſuperſcription.*) Right! I was waiting for this. It comes from the head maſter: I know his hand. Where is the meſſenger? Let him wait for my anſwer.

Servant. Shall I ſhew him up?

Mr. Vaughan. No; I will go down. I wiſh to inform myſelf from his own mouth. (*Goes out. Dorothea following him, the Servant makes ſigns to her to ſtop.*)

SCENE IV.

Dorothea, Servant.

Servant. Harkye, Miſs Dorothea! come here!

Dorothea. What have you to ſay?

Servant. Maſter Frederick is here.

Dorothea. My brother?

Servant. If he be not come yet, he is not far off.

Dorothea. Who told you ſo?

Servant. The meſſenger that overtook him on the road. Ah! miſs, what has Maſter Frederick done?

Dorothea. Nothing unworthy. Do not believe him capable of it.

Servant. Ah! I never thought ſo of him. Heaven knows we all loved him, and would have given our lives for him. He ſatisfied us for the leaſt ſervice that we could do him. He ſpoke for us to your uncle, whenever he was in a paſſion with us; and he was a friend to all the poor people in the neighbourhood. I wonder how his ſchool-maſter could be angry with him. Ah! I ſee how it is. They were going to puniſh him for ſome arch prank, and he, being a fine ſpirited young gentleman, would not be uſed ſo roughly.

Dorothea. Where did the meſſenger find him?

Servant. About a ſtage off. He was ſleeping under a willow on the bank of a little ſtream.

Dorothea. My poor brother!

Servant. The man ſtopped till he awoke. You muſt think how ſurprized Maſter Frederick was on ſeeing him. He imagined that this man had been ſent after him to bring him back; and he told him that he would ſooner be torn in pieces than go with him.

Dorothea. Ah! I know his ſtout reſolute way.

Servant. The meſſenger proteſted to him that, (he had ſuch a regard for him,) if he were ſure to be ſcolded, or even to loſe his place for it, he would not moleſt him. He then told him his meſſage, and how they ſpoke of him at ſchool.

Dorothea. And what did my brother reſolve to do?

Servant. Although he was ſpent with fatigue, he walked on by the meſſenger's ſide, and they came together as far as the edge of our grove. Maſter Frederick ſtruck in there, to go and hide himſelf in the grotto, and there he will ſtay for the meſſenger's return, to know how your uncle will take matters.

Dorothea. Oh! if I could ſpeak to him!

Servant. It is likely that he wiſhes it as much as you.

Dorothea. My uncle often walks that way. If he ſhould meet him in the firſt of his paſſion! Oh! be ſo kind as to run and tell him to hide himſelf in the barn, behind the truſſes of hay. I will go to him as ſoon as my uncle walks out.

Servant. Never fear, miſs. I will bring him there myſelf, and help him to hide himſelf. (*Goes out.*)

SCENE V.

Dorothea, (*alone.*)

What troubles he continually cauſes to me! yet I cannot help loving him.

SCENE VI.

Dorothea, Mary Anne.

Dorothea. Ah! dear couſin, how I did long to ſpeak with you! and yet, alas! I have but very ill news for you.

Mary

Mary Anne. I know the whole. My papa just now gave me my brother's letter to read. That from the schoolmaster has redoubled his anger against Frederick.

Dorothea. I do not know how to go about justifying him.

Mary Anne. I would wager that he is innocent. Do you know Richard's hypocrisy! He does all the faults, and is cunning enough to lay the blame of them upon others. This is not the first instance of his striving to hurt your brother in my papa's opinion. Twenty times has he, by underhand complaints, had him almost turned out of the house; and then, when matters have been cleared up, he himself has been found the only person in fault. I see, even from his letter, that he is a pickthank, and that Frederick, at worst, has been only imprudent.

Dorothea. What comfort your kindness affords me! Yes, my brother is naturally well inclined, free, sincere, generous, unsuspecting; but he is also petulant, daring and inconsiderate. He is headstrong in his resolutions, and loses respect for those that do not treat him according to his humour.

Mary Anne. And Richard is envious, dissembling, hypocritical, and fawning. Like a cat that gives you at first a paw as soft as velvet, and afterwards strikes you with her talons at the moment when you depend most on her kindness. How willingly would I give my brother, with all his false virtues, for yours, "with all his imperfections on his head." The worst is, that Frederick is not here.

Dorothea. And if he were?

Mary Anne. Eh! where is he then? Let me run to him. I long to see him.

Dorothea. Hist! I think I hear my uncle talking to himself.

Mary Anne. Well, you are Frederick's sister; it is but right that you should see him first. I will stay here with my papa, and try to soften him. Do you run to the poor wanderer, and give him some words of comfort and hope.

Dorothea. Yes, and a good lecture besides, I assure you, for he deserves it at all events. (*Goes out.*)

SCENE VII.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne.

Mr. Vaughan. I am so provoked with this boy that I have not been able to write, to send back the messenger. However, he may stay here till to-morrow morning. Let me compose myself a little.

Mary Anne. How, papa! are you still angry with my poor cousin? Is his crime so very great then?

Mr. Vaughan. Truly it becomes you much to excuse him. I see that your head is no better than his, and you would have done worse, perhaps, in his place. Yet you have both of you a good example before you.

Mary Anne. Who is that?

Mr. Vaughan. My good boy Richard.

Mary Anne. Oh! yes. My brother is a boy of great veracity, indeed, very generous! he is a pretty pattern!

Mr. Vaughan. I know that Dolly and you are no friends to him. I myself, from your opinions of him, had conceived a prejudice against him; but his master gives me such a good account of him to-day—

Mary Anne. Nay, did not all his masters quite sicken you with his praises here? They knew his father's fortune, and people always hope to wheedle presents from a father, by flattering him concerning his son.

Mr. Vaughan. I grant, they may have flattered me a little with regard to him; however, from his earliest childhood he has never played me a single prank of the thousands that Frederick has.

Mary Anne. His pranks never hurted any body but himself.

Mr. Vaughan. You would make one mad. Did he hurt nobody but himself, when he overturned my chariot? a carriage elegantly gilt, and quite new, that had just cost me two hundred pounds!

Mary Anne. It was but an accident; imprudence is pardonable at his age. Peter was trying the carriage, and Frederick teazed him so much to take him up on the seat, that at last he did. After they had gone a little way, he dropped the whip, and Peter went down for it. The horses, finding the reins in weaker hands, set off.

Luckily the harneſs gave way, and nothing ſuffered but the carriage.

Mr. Vaughan. That was not enough, perhaps! And who, upon the whole, has more reaſon to complain than I?

Mary Anne. Frederick, who had his head terribly cut; but above all, poor Peter that loſt his place by it.

Mr. Vaughan. I cannot think of it yet with patience. That fine adventure coſt me above eighty guineas!

Mary Anne. And how much grief did it coſt the good-natured Frederick! He will never forgive himſelf for having occaſioned poor Peter's diſgrace.

Mr. Vaughan. Two good-for-nothing fellows, fit to go together! I am ſurprized, however, that you pick out the worſt characters, and plead their cauſe. Really it is a pity that you were not born a boy, to be companion to your couſin. I think, you would have had charming adventures together.

Mary Anne. Nay, but—

Mr. Vaughan. Hold your tongue! your teazing tires me. I am going to take a turn in the garden. Go find Dorothea, and both of you come to me. (*Goes out without his hat.*)

SCENE VIII.

Mary Anne.

I ſhall have a good deal of trouble to bring him about. However, let us not deſpair. He is only ill-natured in words.

SCENE IX.

Mary Anne, Dorothea.

Dorothea, (*half opening the door, and peeping in.*) Hiſt.

Mary Anne. Well?

Dorothea. Is my uncle out?

Mary Anne. He is juſt gone. Where is Frederick?

Dorothea. He waits for us on the back ſtairs.

Mary Anne. You have no more to do but take him to our room.

Dorothea. No; that won't do. Jenny is there.

Mary Anne. Why, cannot we bring him here? Nobody comes here when my papa is out.

Dorothea. You are right; and it will be eaſier too for him to ſlip out upon occaſion. Stay here, I will bring him up.

SCENE X.

Mary Anne.

How curious I am to hear him tell his ſtory! And I ſhall be glad to ſee him too. It is above a year ſince he left us. Ah! I hear him. (*Goes to the door to meet him.*)

SCENE XI.

Mary Anne, Dorothea, Frederick.

Mary Anne, (*embracing him.*) Ah! my dear couſin.

Dorothea. He deſerves this kindneſs, indeed, for the trouble that he has cauſed us.

Mary Anne. I ſee him, and all is forgotten.

Frederick. My dear couſin, do I find you then ſtill the ſame? You have never been ſo hard upon me as my ſiſter.

Dorothea. If I were as much ſo as your uncle; ah! then—

Frederick. In the firſt place, what does *he* ſay? Can it be true that he is ſo enraged againſt me?

Dorothea. If he knew us to conceal you here, we ſhould have no more to do but to quit the houſe, and go about our buſineſs.

Mary Anne. Oh! it is very true. Do not think of appearing before him yet awhile. He is in a humour to do you a miſchief juſt now.

Frederick. What can our head maſter have written to him?

Dorothea. A handſome encomium upon your exploits.

Mary Anne. My brother had touched a little upon the ſubject by yeſterday's poſt.

Frederick. What! has Richard written? Then I have occaſion for nothing more to juſtify me. He knows the whole

whole matter as well as I, for I entruſted him with every thing.

Mary Anne. One needs only to judge of you from his letter.

Frederick. Well, if I be not innocent, I am the greateſt rogue—

Dorothea. That is ſaying nothing. You muſt be either one or the other.

Frederick. And could you think me guilty? What is my crime? ſelling my watch?

Dorothea. No more than that? who can tell if your ſhirts too, and your clothes—

Frederick. Very true. I would have ſold every thing, if I had occaſion for more money.

Dorothea. A very pretty defence, truly! and to paſs whole nights from the ſchool!

Frederick. One night, ſiſter.

Dorothea. And to fly againſt a proper chaſtiſement!

Frederick. Say, rather againſt an outrage that I did not deſerve. If I had ſubmitted to it, I ſhould always have borne a blot in the opinion of my uncle: and if they had expelled me, I ſhould never have appeared before you.

Mary Anne. But, dear Frederick, what can you ſay in your defence? We ſhould know it, in order to clear you to papa.

Frederick. Here is the fact. Some days ago they talked of a fair that was to be in the neighbouring village. Our maſter gave a few of us leave to go there, in order to amuſe ourſelves, and gratify our curioſity.

Dorothea. Ah! then it was for oranges and tarts that your watch and your *Whole Duty of Man* went, or perhaps for a ſight of monkies and tumblers.

Frederick. Surely, my ſiſter muſt have a great taſte for theſe things, to ſuppoſe that one could ſpend money on them. No, it was not ſo. I was dry, and went into a publick houſe to have ſome beer.

Dorothea. Why, this is worſe ſtill.

Frederick. Really, ſiſter, you are very ſevere. But do let me finiſh. While I was ſitting there—

Mary Anne, (*liſtening at the door.*) We are undone! my papa! I hear him!

Dorothea. Run! run!

Frederick,

Frederick. No; I will wait for my uncle, and throw myself at his feet.

Mary Anne. Oh! no, dear cousin; he is not capable of listening to you. Do, for my sake—

Frederick. You would have me?

Mary Anne. Yes, yes; leave me to manage for you. (*She pushes him by the shoulders to the door of the back stairs, shuts it upon him, and returns.*)

SCENE XII.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne, Dorothea.

Mary Anne. Ah! papa, I see you are returned already from your walk.

Mr. Vaughan. I am looking for my hat. Hang it, I do not know where I have left it.

Dorothea, (*looking about.*) Here, here it is.

Mr. Vaughan. You could not think of bringing it to me.

Dorothea. I must have been blind sure, not to see it.

Mary Anne. Who can think of every thing?

Mr. Vaughan. Truly, you have so many things to take up your attention!

Mary Anne. I was just thinking of poor Frederick.

Mr. Vaughan. Must I constantly have that name rung in my ears?

Mary Anne. Well, papa, let us talk no more about him. Would not you chuse to finish your walk before the dew falls?

Mr. Vaughan. No. I will go out no more this evening. (*Mary Anne and Dorothea look at each other, shaking their heads with an air of disappointment.*) It is too late. Besides, I have just been told that my old coachman is below, and would speak with me.

Mary Anne and *Dorothea.* What, Peter?

Mr. Vaughan. Whatever damage he has caused me, the mischief is done, and he has been sufficiently punished for it. I would know what he has to say to me.

Mary Anne. He might very well wait until you returned from your walk.

Mr. Vaughan. No, no. I shall dismiss him the sooner. After all—(*Mary Anne and Dorothea whisper together.*) (*to Mary Anne.*) When your father— (*to Dorothea.*) When your

your uncle ſpeaks to you, I think that you ſhould liſten to him. After all— (*Dorothea endeavours to ſteal away.*) Where are you going, Dorothea?

Dorothea, (*confuſed.*) I have buſineſs down ſtairs.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, tell Peter to come up. (*Dorothea goes out.*)

SCENE XIII.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne.

Mr. Vaughan. After all, I pity the poor man. I never had ſo good a coachman. My horſes were ſo ſleek, that one might ſee one's face in their coats; and he never embezzled their corn at the alehouſe.

Mary Anne. Ah! if you had kept him, you would have ſpared poor Frederick many a ſorrowful moment.

Mr. Vaughan. Say no more of him. It was he that occaſioned me to diſcharge Peter, and to be at preſent without a coachman; for after him I conceived a diſlike to all others. I ſhall never find one to replace him.

SCENE XIV.

Mr. Vaughan, Mary Anne, Dorothea and Peter.

Dorothea. Uncle, here is Peter.

Peter. I beg pardon, ſir, but I cannot think that you are ſtill angry with me. I hope you will not take it amiſs that I have made bold to wait on you as I paſſed the houſe, and to beg you to let me have a diſcharge.

Mr. Vaughan. Did not I give you one?

Peter. I never had any other than "There; take your wages; quit my houſe this moment, and never let me ſee you again." You did not give me time, ſir, to aſk for a gentler diſcharge.

Mr. Vaughan. You did not deſerve more ceremony from me, after deſtroying my fineſt carriage. I wiſh that Frederick had broke his neck at the ſame time.

Peter. What can one ſay, Sir? A coachman's ſenſe is in his whip, and I had juſt loſt poſſeſſion of mine. But I ſhall be wiſer for the future.

Mr. Vaughan. Well, it is all over. How do you live?

Peter.

Peter. Ah! dear maſter, ſince I left your houſe I have never had a happy moment. You know, upon quitting your ſervice, I went to live with Major Bramfield. Oh! what a maſter! he could never ſpeak but with his cane lifted up; reſt his ſoul!

Mr. Vaughan. He is dead then?

Peter. Yes, to the great joy of his ſoldiers. He never gave me his orders without ſwearing like a Turk. His horſes had their full meaſure of corn, and his people plenty of hard knocks, but not much bread.

Mary Anne. Ah! poor Peter! why did you ſtay in his ſervice?

Peter. Where could I go! What kept me there beſides, was, that my wife found employment in the houſe in waſhing and mending the linen. She earned at leaſt half as much as maintained our children. Every one trembled before the Major. Death alone made him tremble, and laid him low. At preſent I am out of place, and do not know where to lay my head.

Mr. Vaughan. But you know that I never wiſh any one to ſtarve, much leſs an old ſervant.

Peter. Ah! I always thought ſo; but thoſe terrible words "Never let me ſee you again," ſounded continually like a clap of thunder in my ears. Ten of the Major's greateſt oaths could not have frighted me ſo much.

Mary Anne. And you have had no maſter ſince?

Peter. Ah! Miſs, it is not here as in London. In the poor little villages about here, people want their corn more for themſelves than for their horſes. I worked at daily labour in the fields, my wife ſpun, and my children went about aſking charity. But we all together made ſo little, that we were not able at the week's end to pay the rent of a poor garret. Very ſoon we had nothing but the earth for our bed, and the ſky for our covering. My poor wife died of grief and hardſhip. (*wipes his eyes.*)

Mr. Vaughan. You deſerved it all. Why did not you come and aſk my aſſiſtance?

Mary Anne, (*to Dorothea.*) Now my papa ſhews himſelf once more. A good ſign for Frederick.

Peter. Ah! ſir, what a woman it was! Sure never was a better wife. Whenever I came home at night without having earned a farthing, and thought that I muſt go to bed.

bed hungry, I always found half of her morſel of bread left purpoſely for me. When I foamed with rage like one in deſpair, and would deſtroy every thing round me, ſhe always reſtored me to my calm ſenſes, and made me a reaſonable man again. Now ſhe is dead, and I cannot bring her to life. There began my real unhappineſs, and heaven knows where it will end.

Dorothea. Ah! poor Peter!

Peter. I had no more hopes of finding a ſervice in theſe parts; ſo I ſet out one fine evening with my little girl in my arms, and I took my boy by the hand. We walked a great part of the night, and ſlept the remainder under a hedge. Next morning, by break of day, we were in ſight of a town. Luckily there was a fair there that day. I earned ſome money by carrying burthens. But, ſir, I muſt ſay, it was an angel, an angel from heaven, Maſter Frederick—

Mr. Vaughan. An angel? What Frederick? that reprobate?

Mary Anne and Dorothea, (*approaching Peter with looks of joy and curioſity.*) What, Frederick? Frederick?

Peter. Dear maſter, uſe me ill if you will; but not that fine generous child. I would rather that you ſhould trample me under your feet.

Dorothea. Oh! tell us, Peter, tell us.

Peter. My little Lucy went to aſk a charity at the door of a public houſe. Maſter Richard and Maſter Frederick were ſitting there at a table, with ſome beer before them.

Mr. Vaughan. Ay! fine inclinations truly! In an alehouſe!

Dorothea. Nay, uncle, he only went to refreſh himſelf.

Mr. Vaughan. What buſineſs had he in the town at all?

Mary Anne. He had leave to ſee the fair. Your good Richard, you ſee, was there too.

Peter. He preſently knew my child, and roſe from table in ſpite of all that his companion could ſay. He made poor little Lucy drink a glaſs of beer, took her by the hand, and leading her out, heard from herſelf a brief account of our miſery. He then deſired her to bring him to me, and found me in the next ſtreet, drinking out of my hat at a well, as the heat of my work had made me dry. I thought that I ſhould run mad with joy upon ſeeing

ſeeing him. All ſhabby and dirty as I was, I took him in my arms before every body; and hugged him ſo cloſe, the folks were afraid that I ſhould ſtifle him. Ah! he was heartily glad to ſee me too. At laſt, as there were a number of people about us, he told me to lead him to a place where we might be by ourſelves, and I took him to a barn, where I had already beſpoke my bed for the night.

Mary Anne. Ah! papa, I would lay a wager—

Mr. Vaughan. Silence. Well, Peter?

Peter. I told him all that I have now told you. The dear child began to cry as if he would break his heart. I ſhould beg for you, cried he, as I am the cauſe of your misfortunes; but I will not ſleep without relieving them. Here, Peter, ſaid he, feeling in his pockets, take what money I have about me. I was not for taking it; that made him angry. I told him that it was money given him for his amuſement, and that as for me, I was uſed to hardſhip. He frowned, and ſtamped with his feet, and I verily believe would have hit me if I had not taken his purſe.

Mr. Vaughan. How much was there in it?

Peter. Almoſt a crown. He would keep no more than ſix-pence. It ſhall never be ſaid, continued he, that an honeſt ſervant of my uncle's, who has neither robbed nor defrauded any one, ſhall be obliged in his old age to go begging with his children, and not have ſo much as a lodging. Take a little room. Before three days I will return, and I will ſupport you ever until I ſhall have written to my uncle. We have both provoked him againſt us; but he is too humane, and too generous, to abandon you to miſery.

Mr. Vaughan. Did he really ſay ſo, Peter?

Peter. I can take my oath of it, maſter.

Mary Anne. Well, well, we can believe you; finiſh your ſtory.

Peter. How do you employ your children? ſaid he, as he took my Billy upon his knee. Employ them? ſaid I, they go about ſelling noſegays and toothpicks; and when nobody buys, they aſk charity. That is not right, ſaid he. They would never learn any thing by that trade but idleneſs and profligacy. You ſhould make your boy learn a trade, and put the girl out to a decent ſervice.

Mary

Mary Anne. Frederick was very right there, papa.

Peter. Yes, said I; but how can I offer the children to any body in these rags? If I had only three guineas, I could soon settle them. There is a weaver hard by, that employs young hands, and would take my Billy, if I could give him two guineas fee; and a dairy-man's wife would take Lucy into her service, if she was a little clad. Then I could go and offer myself for service in some rich family, and not be reduced to stroll about like a vagrant.

Mr. Vaughan. And what did Frederick say?

Peter. Nothing, sir. He went away, but two days after he returned. Where is the weaver that will take your son apprentice? carry me to him. So I did, and he spoke with him privately for a while. And the dairy-man's wife, said he, that will take charge of Lucy—where does she live? I took him there too. He left me at the door, went and spoke to the woman in her dairy, joined me again without saying a word, and we came away. After we had walked about forty yards, he stopped, and taking me by the hand, My honest old friend, said he, make yourself easy as to your children. He then pointed me to a shop of second-hand clothes that happened to be not far off, where he had paid beforehand for this jacket, and this great coat.—Don't I look like a squire in them?

Mary Anne. O my excellent cousin! good-natured Frederick!

Mr. Vaughan, (*wiping his eyes.*) I see now where the watch went.

Peter. That is not all, sir. Did not I catch him slipping money into my pocket? I was positively for returning it to him, and told him that he had already done too much for me. But if ever I saw him fall in a passion, it was then. He assured me, sir, that you had sent it to him for my use. And when I was for coming here directly to thank you, he told me that you would not have it mentioned. Ah! thought I to myself, Mr. Vaughan was *so* good a master! Perhaps he would take me again. For all that I did not dare to come, as Master Frederick had forbidden me.

Mr. Vaughan. O Frederick! my dear Frederick! you have still then that noble and generous heart that I always took you to possess from your infancy.

Mary

Mary Anne. And what determined you at laſt to appear again before my uncle?

Peter. The caſe was this: They would not take my Billy without a copy of the regiſter of his baptiſm, and for that I muſt come here to the clerk of this pariſh. As I entered the village, I heard that my Lord Vaſty wanted a coachman. It ſeemed as if Maſter Frederick had ſent good luck along with me. I waited on my Lord, who promiſed to take me if I could bring him a proper diſcharge from my laſt maſter. I could not go into the other world to aſk the Major for one; ſo I took my chance, though ſadly afraid, to apply to you. And ſhould you even refuſe me, I ſhall at leaſt have returned you my acknowledgments for the relief that you were ſo kind as to convey to me through the hands of Maſter Frederick.

Mr. Vaughan. No, honeſt Peter; you are indebted for them to himſelf alone. It is he who has ſtripped himſelf to cover you. But he is alſo indebted to you for the return of my favour. From what a misfortune you ſave him! Yes, but for you, but for you, ſo great was my reſentment againſt him, I ſhould have baniſhed him from my preſence for ever.

Peter. Say you ſo, ſir? Then I ſhould be the happieſt man in the world! What, to ſave him from misfortune, as he has me! Each of us to owe that obligation to the other!

Mr. Vaughan. That ſneaking varlet Richard had almoſt turned my heart againſt him. How could I truſt that knave, who has ſo often impoſed upon me! But the head maſter of the ſchool—

Mary Anne. Why, papa, he muſt have impoſed on him as well as you.

Mr. Vaughan. But bleſs me, they write me word that Frederick is run away. If he ſhould grow deſperate! If any misfortune ſhould happen to him!

Peter. A horſe! a horſe! I'll bring him back to you, if he were at the world's end. (*Going to run out.*)

Dorothea, (*holding him.*) My dear uncle, would you really pardon him? Would you take him to your arms once more?

Mr. Vaughan. Ay; though he had ſold all his clothes! though he were to return as naked as he was born! (*Dorothea makes a ſign to Mary Anne, and runs out.*)

Mary

Mary Anne. What if he were here, papa?

Mr. Vaughan. Here? has any one ſeen him? Where is he? where is he?

Peter. Ah! if he was here! if he was here! I would jump up to the cieling for joy.

Mary Anne. Well, papa, do you ſee him?

SCENE XV.

Mr. Vaughan, Frederick, Mary Anne, Dorothea, Peter.

(*Frederick entering, kneels to his uncle. Peter ſhews an extravagance of joy. Dorothea and Mary Anne melt into tears.*)

Frederick. Ah! uncle, my dear uncle, will you forgive me?

Mr. Vaughan. Forgive you! I love you a thouſand times better than before. You deſerve it; and ſhall never leave me again.

Frederick. No uncle; never, never. (*Turning, he ſees Peter, and takes him by the hand.*) Ah! if you had ſeen the miſery of this poor man and his children! If you had been the cauſe of their diſtreſs!

Peter. 'Twas I, 'twas I myſelf. Why ſhould I have let you climb upon my ſeat, or have left you to manage a pair of fiery horſes? But who could refuſe you any thing? I could not, though the carriage were to run over me through it. So mark, Maſter Frederick; never aſk me any thing improper again! I ſhould agree to it, I know; but I ſhould go and drown myſelf directly.

Mr. Vaughan. Why did not you write me an account of all this, inſtead of ſelling your watch, your books, and perhaps your clothes? It was at leaſt an imprudence in a child like you, who knows not the value of things.

Frederick. Yes, that is true; but to let this family be a moment longer in their diſtreſs, ſeemed to me as bad as murder. Beſides, as you had turned Peter away in a paſſion, I was afraid that you ſhould forbid me to aſſiſt him; and that by diſobeying your expreſs orders I ſhould make myſelf more blameable.

Mr. Vaughan. What, then, you would have diſobeyed me there?

Frederick. Yes, uncle; but in that only.

Mr. Vaughan.

Mr. Vaughan. Kiſs me, my brave Frederick!—After all, there is one article in the letter which makes me heſitate; that is, your lying out. Where did you paſs the night?

Frederick. I had carried Peter the money that day. Our maſter was not at home in the evening, and I knew that the doors would be ſhut at ten o'clock. I thought to be home before; and ſo I ſhould, if I had not gone aſtray after dark.

Dorothea. Poor brother! where did you lie then?

Frederick. I found an empty old ſhed, and there I ſtretched myſelf upon a great ſtone, and never ſlept ſo well in my life. I was ſo happy to have relieved Peter!

Mary Anne. Ah! that ill-natured Richard! He took good care not to tell us all this, and yet he knew it.

Mr. Vaughan. From this moment I withdraw my regard from him, and you alone——

Frederick. No, uncle; I will not be happy at the expence of another, and far leſs at that of your ſon.

Dorothea, (*taking his hand.*) How much ought I to love ſuch a brother!

Mr. Vaughan. Well, let him remain at the ſchool; you ſhall never leave me. I wiſh to have you always near my heart, and will have maſters for you of all ſorts, if they were to come a hundred miles.

Peter, (*making a low bow.*) My worthy maſter, you are always the ſame.

Mr. Vaughan, (*patting him on the ſhoulder.*) Peter, have you agreed with Lord Vaſty?

Peter. Bleſs your heart, ſir, I had not my diſcharge.

Mr. Vaughan. You ſhall not need one. I ſee, I ſhall make Frederick and you happy in having you near each other once more: but never let him mount upon your ſeat again. We ſhall take care of your children too.

Peter, (*ſobbing, and crying for joy.*) Dear maſter!—Sir!—are you ſerious? Is not this a dream? Frederick! Maſter Frederick! ſhall my poor children—Ah! let me go and ſee my old friends in the ſtable!

OLD COLIN.

Mr. Dexter, Percival his son.

Percival. PAPA, I know a very good servant to recommend to you, when you discharge old Colin.

Mr. Dexter. Who has given you that commission? Have I any thoughts of sending him away?

Percival. Would you always keep that old fellow? I think, a young servant would do much better for us.

Mr. Dexter. How, Percival? That is a very bad reason for being tired of a good servant. You call him an old fellow! Child, you ought to blush for it! It is in my service that he is grown old; and perhaps the cares which he took of your infancy and the sorrow that he felt for your fits of illness have hastened old age on him. You see then, how ungrateful and unreasonable it would be to take an aversion to him on account of his age. And do you think yourself any better founded in saying that a young servant would answer our purpose? That decision is above your age, and requires more experience than you can possess. At another time I will make you sensible of the advantage that an old servant has above a young one in diligent and faithful service.

Percival. I believe it, papa, since you say so. But he wears a wig; and it is *so* droll to see a man in a wig standing behind your chair at dinner. I can hardly turn my eyes towards him, without being ready to laugh out.

Mr. Dexter. That does not shew a good disposition, boy! I should never have suspected you of it. Do you know that he lost his hair in a long and dangerous sickness? To ridicule him, is it not to insult God who sent this sickness on him?

Percival. But he is always grumbling, and is not so merry as the other servants.

Mr. Dexter. Colin may be serious, but is not a grumbler. It is true, he is not so nimble as a young puppy of eighteen or twenty; but does he incur your dislike on that account? O son, that thought makes me shudder! Then

Then you will have an averſion to me too, if God ſhould grant me a long life?

Percival. Oh! no, papa; I am not ſo wicked.

Mr. Dexter. And do you think that it is not ſo to hate Colin, becauſe his age hinders him from being ſo alert as formerly?

Percival. I am wrong, papa, I confeſs; and I aſſure you that I am very ſorry for having——

Mr. Dexter. Why do you ſtop? For what are you ſorry, do you ſay?

Percival. If I diſcover my fault to you, perhaps you will be angry with me, and I ſhall gain nothing by it but a puniſhment.

Mr. Dexter. You know, child, that I am not fond of puniſhing, and that I try that method very ſeldom. It is by kindneſs and good advice that I endeavour to correct your ſiſter and you. I do not know what fault you have committed, therefore cannot promiſe abſolutely not to chaſtiſe you. Is it on thoſe terms that you intend to make a confeſſion? You know my affection for you. That is the only ſecurity that I can give you; and you may depend on it with as much confidence as on my promiſe.

Percival. Well, papa, I own that—I called Colin—an old rogue.

Mr. Dexter. How? Is it poſſible? Could you ſo far forget how you ſhould behave to an honeſt man? And did Colin hear you?

Percival. Yes, papa; and that is what troubles me moſt.

Mr. Dexter. It is very well to be ſorry. But it is not enough to be concerned for having affronted one of our fellow-creatures to his face: one ought to feel the ſame ſorrow for affronting him in his abſence.

Percival. Yes, I am ſorry to have uſed Colin ill at all: but what grieves me moſt, is that I treated him ſo before his face; for—

Mr. Dexter. You have begun to open your heart to me. Conclude!

Percival. Yes, papa—for Colin, when I uſed him ſo ill, ſhed tears, and ſaid, The pains and infirmities of my old age are not enough, but I muſt moreover be the laughter of childhood.

Mr. Dexter. Poor Colin! I know him well. That ill treatment would go to his heart. It is indeed hard at his age to be the laughing-ſtock of a child. But how much more muſt he ſuffer in receiving this treatment from a child whom he has known from his birth, and ſerved with an attachment that can never be requited.

Percival. Ah! papa, how much am I to blame! I will aſk his pardon; and be aſſured that in all my life he ſhall never have reaſon to complain of me.

Mr. Dexter. Very well, child: on this condition alone God and I can pardon you. We are all weak and liable to be carried away by our paſſions for a moment. But when we return to ourſelves, we muſt thoroughly repent for our fault; we muſt force our pride to make amends for it, and uſe all our reſolution to avoid it for the future. But I ſhould wiſh to know what could make you behave ſo ungenerouſly to Colin. Had he offended you?

Percival. Yes, papa—At leaſt I thought ſo. I was playing with my pop-gun, and aimed to ſhoot a pea at his face. Have done, Maſter Percival, ſays he, or I ſhall go and complain to your papa. His threatening made me angry, and then I called him names.

Mr. Dexter. It was on purpoſe, then, that you ſtrove to vex him?

Percival. I cannot deny it.

Mr. Dexter. That aggravates your fault; and that was what made him ſhed tears.

Percival. Ah! papa, if you give me leave, I will go to him this moment, and aſk his pardon. I ſhall not be eaſy until he forgives me.

Mr. Dexter. Yes, child; we ſhould never put off for a moment the performance of our duty. I ſhall wait for you here. (*Percival goes out, and returns ſhortly after with an air of ſatisfaction.*)

Percival. Papa, now I am pleaſed with myſelf. Colin has forgiven me with all his heart: and I do not think that I ſhall ever commit the ſame fault again.

Mr. Dexter. God forbid that you ſhould! Without his grace you can never anſwer for the firmeſt reſolution.

Percival. And what ſhould I do for that purpoſe?

Mr. Dexter. Pray for his aſſiſtance. He will not refuſe it to you.

Percival. I will pray for it from the bottom of my heart. But papa, there is another thing that I have juſt now done without your leave, and which perhaps will make you angry.

Mr. Dexter. What is that, child?

Percival. The new crown-piece that you gave me as a Chriſtmas-box I have given to Colin.

Mr. Dexter. Why ſhould I be angry at that? I am very well pleaſed that you ſhould do good actions of yourſelf, without acquainting me. You may diſpoſe of all the money that I give you. It is your own; and you could not make a better uſe of it. We ſhould early accuſtom ourſelves to a prudent generoſity. Did Colin ſeem ſatisfied?

Percival. He dropped tears of joy, and I was pleaſed to ſee it.

Mr. Dexter. I applaud you for that ſentiment, my boy. A humane heart always rejoices to ſoften the diſtreſſes of its fellow-creatures. All the virtues produce joy in our ſouls, but none fills them with ſenſations more delightful and more laſting than beneficence.

Percival. Ah! if ever I poſſeſs the means, I will relieve all thoſe about me that are in diſtreſs.

Mr. Dexter. My laſt prayer to heaven ſhall be to ſtrengthen this virtue in your heart, and to render you capable of putting it in practice.

Percival. And ſhall I be every time ſo well pleaſed as to-day?

Mr. Dexter. It is the only pleaſure that never grows weak. Endeavour above all things to enjoy it in your family. If your ſervants are honeſt people, you ought to gain their affections ſtill more by kind treatment than by money; and at the ſame time not neglect to make them ſmall preſents now and then. If you beſtow them ſeaſonably, and with a good grace, you will make your ſervants your firmeſt friends.

Percival. But papa, have they not their wages?

Mr. Dexter. They have them for their ſervice; no more. But ſmall preſents will create affection in them, and they will go beyond their duty.

Percival. I do not underſtand you very well, papa.

Mr. Dexter. Colin will ſerve as an inſtance to explain my meaning. I give him his wages, his clothing and his food, for ſerving me. When he has ſerved me, are

we not quit? does he owe me any thing more? At the same time, you know, he takes care of every thing in the house; he has of himself undertaken the trouble of inspecting the other servants, and has often saved me great expences. He does all this through good-will, without any particular order; because I gained his gratitude by occasional presents. When your years will allow you to mix in the world, you will hear nothing in every family but complaints of the negligence and ingratitude of servants. Be assured, my dear, that the fault lies oftenest with the masters who endeavour to inspire them with fear, rather than with attachment.

Percival. Now I understand you perfectly; and I will one day make use of your instructions and your example.

Mr. Dexter. You will never have reason to repent following them. I inherited them from my father, and shall always remember what he used to tell us on this subject.

Percival. Ah! papa, if it be not too much trouble, I should be glad to hear the story.

Mr. Dexter. I take pleasure in making you this return for acknowledging your fault, and for your generosity to honest Colin. "Captain Flood, a brave officer, who had retired from the service, lived upon his estate, with his wife, an amiable lady, and five children worthy of such excellent parents. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood possessed the greatest respect for them, and this family all together formed the most pleasing sight imaginable. The sweetness of Mr. Flood's disposition, and the excellent order that subsisted in his house, gained him the good-will and admiration of all those who had the happiness of knowing him. The young people in those parts were eager to be in his service; and whenever a place was vacant in his family by a servant's dying or going away, it was sought as a desirable situation. Content appeared in the faces of all his people. To see them, one would have taken them for dutiful children round their father. His orders were so just and so moderate, that not one of them ever had a thought of disobeying him. Harmony reigned amongst them as amongst brothers. If ever they disputed, it was which had most zeal in the service of their master, and most attachment to his interests. Mr. Fulmer, who was formerly an intimate of Captain Flood's,

and had like him retired to his eſtate in another county, ſtopped one day at his houſe, in paſſing that way on his road to London. After a variety of diſcourſe, the converſation fell at laſt upon the diſagreeable circumſtances frequently attending the care of a family. Mr. Fulmer complained of the fatiguing employment of watching over ſervants; that he had never found any but ſuch as were inſolent, idle, or inattentive to their maſter's buſineſs. As to that, ſaid Mr. Flood, I cannot complain of mine. For theſe ten years I have had no weighty ſubject of diſpleaſure. I am very well ſatisfied with them, and they are the ſame with me. That is a happineſs not very common, ſaid Mr. Fulmer. You muſt have ſome particular ſecret for making good ſervants, and for keeping them in that perfection. The ſecret is very ſimple, anſwered Mr. Flood; and here it is, continued he, pointing to a ſmall deſk. I do not underſtand you, ſaid Mr. Fulmer; but Mr. Flood, without making any reply, opened the deſk. It contained ſix drawers, with theſe titles:—*Extraordinary expences.—For myſelf.—For my wife.—For my children.—Servants wages.—Gratuities to them.*—As I have always by me, reſumed Mr. Flood, a year's rent of my eſtate beforehand, I make ſix portions of it at the beginning of every year. In the firſt drawer I put a certain ſum, which is inviolably reſerved for unforeſeen occaſions. In the ſecond what I intend for my own expences. The third contains the money neceſſary for the domeſtic charges of the family, and my wife's pin-money. The fourth ſufficient for the proper education of my children. The wages of my ſervants are in the fifth; and in the ſixth are the gratuities that I beſtow them. It is to this laſt drawer that I owe the happineſs of having never had bad ſervants. Their wages are for what their duty requires of them: but the preſents that I diſtribute to them occaſionally, are for the performance of what is not ſtrictly comprized within their duty, for ſervices in which their affection to me outſtrips my orders and my wiſhes."

ALFRED

ALFRED AND DORINDA.

ON a fine ſummer's day, Mr. Vernon had promiſed to go a walking with his two children, Alfred and Dorinda, in a very fine garden a little way out of town. He went up to his dreſſing-room to prepare himſelf, and the children remained in the parlour. Alfred, delighted with the pleaſures that he promiſed himſelf from his walk, jumping and running careleſsly to and fro in the room, bruſhed the ſkirt of his coat againſt a very valuable flower that his father was rearing with infinite pains, and which he had unfortunately juſt brought in from before the window, in order to preſerve it from the heat of the ſun. O brother! what have you done? ſaid Dorinda, taking up the flower which was broken off from the ſtalk. She was holding it ſtill in her hand, when her father, who had finiſhed dreſſing himſelf, entered the parlour. How, Dorinda, ſaid Mr. Vernon in an angry tone, do you pluck a flower that you have ſeen me take ſo much pains to rear in order to have ſeed from it? Dear papa, anſwered Dorinda, trembling, pray do not be angry! I am not angry, replied Mr. Vernon, growing more calm; but as you may take a fancy to pluck flowers too in the garden that I am going to ſee, and which does not belong to me, you will not take it amiſs that I leave you at home.

Dorinda looked down, and held her tongue. Alfred could not keep ſilence any longer. He approached his father with tears in his eyes, and ſaid, It was not my ſiſter, papa; it was I that plucked off the flower: ſo it is I that muſt ſtay at home. Take my ſiſter along with you.

Mr. Vernon, touched with the ingenuous behaviour of his children, and their affection for each other, kiſſed them, and ſaid, You are both dear to me alike, and you ſhall both come with me.

Alfred and Dorinda leaped for joy. They went therefore to walk in the garden, where they ſaw plants of the moſt curious ſorts. Mr. Vernon with pleaſure obſerved Dorinda preſs her cloaths on each ſide, and Alfred take up the ſkirts of his coat under his arms, for fear of doing any damage as they walked among the flowers. The flower that he had loſt would, without doubt, have given

him a good deal of pleaſure; but he enjoyed much more in ſeeing mutual affection, candour and prudence, flouriſh in his children.

THE FROWARD LITTLE GIRL.

O Ye children, who have had the misfortune to contract a vicious habit, it is for your comfort and encouragement that I tell the following ſtory: in which you will ſee that amendment is eaſy, whenever one forms a ſincere and courageous reſolution.

Roſalind, until her ſeventh year, was the joy of her parents. At that age, when the growing light of reaſon begins to ſhew us the uglineſs of our faults, ſhe, on the contrary, had contracted one, which cannot better be deſcribed to you, than by the example of thoſe ſnarling curs that growl inceſſantly, and ſeem always ready to run at your legs and bite them. If any one, by miſtake, touched her play-things, ſhe would give that perſon a ſide-look, and grumble between her teeth for a quarter of an hour. If any chid her, though ever ſo gently, ſhe would ſtart up, and ſtamp with her feet, and throw the chairs about the room. Neither her father nor mother, nor any one of the family, could bear with her now. It is true, ſhe ſometimes repented of her faults; nay, ſhe often ſhed tears in private, on ſeeing herſelf become the averſion of every body, even to her parents. But habit ſoon got the better of her, and her temper became more croſs every day. One evening (it was New-Year's Eve) ſhe ſaw her mother go towards her room with a ſmall baſket under her cloak. Roſalind would have followed her, but Mrs. Faulkener ordered her to go back to the parlour. Upon this ſhe put on the ſulleneſt face that ever ſhe ſhewed, and clapped the door to ſo violently that ſhe made all the windows rattle. Half an hour after, her mother ſent for her. What was her ſurprize, on ſeeing the room lighted up with twenty candles, and the table covered with the moſt elegant toys. She could not utter a word, tranſported as ſhe was with joy and admiration. Come hither, Roſalind, ſaid her mother, and read on this paper for whom

whom these things are intended. Rosalind went to the table, and saw amongst the toys a slip of paper, on which she read the following words written in large letters:—*For an amiable little girl, in return for her good behaviour.*

She looked down, and did not say a word. Well, Rosalind, said her mother, for whom is this intended?

Not for me, said Rosalind, with the tears in her eyes.

Here is another paper, said Mrs. Faulkener; see if this does not concern you.

Rosalind took it, and read, *For a froward little girl, who is sensible of her faults, and in beginning a new year will take pains to amend them.* Oh! that is I, that is I! said she, throwing herself into her mother's arms, and crying bitterly. Mrs. Faulkener also dropped tears, partly of sorrow for her daughter's faults, and partly of joy for the repentance that she shewed. Come, said she, after a moment's silence, take what is intended for you, and may God, who has heard your resolution, give you force to execute it!

No, mama, answered Rosalind, the whole belongs to the person meant in the first paper. Keep it for me, until I am like her: you can tell me when I am so. This answer gave Mrs. Faulkener much pleasure; she therefore immediately put all the toys into a drawer, and giving the key to Rosalind, said, There, my dear child, you shall open the drawer when you yourself shall think it the proper time.

Near six weeks passed without the least instance of ill-humour from Rosalind. She threw her arms round her mother's neck, and sobbing, asked, May I open the drawer, mama? Yes, my dear, you may, answered Mrs. Faulkener, clasping her tenderly in her arms. But pray tell me how you have managed to get the better of your temper so? I studied it continually, replied Rosalind; it cost me some trouble, but every morning and evening, and a hundred times in the day, I prayed to God to keep up my courage.

Mrs. Faulkener shed the most delicious tears; and Rosalind became mistress of the toys, and soon after, of the affections of all her friends.

Her mother related this happy change in presence of a little miss who had the same fault; and she was so struck with it that she immediately formed the resolution of imitating Rosalind, in order to become amiable like her.

This attempt had the same success: and thus Rosalind was not only more happy herself, but rendered those also happy who chose to profit by her example. What child of spirit would not wish to enjoy the same honour and the same happiness?

THE USEFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.

ONE fine morning, in the month of June, Ambrose prepared to set out with his father on a party of pleasure, which for a fortnight before had taken up all his thoughts. He had risen, contrary to his custom, very early, in order to hasten the preparations for his jaunt. However, just as he thought that he had reached the object of his wishes, the sky darkened all at once, the clouds grew thick, and a violent wind bent down the trees and raised up a tempest of dust. Ambrose went down every moment into the garden, to observe how the sky looked: he then skipped up the stairs three at a time, to examine the barometer; but the sky and the barometer were both against him. For all this, he did not scruple to give his father good hopes, and to assure him that these unfavourable appearances would disperse in a moment; that presently it would be the finest weather in the world; and he concluded, that they ought to set out directly, to have the benefit of it.

Mr. Powell, who did not repose a blind confidence in his son's prognostics, thought it more prudent to wait a little. Just then the clouds burst, and discharged a heavy shower of rain. Ambrose, who was doubly disappointed, began to cry, and obstinately refused to be comforted. The rain continued until three o'clock in the afternoon. At length the clouds dispersed, the sun resumed his lustre, the sky its clearness, and all nature breathed the freshness of the Spring. Ambrose recovered his good humour by degrees, in proportion as the sky brightened. His father took him out a little way, and the calmness of the air, the singing of the birds, the fresh green of the fields, and the sweet perfume that breathed all round him, restored peace and satisfaction completely to his heart. Do not

you

you remark, said his father to him, the agreeable change just now produced all round you? Recollect how dull every thing yesterday appeared to us; the ground parched up by a long drought, the flowers without colour and hanging their languid heads, and in short, all vegetation seeming to be at a stand. What must we suppose to have so suddenly made nature appear young again? The rain that has fallen to-day, said Ambrose.

The injustice of his complaints, and the folly of his behaviour, struck him sensibly as he pronounced these words. He blushed, and his father judged that his own thoughts would be sufficient to teach him another time to sacrifice, without reluctance, a selfish pleasure to the general advantage of mankind.

THE PAGE.

A DRAMA, in ONE ACT.

CHARACTERS.

THE PRINCE OF ———.
MRS DORFFEN.
ELDER DORFFEN, - *an Ensign,* } *Her Sons.*
YOUNGER DORFFEN, *Page,* }
CAPTAIN DERENHOFF, - - *Her Brother.*
MASTER OF A ROYAL ACADEMY.
ATTENDANT.

The stage represents an anti-chamber in the palace. Beyond appears a bed-chamber with folding doors open; within side a camp bed, at the foot of which, on a stand, is a lamp lighted, and a watch.

SCENE I.

The Prince (in a morning gown, lying upon a camp bed and covered with a large cloak.) The Page (asleep in an arm-chair in the anti-chamber.)

The Prince (awaking.) THIS is something like rest.—This is the happiness of peace.—One can now indulge sleep, without being aroused by the noise of arms. (*Looks at his watch.*) Two o'clock? It must be later! I have slept more than two hours. Page! page!

The Page, (*ſtarting from his ſleep, half awake, and falling back into the arm-chair.*) Eh! who calls?—I'm coming—preſently.

The Prince. Is any body there? What, no anſwer?

The Page, (*turning himſelf and yawning.*) Oh dear! I was in ſuch a fine ſleep!

The Prince. I hear ſomebody ſpeak. Who is there? (*He turns the lamp, and ſees the page.*) Is it poſſible? What! that child here? Should he watch by me, or I by him? What could my people mean?

The Page, (*riſing up half aſleep, and rubbing his eyes.*) Sir!

The Prince. Come, come, my little friend, awake! Tell me what o'clock it is by your watch: mine is ſtopped.

The Page, (*ſupporting himſelf on the arms of the chair, and ſtill half aſleep.*) Eh? what, ſir?

The Prince, (*ſmiling.*) You are faſt aſleep. What a comical little face! He would afford an excellent picture as he is now. I bid you ſee what o'clock it is by your watch.

The Page, (*approaching ſlowly.*) Watch, ſir? I beg your highneſs's pardon! I have none.

The Prince. You are dreaming ſtill; or have you really no watch?

The Page. I never had one.

The Prince. Never? How could your father ſend you hither without a thing ſo neceſſary, and indeed the only thing for which, in your caſe, you have an abſolute occaſion.

The Page. My father? Ah! if he were alive!

The Prince. You have no father, then?

The Page. He died, Sir, before I was born. I never ſaw him.

The Prince. Poor child! But your guardian, your mother ſhould have taken care—

The Page. My mother, ſir? Ah! does not your highneſs know it? She lives very poorly indeed. What money ſhe had ſhe laid out upon me, but ſhe had not enough to buy me a watch.

The Prince. Who is your guardian?

The Page My uncle, ſir.

The Prince, (*ſmiling.*) That is good. But there are ſo many uncles in the world! What is your uncle's name?

The

The Page. He is a captain in your highneſs's guards, and on guard to-day.

The Prince. You are right: I recollect him: it was he that brought you to me. My little man, take this taper; hold it faſt. In that bed-room (*pointing*) there, on that ſide, you will find two watches hanging by the glaſs. Bring me the one that you find on the right-hand, and take care to ſet the room on fire with the taper! Make haſte!

The Page, (*going.*) Yes, ſir.

SCENE II.

The Prince.

What a ſweet child! what amiable ſimplicity! Ah! if there were a man like this child for ſincerity, and that man my friend!—It is a pity that he is ſo little: he will never anſwer; I muſt ſend him back to his mother.

SCENE III.

The Prince, the Page.

The Page, (*holding the light in one hand, and the watch in the other.*) It is five o'clock, ſir.

The Prince. I was not miſtaken: it will ſoon be light. (*Taking his watch.*) But is this the one that I ſent you to bring? Was this on the right hand?

The Page. Is not that it, ſir? Indeed I thought it was.

The Prince. Well, my little friend, ſuppoſing it was, if you had known your own intereſt properly, you ſhould have taken the other; for this, ſet round as it is with brilliants, cannot be proper for a child to wear. Is it poſſible that covetouſneſs directed your choice? or are you like thoſe who loſe all, by trying to gain too much? Tell me!

The Page. I do not know what your highneſs ſays.

The Prince. I muſt explain myſelf then more clearly. Can you tell the right from the left?

The Page, (*looking at each hand by turns.*) The right and the left, ſir?

The Prince, (*patting him on the ſhoulder.*) Well, my little friend, perhaps you diſtinguiſh them as little as good from

evil. Pity that you cannot preserve that happy ignorance! Go, run and tell your uncle, the captain, to come to me. (*The page goes out.*)

SCENE IV.

The Prince.

How ingenuous! how amiable a child!—An additional reason for restoring him to his family. The court is the center of corruption. I will not suffer him to fall a victim to it. Yes, I will send him home. But where must he go, if his mother be so indigent, as he says, and not able to maintain him? I must enquire about it. Derenhoff can give me every information that I desire.

SCENE V.

The Prince, the Page.

The Page. My uncle, the captain, is coming to your highness.

The Prince. Well, what is the matter? You look quite heavy. Perhaps you would wish to have a little more sleep?

The Page. Why yes, sir, a little.

The Prince. If that is all, go and fix yourself again in your arm-chair. I have been a child myself, and know how agreeable rest is at your age. Go seat yourself, I tell you; I give you leave. (*The page sits in the arm-chair, and settles himself to sleep.*) I thought he would not need to be bid twice.

SCENE VI.

The Prince, Captain Derenhoff, the Page, (asleep.)

Capt. Derenhoff. Your highness—

The Prince. Come in, captain. What do you think of the little messenger that I sent to you? What use shall I make of him? to attend me in my chamber?

Capt. D. (*shrugging up his shoulders.*) I confess, sir, he is rather little.

The Prince. Or to go on horseback on my business?

Capt.

Capt. D. I ſhould be afraid that he would never come back.

The Prince. Or to watch here at night?

Capt. D. (*ſmiling.*) Yes, provided your highneſs ſleep.

The Prince. What can I do then with this child? nothing; that is plain. So that in bringing him hither, you probably did not intend that he ſhould be of uſe to me in his ſervice, but that I ſhould to him in his fortune. You told me, I recollect, that his mother was not able to bring him up; but is it true that ſhe is reduced abſolutely to indigence?

Capt. D. (*laying his hand on his breaſt.*) Yes, ſir, it is the exact truth.

The Prince. And by what misfortunes?

Capt. D. By this very laſt war, which has enriched ſo many others. It is true, her eſtate was ſomething encumbered, but at preſent it is taken totally out of her hands. Every thing is pillaged, burnt, utterly deſtroyed. Beſides all this, law ſuits: they follow war as the plague does famine. Happily for her, her children are ſettled for the preſent. The youngeſt is page to your highneſs, the eldeſt, enſign in your highneſs's guards. As to the mother, ſhe lives as ſhe can.

The Prince. Wretchedly enough, no doubt.

Capt. D. True ſir. (*Coldly.*) She has retired to a cottage, where ſhe lives quite alone and retired. I never go to ſee her. I am her brother, and could not bear the ſhocking ſight of her diſtreſs.

The Prince. You are her brother?

Capt. D. Yes, ſir, unhappily.

The Prince, (*with contempt.*) Unhappily? and you never go to ſee her? I underſtand you, ſir. Her diſtreſs would make you bluſh; or, if it affected you, to relieve her, you think, would coſt you ſomething. (*Capt. Derenhoff appears confuſed.*) What is your ſiſter's name?

Capt. D. Dorffen, ſir.

The Prince, (*muſing.*) Dorffen? Had not I a major of that name in my troops?

Capt. D. Yes, ſir.

The Prince. Who was killed at the opening of the firſt campaign of the war?

Capt. D. True, ſir. He was father to the enſign, and to this child; a man of honour, and perfectly brave. He

mounted

mounted a breach with the chearfulneſs of one going to an entertainment. He had the heart of a lion.

The Prince. Of a man, captain; that is ſaying more. I remember him very well, and could wiſh—

Capt. D. (*drawing near.*) What would your highneſs wiſh?

The Prince. To ſpeak with his widow.

Capt. D. Your highneſs can do that immediately. She is here.

The Prince. Is ſhe here? ſend to her; let her come to me as ſoon as ſhe riſes. I deſire to ſee her, and to return her child to her.

Capt. D. Sir—

The Prince I forbid your mentioning it to her. Go. (*Captain Derenhoff goes out.*)

SCENE VII.

The Prince, the Page, (*aſleep.*)

The Prince. What! reduced to ſo diſtreſsful a ſituation by the war? Dreadful ſcourge! how many families has it plunged into miſery! Still, however, it is better that they ſhould be unhappy by the war than by me. It is neceſſity, and not my choice, that has made me take up arms. (*He riſes, and after walking about a little, ſtops before the Page's chair.*) Amiable child!—how he ſleeps at his eaſe! It is innocence in the arms of ſleep. He thinks himſelf in the houſe of a friend, where he ought not to be under conſtraint. Perfectly in nature! (*walks about again.*) His mother? But indeed I ſhould not concern myſelf much for her, if ſhe were like the captain. I will put her to the proof, in order to know her; and then—then it will be time enough to take my meaſures. (*He leans over the back of the arm-chair, and looking fondly at the Page, perceives a letter hanging out of his pocket.*) But what is this? a letter? (*opens it, and reads at the bottom*) "Your affectionate mother, Catharine Dorffen." Ah! it is from his mother. Shall I read it? I wiſh to know her character. She will not diſſemble with her own child. Let us ſee. (*reads.*)

"My dear ſon. The difficulty that you find in writing, has not, I ſee, hindered your complying with my requeſt;

queſt; and your letter is even longer than I could expect. This willingneſs in you convinces me that you love me. I am ſenſible of it, and thank you ſincerely for it. You tell me that you have been introduced to the prince; that he has been ſo good as to approve of you; that he is the beſt and mildeſt of maſters, and that you love him very much already." (*He looks at the page.*) What, my friend, you have written ſo to your mother? I only do my duty, then, in making you a return, and in ſeeking to give you proofs of my friendſhip. "You have reaſon to love him, my dear child; for without his generous aſſiſtance, what would be your lot in this world? You have loſt your father; and although your mother be ſtill living, you are not the leſs to be pitied. Fortune has put it out of her power to fulfil her duty to you; that is my greateſt grief, and the moſt cruel of my diſtreſſes. While I had only to think of myſelf, misfortunes could never affect me; but when your image offers itſelf to my thoughts, my heart is ready to burſt, and my tears never ceaſe." Much tenderneſs, much ſenſibility appears here; and if ſhe be as excellent a woman as ſhe is a tender mother—And why ſhould ſhe not? She is, I have not a doubt of it. "I cannot, my dear, lead you myſelf in the road to fortune, as I could wiſh; I am obliged to remain here in ſolitude and retirement; but I ſhall never ceaſe to give you my advice with all the earneſtneſs of affection; and while my voice can reach you, it ſhall conſtantly entreat you to follow the paths of honour and virtue. As a freſh proof of that obedience which you have hitherto ſhewn to me, I requeſt you always to carry this letter about you." (*Looks at the page.*) Well, he has been obedient. "If ever you ſhould be in danger of failing in your duty, or neglecting the advice that I gave you when I kiſſed you at parting, and bedewed you with my tears, then my dear ſon remember this letter; open it; think of your mother, your unfortunate mother, who is only ſupported in her ſolitude by the hopes that ſhe builds on you." What has he not a brother? "Think that ſhe would die with grief were you to behave amiſs, and that you yourſelf would ſtab the heart that loves you above all things upon earth." She ſees his danger. She is right, for he is much expoſed here. Ought ſhe to have ſent him hither? "It is not ſuſpicion or diſtruſt that make

me

me ſpeak thus. Your behaviour never gave me cauſe for them. No, my dear child; but your brother has made my tears flow; you, I hope, will ſpare the feelings of your mother more than he has done." So then, the eldeſt?—the enſign?—I muſt inform myſelf more of this. "You have always behaved with duty and reſpect; I own it with tears of joy. Go on, my dear child; become an honeſt man, and your mother, be ſhe ever ſo poor, ever ſo unhappy, will ſoon forget her misfortunes and diſtreſs." Very well. I like this woman; misfortune exalts her ſentiments, inſtead of depreſſing them. "You tell me at the end of your letter, that all your companions have watches. I know that you ſhould have one too; however, you break off there, and do not expreſs even a wiſh for one. This reſerve pleaſes me, and I am unhappy in not being able to reward it. You know, my dear, that I cannot, and therefore you will pardon me. Buſineſs of importance calls me to the capital; I am going thither, and this journey will take from me what little money I have left. It is a neceſſary expence, and I cannot avoid it. But be aſſured that in the end I ſhall do every thing in my power to ſatisfy your wiſh. And ſhould I even ſtint myſelf of neceſſaries, I will never ſuffer my heart's beſt beloved to want an encouragement to virtue. I hope ſoon to ſee you again, and am."—— This woman is worthy of a better lot. I will keep this letter, and ſhew it to my wife. But no, it is this child's treaſure; why deprive him of it? (*He puts the letter into the page's pocket again.*) With what tranquility he ſleeps ſtill! Heaven, they ſay, prepares the happineſs of its children while they ſleep. (*He takes him by the hand.*) Ho! my little friend! (*The page awakes, and looks at the prince for ſome time.*) He is a charming child, upon my life! Come, my little friend, awake. It is broad day, and you cannot ſleep here any longer. Riſe.

The Page. (*riſing ſlowly.*) Yes, ſir.

The Prince. You are faſt aſleep ſtill. Here, go into my bed-room. (*He goes in.*) Put out the light, and ſhut the doors. Now go to that place where you found the watch. Make haſte! not there, this way. Here, ſtraight on; quick; come back the other ſide. Well, are you awake now?

The Page. Heigho! yes, ſir.

The Prince. Tell me, for I look upon you as a diligent child, and even clever; can you write letters?

The Page. Oh, yes; when I set about it. I have writ two long ones already.

The Prince. These two were to your mother, I suppose.

The Page. (*with a pleased, familiar air.*) Yes, sir, to my mother.

The Prince. Joy sparkles in your eyes when I speak of her. (*aside.*) What affection they bear to each other even in poverty! But is your mother very good?

The Page, (*taking the prince's hand between both his.*) Ah! if you knew her!

The Prince. I will know her, my little friend.

The Page. She is so good-natured, and so fond of me—

The Prince. I could wish her sons to be like her. Your brother the ensign? they say he does not go on well. But you?—

The Page, (*shaking his head.*) Ah! my brother the ensign—

The Prince. Yes, they say that he causes your mother much trouble. Is that true?

The Page. Ah! sir—But I was forbid to open my lips about it. If his colonel knew—(*with an air of confidence.*) Oh! that colonel is an ill-natured man.

The Prince. He shall know nothing of it, I promise you. Speak then; what has been the matter? what has your brother done?

The Page. A great many things. I don't know myself quite how it was. I only saw that my mother was mighty angry about it; and to hide my brother's fault, she gave away all that she was worth in the world. (*He goes near to the prince and speaks low.*) Only for that, she said, he might have been broke.

The Prince. Broke? for what?

The Page. Ah! sir, I cannot tell that.

The Prince. What, not to me?

The Page. They would not let myself know that.

The Prince, (*laughing.*) They were very right, I think. But as to you, since you have not a watch, I suppose you asked your mother in your letter to buy you one.

The Page. Only once, no more.

The Prince. Oh! then she was angry with you?

The

The Page. No, no, sir; so far from that, she wrote to me that she would spare from the little money that she had, and buy me one. I am sorry that I spoke to her of it. She can hardly live as it is. That grieves me very much.

The Prince. So it should. A good son should not be an expence to his mother. It is his duty, on the contrary, to seek all means of relieving her. As to the watch, if that were all, one might content you. (*He takes out his purse.*) Hold, my little friend; here are twelve guineas that I can spare. I will make you a present of them. Give me your hand.

The Page, (*holding his hand, while the prince counts out the money.*) Are they for me, sir?

The Prince, Yes, certainly; but tell me, what do you think to do with this money?

The Page. Could not I buy a watch with it?

The Prince. Yes, and a very handsome one; but however, when we consider the matter, you have no absolute occasion for a watch. There are enough here. (*While he speaks, the page looks earnestly at him.*) If I were in your place, I know very well what I would do. I would lay that money out better. However, just as you please. I am going to dress. Stay here until I come back.

The Page, (*calling him.*) Sir?

The Prince. Well, what do you want?

The Page. My mother is in town. She sets off this morning, and I could wish to take my leave of her. (*coaxingly.*) Will your highness give me leave?

The Prince. No, my boy; there is no occasion for that. Your mother shall come to you for this time. You shall see her; have a little patience. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE VIII.

The Page.

She will come here? I shall see her here? what can be the reason of that? no matter; if she comes and sees me, that is enough. One, two, three—(*counts all the money.*) Twelve guineas to buy a watch! How happy I am! I think I have it already in my hands; I hear it click, and wind it up myself. But when the prince said that

that he knew very well what he would do if he was in my place, what did he mean by that? what would he do then? Ah! he has watches in all his rooms; so he does not know what it is to want one. But he told me, too, that a good son should relieve his mother. No doubt he was thinking then of mine. Twelve guineas! (*looks at them.*) It is a great deal of money indeed; a great deal of money. If my mother had them, they would be of great service to her. (*He presses the money to his breast with both his hands.*) Ah! a watch! a watch! (*lets his hands fall.*) But then a mother too! and so kind a mother! Yesterday, too, she was so dull, she looked so pale, and so ill. I do believe that giving her this money would recover her at once.—Shall I go without it myself for her sake?—(*With resolution.*) Yes, I will.—But let her come soon, for I may change my mind. I have the watch at heart still! *Puts his finger on his mouth.*) Not a word! Hist! somebody comes.

SCENE IX.

Mrs. Dorffen, Captain Derenhoff, the Page.

The Page, (*running to meet his mother.*) Ah! mama!

Mrs. Dorffen, (*looks anxiously round, without minding the child.*) I do not know, brother, but I am uneasy; what can his highness want with me?

Capt. D. There; look at that child. He is going to give him back to you. (*She looks at the child with surprize and concern, who meantime hangs on her, quite joyful.*) But in fact, it was nonsense to bring him here. What can the prince do with him? The other pages grow up, appear like men, and enter into the army. But he—(*with a look of contempt*) he is such a diminutive creature, he never will be good for any thing. The milk that you gave him was poisoned by your griefs. He is a plant that is spoiled at the root. He will never have strength or figure.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*sorrowfully.*) Oh! brother!

Capt. D. In short, when you see the prince, be sure not to say a word to him of this child. It would be to no purpose. Rather solicit him in favour of the ensign. He has some appearance at least; he is a man.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dorffen. In favour of the enſign?

Capt. D. Yes, he has ſent for him.

Mrs. Dorffen. You frighten me. Can he have learnt?—

Capt. D. (*coldly.*) It may be ſo: nay indeed it is probable. (*Leaning upon his cane, and ſhaking his head.*) What do you think would be the conſequence if he knew that the puppy meant to decamp, and had taken up money? and that it is only on my account, who ſettled the affair—(*with vehemence.*) I tell you, and you will ſee it, I ſhall ſuffer for my own good nature, and perhaps be put under arreſt myſelf. I wiſh I had never concerned myſelf about your children. However, I never ſhall again—(*as he goes off grumbling, he turns back.*) No, I never ſhall as long as I live. (*goes out.*)

SCENE X.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

The Page, (*ſeeing her concern.*) My uncle is always in a bad humour. But let him talk on, mama, never fear.

Mrs. Dorffen. Be quiet, child; you dont know—

The Page. Oh! I know more than he does. The prince is not what he ſays. He never does harm to any body. So far from that, look, look here; (*ſhews the twelve guineas in his hand.*) ſee all that—and it was he that gave it to me.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*aſtoniſhed.*) Is it poſſible? The Prince?

The Page. He took it out of a large, large purſe that was full of gold, a little before you came. Ah! if the prince choſe, mama, if he choſe—Oh! he is rich, I promiſe you.

Mrs. Dorffen. But how was this? I do not underſtand it. He muſt have had ſome reaſon.

The Page. Certainly. His watch was ſtopped. He had been hunting all day yeſterday, and forgot to wind it up; and this morning—(*he runs to the bed-room, and opens the door.*) There, mama; there is the place where he lay. So he called me, and bid me look at my watch; and as I had none—

Mrs. Dorffen. He gave you that money.

The Page. Yes, he gave it to me to buy one. (*Shewing the money again.*) Twelve guineas, mama.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dorffen. Look at me. Am I to believe you?

The Page. Indeed you may. But I am not in a hurry for a watch. I ſhall have one ſome time or other. (*taking his mother's hand.*) Take this money, mama. Put it into your purſe.

Mrs. Dorffen. (*with emotion.*) What, my dear? How?—

The Page. I am ſo ſorry to ſee you always crying. Ah! mama, I wiſh I had a great deal of money, then you ſhould never cry any more. All, yes every farthing you ſhould have and welcome.

Mrs. Dorffen. (*leaning over him.*) What! you would, my dear!

The Page. How pleaſed I'd be to ſee you happy and contented!

Mrs. Dorffen, (*kiſſing him.*) I am happy, my love. I would not give the happineſs that I feel this moment for all your prince's gold. Ah! you do not know how the compaſſionate tenderneſs of a ſon impreſſes the heart of an unfortunate mother.

The Page, (*taking his mother's hand again.*) But you will take this money, though; I beg you, my dear mama, not to refuſe me.

Mrs. Dorffen. Yes, my dear, I will take it. As others may impoſe upon you, I ſhall take care to———

The Page. To do what? to buy me a watch?

Mrs. Dorffen. Why, if you remain with the prince, you will want one.

The Page. Oh! no, no. The prince has watches in every room. He told me himſelf that I ſhould not want one.

Mrs. Dorffen. But what he has given you was to buy one.

The Page. That is what he told me, however.

Mrs. Dorffen. You are deceiving me my dear; and even your fondneſs for your mother ſhould not make you tell a ſtory.

The Page. A ſtory? Then you do not believe me? Now I wiſh that his highneſs were here, I wiſh he would come. (*turning about.*) Ah; here he is himſelf.

SCENE XI.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

The Page, (*running to meet the Prince.*) Is not it true ſir, that you gave me twelve guineas at firſt, to buy a watch?

The Prince, (*ſmiling.*) Yes, my man.

The Page. And did not you tell me afterwards, that I ſhould not want one?

The Prince. Yes, that is true too.

The Page, (*turning immediately towards his mother.*) Well, mama, now?

Mrs. Dorffen, (*confuſed.*) Your highneſs will be ſo good as to excuſe the ſimplicity of a child who forgets the reſpect——

The Prince. Excuſe it, madam! that ſimplicity delights me, and I could wiſh to find it in every body; it is ſo agreeable to nature. Well, my man, your mother would not believe you then?

The Page, (*looking a little vexed.*) No, ſir. At firſt ſhe would not believe me, and afterwards ſhe would not accept the money.

The Prince. What do you ſay? accept? Why, have you thought ſo little of my preſent, as to give it away again? I cannot ſuppoſe that.

The Page, (*heſitating.*) Sir——

The Prince. If I thought ſo, I ſhould not be very ready to give you more. Come then, tell me the truth; is it ſo?

The Page, (*pointing to his mother.*) Ah! ſir, my mama is ſo poor!

The Prince, (*chucking him under the chin.*) Good little ſoul! Have you given up then the only object of your wiſhes, in order to relieve your mother? It would be very hard, indeed, that you ſhould loſe a watch for doing ſo. (*He takes out his own.*) There! if I had but this ſingle watch, I would give it to you, to reward your affection.

The Page, (*taking it joyfully.*) Ah! ſir. But does it go!

The Prince. Never fear; it goes very well. (*The Page runs to his mother, to ſhew her the watch.*)

The Prince. Come, my little friend, put up your watch. And ſince you have made ſo good uſe of the little that I gave you, (*gives him his purſe,*) here, take this. There are a hundred guineas inſtead of the firſt twelve.

The Page (*looking at him with aſtoniſhment.*) Sir?

The Prince. Do you heſitate? Here, take them.

The

The Page. What, the purſe, ſir, and all that is — (*Going to return it.*) Indeed it is too much.

The Prince. Yes, for yourſelf. But I give it to you, that you may diſpoſe of it. And who do you think wants it moſt?

The Page. Who wants it? (*Looks at the Prince and his mother by turns.*) There mama, take it.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*coming forward towards the Prince.*) Your highneſs——

The Prince. Pray, no acknowledgements, madam. You will find that it is very little, and I fear it may be of more harm to you than advantage. But (*pointing to the Page*) I need not tell you that this child is too weak and too little for my ſervice. At his age, children are hardly able to do much for others. In ſhort, I hope you will have no objection to take him back again. You are ſilent.

Mrs. Dorffen. Your highneſs will excuſe—

The Prince. What?

Mrs. Dorffen. I own, ſir, I am wrong to bluſh for a poverty which I did not bring upon myſelf, and I may without diſgrace ingenuouſly confeſs it to my ſovereign. (*Coming nearer, and looking ſtedfaſtly at him.*) Yes, ſir; my circumſtances are too narrow to maintain and bring up my ſon. I have long looked forward to the future with an anxious eye; and now my fears are real. I ſhall be the victim of grief. Ah! if I muſt carry back with me into the ſorrowful retreat of miſery this child that your highneſs returns to me, who is the only object of all my concern; this child who is too young as yet—(*endeavouring to contain her tears*) to—feel the loſs of a father—Ah! pardon a mother's weakneſs.

The Page, (*taking the Prince's hand,*) *ſorrowfully.* Mama is crying, ſir.

The Prince. Well! ſuppoſing that you were to live with your mother?

The Page, (*with a look of entreaty.*) Your highneſs won't ſend me home?

The Prince. No? Do you think not? This confidence, my little friend, pleaſes me. Madam, he may ſtay. And yet it would be a pity if his morals, his innocence— But, no. There is nothing to fear as yet.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*looking at him attentively.*) His innocence did your highneſs ſay?

The Prince. There is no fear, madam. You would imagine perhaps that I wiſh to draw back my word. But don't be uneaſy.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*fearfully.*) Yet, might I take the liberty, without breaking through the reſpect that I owe your highneſs, to requeſt you to explain yourſelf—

The Prince. Madam, what I meant was this. I have for ſome time paſt been extremely diſſatisfied with my pages. Their company and example might perhaps—Yet after all it is but a perhaps, and one may try—

Mrs. Dorffen, (*eagerly ſeizing her ſon's hand.*) No, ſir.

The Prince, (*affecting diſpleaſure.*) No? As you pleaſe, madam.

Mrs. Dorffen. My ſon's innocence is too dear to me. I ſhudder at the dangers to which I was going to expoſe him.

The Prince. But conſider—

Mrs. Dorffen. I conſider nothing: I ſee my ſon in the midſt of the flames; and if I can but ſave him, no matter, though he ſhould be naked.

The Prince But without fortune, without education, madam, what will become of him?

Mrs. Dorffen. Whatever it ſhall pleaſe heaven. I ſubmit to the divine will. If he cannot ſupport his birth, let him go labour in the fields; let him die in poverty, but retain his innocence.

The Prince (*in his natural manner.*) This is thinking nobly. Yes, madam, I ſee, you deſerve every thing that I can poſſibly do for you. (*Coming nearer to her and ſpeaking with earneſtneſs.*) In what can I be of aſſiſtance to you? Tell me how I can ſerve you. Only ſpeak, you ſee a friend before you.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*with emotion.*) Ah! ſir——

The Prince. Tell me firſt of all what is your ſituation. How are you with regard to your eſtate?

Mrs. Dorffen. It will be abſolutely impoſſible, ſir, for me to ſave it.

The Prince. Your debts then are pretty conſiderable? You are at law now, I am told. Do not they give you any hopes?

Mrs.

Mrs. Dorffen. None, ſir. One cauſe, concerning a ſmall inheritance, ſhould have been decided long ago in my favour. My title is indiſputable. But intereſt and money are againſt it. Neceſſity brought me hither to town, in order to endeavour a compromiſe, but I could not ſucceed.

The Prince. So much the better. You ſhall have juſtice now, without making any ſacrifice, I give you my word of honour; and accept moreover a penſion of a hundred a year. I hope that it will put you above every neceſſity.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*throwing herſelf at his feet.*) Oh! ſir, ſo much goodneſs! how ſhall I—

The Prince, (*raiſing her.*) What are you doing, madam? Riſe, I requeſt you. I only diſcharge what I owe to the memory of a man whoſe widow you are. I do for you no more than I would do for any one whoſe virtue I eſteemed. Tell me, would you ſtill heſitate to take back your child?

Mrs. Dorffen. Sir, could I ſo forget—

The Prince. And you, my little friend, would you like to go back with your mother?

The Page, (*playing with his watch.*) With my mother? Yes, ſir.

The Prince. And yet now I know that you love me, would not you like as well to ſtay with me?

The Page. Yes, very well, ſir.

The Prince. Now, if that be ſo, were I to give you back to your mother, it would be ſending you away from me, and you have aſked me ſo earneſtly to keep you here. Beſides, your mother has thrown you into my arms. I muſt therefore take another way to ſettle matters. Stop here, madam, I ſhall be with you in a moment.

SCENE XII.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*throwing herſelf into an arm chair.*) O bleſſed day! O unexpected happineſs!

The Page. Well, mama; well, are you glad?

Mrs. Dorffen, (*drawing him to her affectionately.*) O my ſon, my dear ſon!

The Page. But you do not rejoice. You ought to be merrier, mama.

Mrs. Dorffen. Even my happineſs makes me bluſh. It reproaches me for the little truſt that I had in Providence, and for the ſorrow that I felt when you came into the world. It was but a moment after I had heard of the loſs of your father. I looked at you with pity, and lamented that you ever ſaw the light. (*She takes him in her arms and kiſſes him.*) Yet it was you that was to relieve your unfortunate mother! your young hands were to dry up her tears! O heaven! what can I now deſire more? Nothing, nothing, but to be ſure of your brother's lot, and then my happineſs would be complete.

The Page. My brother's? Why, mama, what of him?

Mrs. Dorffen. If the prince knew what he has done—

The Prince. And if he did, there would be nothing of it. You ſaw how good and how generous he is.

Mrs. Dorffen. To us, my dear, who are not guilty of any crime.

The Page. Beſides, he promiſed me that he would not tell, and that the colonel ſhould know nothing of it.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*frightened.*) What! he promiſed you!

The Page. Yes, indeed: ſo you need not be afraid.

Mrs. Dorffen. I am thunder-ſtruck. You have told him then?

The Page. Nay, hardly any thing. Only all that I knew. And then he aſked me concerning my brother's behaviour, and ſo I could not tell a fib. You know you bid me never to do ſo.

Mrs. Dorffen. But, my dear child—

The Page. Why, mama, are you uneaſy?

Mrs. Dorffen. Uneaſy? O heavens! can you aſk? Oh! if the prince ſhould enquire farther, if he ſhould be informed—You may ruin your mother and your brother! you may plunge us all into the deepeſt miſery.

The Page, (*ready to cry.*) The deepeſt miſery?

Mrs. Dorffen. Somebody comes—(*She kiſſes and encourages him.*) Say not a word. Dry up your tears. They will only, perhaps, make the matter worſe. Do not be uneaſy.

SCENE

SCENE XIII.

Mrs. Dorffen, the Page, the Prince followed by Captain Derenhoff, and Enſign Dorffen.

The Prince. Come in, gentlemen. (*To the Enſign.*) You are enſign Dorffen, then? the ſon of that brave Major?

Enſign Dorffen, (*bowing very low.*) Yes, ſir.

The Prince. That is a great recommendation with me. Your father was a man of honour and a brave officer. I have no doubt but his example rouſes your emulation, and that you ſtrive to make yourſelf worthy of him.

Enſign Dorffen. Sir, I only do my duty.

The Prince. That is doing every thing. The braveſt man can do no more. There, ſir, is your mother: her virtues, and the hopes that may be formed of this amiable child, have given me the moſt favourable idea of your family; and therefore I wiſhed to ſee you all aſſembled here.

Enſign Dorffen, (*ſtill bowing.*) Your highneſs does me particular honour!

The Prince. No more, certainly, than you deſerve.

Enſign Dorffen. Your highneſs judges favourably of me.

The Prince. Really, ſir, I only want to be confirmed in the opinion that I am tempted to form of you at preſent, in order to make your fortune: and yet that air of freedom and confidence that becomes you ſo well——

Enſign Dorffen. Ah! ſir.

The Prince. Denotes (permit me to ſay) a heart either very noble, or very corrupt. The ſon of ſuch parents cannot be ſuſpected. Certainly not. Therefore, ſir, what can we do to ſerve you? A ſtep higher would not advance you much in rank. What think you?

Enſign Dorffen (*rubbing his hands*). No, certainly ſir.

The Prince. Now, if we were to paſs over this ſtep? A Company! the rank of captain! It is the main object with you young gentlemen. But firſt—(*turning ſhort round to Capt. Derenhoff*) Sir, what is your opinion of your nephew?

Capt. Derenhoff (*something confused*). Mine, sir? My opinion?

The Prince. One would think it to be unfavourable.

Capt. Derenhoff. No, sir, rather much the contrary; I believe that he has courage, and will be a brave——

The Prince (*looking with satisfaction at ensign Dorffen.*) Ay is that true?

Capt. Derenhoff. Besides, he has a promising figure.

The Prince. He is a fine lad, I confess. But his behaviour, his morals? I am ashamed, indeed, to ask you about such trifles. In short, what is his character?

Capt. Derenhoff (*smiling.*) Oh! a little too airy, sometimes petulant. After all, sir, you know, that does not misbecome a soldier.

The Prince. I know? Really that is something new to me. I want now, madam, only your testimony. What will you say of your son?—(*After a pause*) Nothing?

Mrs. Dorffen. What should I say of him?

The Prince. What you think. The truth.

Mrs. Dorffen. But can I, sir? If I had reason to praise him, would you wish me to do it in his presence? or should I speak to his prejudice before him who can determine his fortune?

The Prince, (*smiling.*) Excellent, madam. To the fondness of a mother you join the address of a woman. I cannot but admire you. (*In a serious tone.*) Sir, every one has his way. I have mine, when I mean to advance an officer, I begin with putting him under arrest. What do you think of it?

Ensign Dorffen, (*frightened.*) Sir—

The Prince. Yes, that is my manner. Give up your sword to the captain. An air of more modesty would have excused all. But this confidence, this undaunted tone—What can be expected from a person who with your conscience is master of such assurance? who should be sensible that he has deserved my displeasure? who knows how unworthily he has treated the best of mothers? and who nevertheless—Sir, let him be confined for a month. I will have no explanation upon what is past, and that on your account, madam, and because of the manner in which I came by my information; but particularly be-

cause

cauſe circumſtances make me preſume that his fault is of a weighty nature—(*With a ſevere and determined voice.*) Captain, if hereafter any thing ſhould happen, I deſire to be informed of it immediately, you underſtand? immediately. I mean to advance this young man; and neither you (*to the captain,*) nor (*in a gentler tone*) you, madam, ſhall make me alter my plan—Never give him any thing, never the ſmalleſt trifle by way of preſent. His pay may ſerve him; and let him learn to contract his expences. (*Making a ſign with his hand.*) Go, ſir, to your confinement. (*The two officers go out.*)

SCENE XIV.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorſſen, the Page.

The Prince. Well, madam, you ſeem dejected.

Mrs. Dorſſen, (*reſpectfully.*) Sir, I am a mother.

The Prince. But you are not one of thoſe weak mothers, who, to ſpare their children a ſlight mortification, chuſe not to correct them.

Mrs. Dorſſen. That would be a very falſe tenderneſs. No, ſir, I only fear that he may have loſt for ever his prince's favour.

The Prince. Do not be uneaſy, madam. My deſign is barely to make him worthy of the favours that I mean to beſtow on him. His youth claims ſome indulgence, therefore I excuſe his levities and indiſcretion; but I ſhall not always do ſo. What in one perſon brings back the love of virtue along with repentance, will in another ſtrengthen his inclination to vice. Upon the whole, make yourſelf eaſy. The young gentleman will come to himſelf, and I ſhall proportion my favour to his improvement. (*Turning to the page.*) As to this child, do you know what my intentions are?

Mrs. Dorſſen. Whatever they are, ſir, they will only aim to ſecure his happineſs. O, ſir! I have never let paſs a day without paying to your virtues the tribute of my homage, but I now ſee how far it fell below them.

The Prince. What would you ſay, madam? You do not know me. My object is to give the ſtate a worthy member,

member, and myſelf a faithful ſervant, and to raiſe up for my ſon a friend who may one day be ready to ſacrifice his life for him as his father has done for me.

SCENE XV.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page, Attendant.

Attendant. Pleaſe your highneſs, the Maſter of the Royal Academy.

The Prince. Let him come in. I hope, madam, that you need only to be informed of my intentions to approve them.

SCENE XVI.

The Prince, Mrs. Dorffen, the Page, the Maſter of the Academy.

The Maſter, (*bowing.*) I am come according to your highneſs's orders.

The Prince. Your ſervant, ſir, I am glad to ſee you. What do children of the firſt condition pay at the Royal Academy?

The Maſter. Of the firſt condition, ſir? That is as parents agree.

The Prince. However, mention the terms.

The Maſter. Sixty pounds, ſir.

The Prince. Very well. This child I mean to ſend to you. And as I ſhall be inſtead of a father to him, I propoſe to do as much for him as the beſt gentlemen do for their children. But tell me, who has the care of attending to theſe young perſons? for that is the eſſential point.

The Maſter. The different maſters, ſir.

The Prince. Who are, I ſuppoſe, qualified for their employment. But I do not know them. It is on you alone, ſir, that I wiſh to depend. You have gained my confidence. Would you be ſo good as to take this child particularly under your own care?

The

The Master. Sir, it is my duty.

The Prince. I do not mean to make it a duty to you. Will it be agreeable?

The Master. Sir, my duty is always agreeable to me.

The Prince. Very well. You may depend then on my gratitude. (*To the Page, as he takes him by the hand.*) Come hither, my man; do you see this gentleman? he is mild and good-natured; would you like to go and live with him?

The Page, (*after looking a moment at the master.*) Yes, sir.

The Prince. But observe, you are to look upon this gentleman as your master, as your benefactor. You are to shew him the greatest obedience, and the most dutiful respect; and if ever he has reason to complain of you—

The Page. Oh! sir, he never shall.

The Prince. You have seen that I can be as severe as I am gentle. So that at the smallest complaint—

The Page, (*bowing respectfully to the master.*) I hope, sir, you shall never have reason to complain of me.

The Prince. How do you like this child?

The Master. It is enough, sir, that I receive him from your hands; that will make him always dear to me as my own son.

The Prince. Well then, he may go with you. You have no objection, madam?

Mrs. Dorffen. Heavens, sir! objection?

The Prince. Go then, my dear; and never quit the paths of virtue and honour. I have only to add, that you may make yourself easy; you shall never want. But why so dull?

The Page, (*taking the prince's hand.*) I wish your highness all happiness.

The Prince, (*tenderly.*) And I you the same, my good little friend. God bless you, my dear. How grateful his heart is already! Now, sir, you may take him: and you, madam, accompany this gentleman, and see where your son is to be.

Mrs. Dorffen, (*throwing herself at his feet.*) Can I leave your highness without humbly—

The Prince. What are you doing, madam? I do not like this.

Mrs.

Mrs. Dorffen. Permit me to—

The Prince, (*raising her.*) By no means. Rise, madam. I cannot suffer that in any body.

Mrs. Dorffen. Well, I obey your highness, and take my leave—(*Lifting up her hands.*) I will bend then before my Maker, and pray him to protect for ever so generous a prince.

The Prince, (*with condescension, accompanying her a few steps.*) Farewel, madam, I wish you happy.

THE END OF VOL. I.

M. Brown del. Foot sculp.

Eat there, said Claribell to him; it is all that I have left to give you. You are the Father of this Child, and if you do not devour him, Famine and Misery shortly will. See page 20.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE

FRENCH OF M. BERQUIN;

COMPLETE

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M.DCC.LXXXVIII.

CONTENTS

OF THE

SECOND VOLUME.

	Page
MAURICE	1
The Parricide	17
Jonathan	18
Vanity punished	21
The Pleasures of Work	33
The Young Sparrows	38
The two Apple-Trees	41
If Men do not see you, God sees you	43
The Good Son	46
Physiognomy	64
Narcissus and Hippolytus	71
The Man who rose to sudden Fortune	75
The Greyhound and the Ring	79
The Hen	97
The Little Needle-Women	103
The Veteran dismissed with Honour	110
George and Cecilia	129
The Spirit of Contradiction	135

Cæsar

	Page
Cæsar and Pompey	139
The Little Girl with Whiskers	142
The Scar	144
The Silk Slip	146
The Fire	152
The Great Garden	167
Blind-Man's Buff	177

THE

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

MAURICE.

My dear Son,

DO not let the news that I am going to communicate afflict you too much. I wish I could conceal it from you, but I cannot. Your father is dangerously ill, and without a miracle in his favour we must lose him. O heavens! my heart is ready to burst when I think of his affliction. For these six days I have not closed my eyes, and am now so weak that I can scarcely hold my pen. You must come home immediately. The servant who delivers you this letter, will return with you. Your father desires earnestly to see you. "Maurice, my dear Maurice, if I could embrace him before I die!" he has repeated a hundred times in the day. Would to heaven that you were here now! However, do not lose a moment in packing up your things; and I have ordered the man to make all possible expedition. Every moment will be an age of anxiety to me, until I clasp you in my arms. Adieu, my dear child! may the Lord protect you from all dangers on your journey! I wait your return with the most lively impatience, and am

Your ever affectionate mother,

Oxford.

CECILIA LAVINGTON.

Dear Cousin,

I have now no other friend but you to apply to, and from you alone I can hope for comfort in a misfortune too weighty for me to bear. Heaven has deprived me of

what was dearest to me on earth, my beloved husband. You know how sincere and tender an affection I bore him. This day se'nnight he desired me to send for our son from school. When Maurice was brought up to his bed, he stretched out his hand to him, and had scarcely given him his blessing, before he expired. With him is gone all the satisfaction and happiness of my life. You see me now plunged into a situation the most distressful and afflicting to a woman, and a mother. Yet if I suffered alone, I could bear it; but my poor son sighs by my side. He is not yet sensible of the misfortune of being an orphan. It wounds my heart to see him look up to me with tears in his eyes, while he presses my hand, and speaks of his father. None but a mother can have an idea of so afflicting a sight. I think at those times that I read in his looks these melancholy words: "It is you alone, my dear mother, that must maintain me now." Wherever I go, he is at my side, and wipes the tears from his little eyes with my gown. Sorrow stops my voice when I would comfort him, for the very sight of my child renews all my afflictions. How shall I maintain him? My poor husband has left me nothing, and my hands are too feeble to work. To whom then shall I look for assistance, unless to you? On you alone I rest all my hopes. Heaven, I doubt not, will dispose your heart to relieve a destitute and forlorn widow, and to prove that the ties of blood which unite us are sacred. I give up my son to your care. Whatever kindness you shew to him, I shall receive as performed for my sake, and for the memory of a man who loved you. All the strength and spirits that I have left I will exert, to gain myself a livelihood by working; but to bring up my son properly is beyond my power. I give him up therefore to you entirely. However severe it may be to part with my child, I must yield to necessity. In the mean time I comfort myself in the reflexion, that I rely on the favour of a merciful God, and the kindness of a worthy relation. Be you to him as a father, and enable him one day to soften my afflictions. I am unable to proceed. My tears, which wet my paper, shew you sufficiently what my heart feels. You have it in your power to determine my happiness, and the well-being of my son. God will for ever bless

bleſs your liberality; he will reward you even in this world for your kindneſs to two unfortunate relations. I am, dear couſin,

Your diſconſolate kinſwoman, &c.

Oxford.

CECILIA LAVINGTON.

Madam,

Yours of the 7th inſt. in which you inform me of your huſband's death, has given me the ſincereſt affliction. You may be aſſured, I partake of your grief, and feel ſtill more for your loſs than for my own. Yet I muſt confeſs, I cannot help being a good deal ſurprized that you think of applying to me alone for aſſiſtance. Is it abſolutely neceſſary that your ſon ſhould have the education of a ſcholar, and add another to the number of half-learned ſmatterers that are already in the world? Are there not many other profeſſions in which he may render as great ſervices to ſociety, and labour to more advantage for his own intereſt? Conſider with yourſelf, how without fortune or friends will he be able to advance himſelf? You know the world too well, to make it neceſſary for me to ſhew you that ſuch an attempt would be impracticable. On the other hand, it would be unpleaſing to yourſelf to ſee him chargeable to ſtrangers. You ſpeak of the ties of blood; but my own family, which is very numerous, puts me more forcibly in mind of them; and I beg you to believe that it is with great difficulty I can maintain them in a ſuitable manner. To load myſelf with an additional burthen, is abſolutely out of my power; and I am convinced, that upon more mature reflexion, you will diſpenſe with my doing ſo. All that I can do is to put your ſon apprentice to a mercer at Rocheſter, a Mr. Durant, with whom I have concerns in buſineſs. I promiſe you, he ſhall be well treated there. You may ſend him upon trial for ſome time: and if approved, he will take him without a fee. Conſider maturely of my offer, and let me know your determination, and your ſon's. If he reſolves to go to the Univerſity, it is abſolutely out of my power to maintain him there. I

requeſt you to accept the encloſed order for four guineas, as a proof of my concern for your preſent diſtreſſed ſituation, and to believe me,

Madam, &c.

London.

Dear Sir,

I cannot forget the care that you and Mrs. Maſters took of me while at your academy, though I have at preſent ſcarcely ſtrength to write you theſe lines of acknowledgement. But my mama, who ſits by me crying, is unable through grief to take pen in hand, and has laid that taſk on me who am ſo unfit for it. However, from remembering your conſtant kindneſs to me, I find ſome ſatisfaction in writing to you, though I may ſucceed but indifferently. You are already informed, I ſuppoſe, of my papa's death. Ah! ſir, what you foretold me is not come to paſs. You bid me not to be uneaſy; that I ſhould perhaps, when I came home, find my papa out of danger. But, alas! he is dead. My mama is now a poor widow, and I an orphan. I dreaded no leſs, as I came near our houſe. I had fallen aſleep in the chaiſe, and dreamed that my papa was in heaven; and that he took me by the hand, and ſpoke to me. At this I awoke, and in waking, ſeemed to hear the paſſing-bell toll. Yet we were not near the houſe, and had more than three miles to go yet. At laſt, when I arrived, my mama was at our door, waiting for me, all in tears. She kiſſed me, and took me up ſtairs to my papa who was in bed and almoſt ſpeechleſs. When I kiſſed him, oh dear! how I cried and ſobbed. At this he opened his eyes, and ſeeing me, laid his hand upon my head, and gave me his bleſſing; but in ſo faint a voice as ſcarcely to be heard. Ah! you cannot imagine how my mama and I cried. All his neighbours and acquaintance were in tears, too, at his funeral; but mama and I more than any body. I begin to eat and drink a little, but my mama has abſolutely taken no nouriſhment, ſo that ſhe is as pale as death; and I beg of her continually not to die, for then I do not know what would become of me in this world. Ah! dear ſir, you may imagine how great a trouble it is to mama and me, that I am not able to continue my

educa-

education. But it cannot be otherwiſe, and I muſt be content. My mama has written to her couſin in London, who is a rich merchant, to requeſt him to maintain me at ſchool; but he will not, and he ſays that I ſhall be no better than a half-learned ſmatterer. For my part, I think, I might have learning enough if my mother had the tenth part of his money. But no; I muſt go apprentice to Mr. Durant the mercer, at Rocheſter. I cannot tell you how much that grieves me. Mama ſtrives to comfort me, and tells me that it is a reputable line of buſineſs, and that I may make a fortune by following it with application. But what does all this ſignify, when one diſlikes it? You know, dear ſir, that learning was all to me: I wiſhed to be as good a ſcholar and divine as my papa. Before, I had always a book in my hand; now I ſhall be employed meaſuring ſilks with a yard. But I muſt hold my tongue, ſince it cannot be otherwiſe. Dear ſir, I wiſh you happineſs, and ſhall always think of you. I hope, too, that you will not forget me, and thank you again for your kind treatment of me. I ſuppoſe Mr. Durant will ſeldom take me to London, ſo that as I paſs there in my way to Rocheſter, I ſhall go and ſee you and Mrs. Maſters; and if ever I come into great buſineſs, you ſhall take whatever you pleaſe in my ſhop, without paying a farthing. Only try. You ſhall ſee. Meantime I am, and ever ſhall be,

Dear ſir,

(as you uſed to call me,)

your little friend,

Oxford. MAURICE LAVINGTON.

Maurice, Mrs. Lavington. *Oxford.*

Maurice. Ah! mama, the ſtage is ready to ſet off.

Mrs. Lav. (*in tears.*) My dear child, are you going then to leave me?

Maurice. Pray, mama, do not cry ſo, or I ſhall be dull all the journey. Where are my gloves? Ah! they are on my hands. I do not know what I am doing.

Mrs. Lav. What pain it is to part with you! I will accompany you at leaſt a little way out of town.

Maurice. Nay, dear mama, you are already ſo ill, and ſo weak!

Mrs. Lav. It is but half a mile, my dear.

Maurice. But you know, the doctor ſays that you muſt take care of yourſelf. If you were to come home worſe, and be obliged, like my papa, to take to your bed and die, I ſhould be the cauſe of it. No, you muſt not ſtir out, or elſe I'll not go.

Mrs. Lav. Well, my dear child, then I will ſtay.

Maurice. Yes, mama, do not move out, and when I am gone, lie down on the bed and try to reſt.

Mrs. Lav. Oh! I wiſh I could.

Maurice. Good bye, good mama.

Mrs. Lav. God bleſs you and watch over you, my dear child. Be good, honeſt and induſtrious, and make your mother happy.

Maurice. You ſhall ſee, mama; you ſhall ſee that I will make you happy.

Mrs. Lav. Write to me regularly, at leaſt once a fortnight.

Maurice. Yes, every week, mama; and will you write to me too?

Mrs. Lav. Can you aſk that? I ſhall now have no other pleaſure upon earth. But ſhall we ever ſee each other again in this world?

Maurice. Oh! yes; we ſhall ſee each other again. I will take care to behave ſo well that I will get leave to come and ſee you in ſix months. But mama, the ſtage is going off. I muſt leave you.

Mrs. Lav. One kiſs more, my dear child! Farewel! (*They wave their hands until out of ſight.*)

Mr. Durant, Maurice. *Rocheſter.*

Mr. Durant. What do you bring me there, my little gentleman?

Maurice. A letter, ſir, my name is Lavington. I ſuppoſe you know what it concerns.

Mr. Durant. Oh! you are little Lavington. I am glad to ſee you. I like your face very well. Have you a taſte for buſineſs?

Maurice.

Maurice, (*ſighing.*) Why yes, ſir.

Mr. Durant. You have been ſome time at ſchool; can you read?

Maurice. Yes, ſir, I could read when I was only five years old; and now I am twelve.

Mr. Durant. Then your father muſt have begun pretty early with you. Can you write too, and caſt accompts? How much is 6 times 8?

Maurice. 48; and 6 times 48 make 288; and 6 times 288 make—ſtop a moment—make 1728; and add 59 to that, it makes 1787 exactly, the preſent year of our Lord.

Mr. Durant. How? Why you caſt accompts like a banker. I ſhall be glad to have ſo clever a little boy behind my counter.

Maurice. I hope, ſir, I ſhall give you ſatisfaction.

Mr. Durant. According as you behave yourſelf.

Maurice. Sir, I aſk no better.

Mr. Durant. I make no doubt but we ſhall be good friends.

Maurice. O ſir! you ſhall never have reaſon to find fault with me. I love my mama too well to run the riſk of grieving her.

Mr. Durant. Come then, I will introduce you to my wife and children. I have two much about your age.

Maurice. I hope, ſir, to gain the regard of all your family.

Lady Abberville, Maurice.

Maurice, (*carrying a piece of ſattin rolled up.*) Your ſervant, madam. Mr. Durant gives his compliments to your ladyſhip, and ſends the twelve yards of ſattin, of the pattern that you ſhewed him. You know the price, madam?

Lady Abber. He aſked me thirteen ſhillings at the firſt word. That is ſomething dear.

Maurice. Have you a meaſure in the houſe, madam?

Lady Abber. Mr. Durant is an honeſt man. I never meaſure after him. How much does it come to?

Maurice. Seven pounds ſixteen ſhillings, madam.

Lady Abber. That is a good deal of money. Has he ordered you to receive it?

Maurice. That is as your ladyſhip pleaſes.

Lady Abber. Well, there are ſeven pounds ſixteen ſhillings. I ſhall call on him for a receipt; but if I were diſpoſed to cheapen, cannot you abate me ſomething?

Maurice. Yes, madam. Mr. Durant told me that I ſhould abate a ſhilling a yard.

Lady Abber. Well, my little boy, that is very honeſt. I am perfectly well pleaſed with your ſincerity. Let me ſee; that makes twelve ſhillings.

Maurice. Yes, madam; I have twelve ſhillings to return you.

Lady Abber. Keep them yourſelf, my little friend. This is my birth-day, and I will make you a preſent of them.

Maurice. Madam, I beg pardon, I cannot take them.

Lady Abber. You ſhall: it is my property, and I give it to you.

Maurice. Perhaps Mr. Durant would take it amiſs.

Lady Abber. That is my concern. I ſhall make that up.

Maurice. Madam, I return you a thouſand thanks. This money ſhall not ſtay long in my pocket. I will ſend it off directly to my mama, and mention your ladyſhip to her in my letter. I ſhall go and write it immediately.

Lady Abber. No, no; I muſt not let you go ſo faſt. I ſee that we have a good deal to ſay to each other. Tell me in the firſt place who is your mama, and where does ſhe live?

Maurice. Ah! my poor mama is widow to a clergyman of Oxford. My papa is dead theſe two months. He was too charitable to the poor to leave much money behind him. He kept me at ſchool for three years near London; but I was ſent home a little before he died, becauſe he wiſhed to ſee me once more. And as it was not in mama's power to continue my education, a kinſman of hers ſent me to be apprentice to Mr. Durant the mercer. I am with him upon trial. But if my relation that is ſo rich had thought proper, I ſhould have gone to the Univerſity and taken my degrees. Ah! I ſhould have been happy to follow my ſtudies, and to become one day a great ſcholar. I was always the foremoſt in my claſs, and my maſters were very fond of me. The next time that your ladyſhip ſhall have occaſion for any thing from us, I will ſhew you a letter from our head maſter, which I received a week ago. You will ſee by it how fond

he

he was of me. Ay, and he says, he will be fond of me as long as he lives.

Lady Abber. I do not doubt it, my good child. You have already made me very fond of you, though this is the first time that ever I have seen you. But tell me; would you be glad to go from behind the counter, and return to school?

Maurice. Ah! if that was possible. But my mama cannot do it; she has not money enough, and schooling is expensive.

Lady Abber. Yes; but if your mother has not, there are many people in the world that have more than enough. What would you say if I were to send you to a gentleman who should examine you, to see if you have made good use of the time that you have spent at school, and are likely to make a progress if you should return thither?

Maurice. O madam, how happy should I be! Pray send me to the gentleman directly. You shall see what he will say of me. And then I may learn what I have not yet had time to know.

Lady Abber. Do you know the principal academy of this town?

Maurice. Oh yes, madam. I have often sighed as I passed by the door of it.

Lady Abber. Well; stay a moment. (*She sits down before her bureau, writes a letter and gives it to Maurice.*) There, run to the academy and ask for the master. You must speak to himself. You will give my compliments to him and request him to send a line in answer to my note.

Maurice. But madam, I am in a hurry to send these twelve shillings to my mama.

Lady Abber. You can wait till to-morrow. Perhaps you may have still better news to send her.

Maurice. I will first, madam, carry your letter and then hasten to Mr. Durant who waits for me.

Lady Abber. Take care not to go astray.

Maurice. Oh! I shall find my way. I wish your ladyship good morning. In less than half an hour the master of the academy shall have your letter. I will fly to him like a bird.

The Maſter of the Academy, Maurice. Rocheſter.

Maurice. Sir, I have a note for you from Lady ——. Oh! dear, I have forgot her name. But I will run back to her to know it.

The Maſter. There is no occaſion for that, child. I ſuppoſe the lady's name is to the note. (*He opens, and looks at the bottom.*) Lady Abberville! Oh! it is a hand that I know very well. (*reads.*)

Sir,

The child whom I ſend to you is a poor orphan. His father is lately dead, and his mother has been under the neceſſity of taking him from ſchool, in order to put him apprentice. He ſeems, however, to have a ſtrong deſire for learning; therefore I beg as a favour that you will have the goodneſs to examine him, and if you form any hopes of him, I ſhall charge myſelf with his education. This being my birth-day, puts me in mind of the duty to which we are born, that of doing good to our fellow-creatures; and this child ſeems to have been ſent by heaven to be the object of it. I requeſt you to give me your opinion of him, and am, ſir, &c.

Take a ſeat, my little man. I ſhall be at your ſervice in a minute. I am in haſte to finiſh a letter.

Maurice. Oh! ſir, what fine books you have there! it is a long time ſince I have looked into any. Will you pleaſe to let me open one while you write?

The Maſter. With all my heart, my dear.

Maurice. Hah! this is Homer. But it is in Greek. It is too hard for me. I never read it but in Engliſh.

The Maſter. What! have you read Homer? And what do you think of him?

Maurice. He is full of fine paſſages, and eſpecially of beautiful ſimilies. Only I wiſh that Achilles had not been ſo paſſionate and ſtubborn.

The Maſter. What inſtances of paſſion or ſtubbornneſs do you find in him?

Maurice. Was it well done of him to leave the Greeks in diſtreſs? Was it their fault if he quarrelled with Agamemnon? They had done *him* no wrong. Should not he have ſuffered himſelf to be perſuaded, when the deputies came to make ſubmiſſion to him in his tent? But no, he

remains immoveable as a rock. I ſhould not have let them entreat me ſo long. I ſhould have followed them at the firſt word.

The Maſter. Then you are very good-natured.

Maurice. We ſhould be ſo towards all men, and eſpecially to our countrymen. Oh! you have a Sophocles too. The tragedy of Philoctetes, I believe, is by him. I have read it in Engliſh. It is a very moving play. But I'll tell you, ſir, what I liked beſt in it.

The Maſter. I ſhould be glad to know.

Maurice. It is a young Grecian — What is this his name is?

The Maſter. Neoptolemus.

Maurice. Yes, yes; Neoptolemus. It is when he comes back and brings Philoctetes his bow and arrows. I think that I ſhould have done the ſame. But I beg pardon, ſir; perhaps my talk grows tireſome to you.

The Maſter. Not at all. I liſten to you with pleaſure. Beſides, my letter is finiſhed.

Maurice. Then, ſir, I will beg you to tell me what fine book of prints that is, that lies open on your deſk.

The Maſter. It is a collection of engravings from the fineſt paintings in the gallery at Florence.

Maurice. That is Jupiter; I know him.

The Maſter. How do you like him?

Maurice. I like the picture very well, but not Mr. Jupiter.

The Maſter. Why not?

Maurice. Becauſe he was an odious character. I do not know how the Greeks and Romans could be ſuch fools as to worſhip him. He was quite a libertine, and always quarrelling with Juno. Is that acting like a god?

The Maſter. You are right. He was an improper and contemptible object of worſhip. However, nothing has been handed down to us concerning him but the imaginations of the vulgar; and you know that the people has always been blind and ſuperſtitious.

Maurice. Why our peaſants now-a-days have more ſenſe. Only imagine, ſir, the clergyman of a pariſh going into the pulpit, and preaching that God almighty has a wife, whom he deceives and ſcolds every day. His pariſhioners would not believe a word of it.

The Maſter. How comes it that the vulgar are now more ſenſible than in former times?

Maurice. From the light of the goſpel. There every thing ſhews a juſt and good God. If I had lived in Greece, and had poſſeſſed ſuch a book, they would never have worſhipped any other than the God that we worſhip.

The Maſter. Kiſs me, my fine boy; what is your name?

Maurice. Maurice Lavington.

The Maſter. Indeed, my dear Maurice, it would be a pity that you paſſed your life behind a counter. You muſt apply yourſelf to learning again.

Maurice. Ah! I ſhould like that very well, if it was in my power.

The Maſter. I will give you my anſwer to Lady Abberville.

Maurice. Sir, I ſhall take it with pleaſure. But ſhe requeſts you, ſir, I believe, to have the kindneſs to examine me.

The Maſter. I have done that already. I can judge of your underſtanding and your heart. Perhaps I may have the pleaſure of contributing to procure you a more happy lot. Amuſe yourſelf in looking over theſe prints, while I write my anſwer.

Maurice. Or rather, ſir, oblige me with a pen and ſome paper: I will write too.

The Maſter. To your benefactreſs?

Maurice. No, ſir; to another perſon.

The Maſter. May not I know to whom?

Maurice. When my letter is finiſhed, ſir, you ſhall ſee it.

The Maſter. I long to have a view of it. (*They both ſit down. Maurice writes the following letter.*)

Dear Sir,

I thank you a thouſand times for your kindneſs in taking notice of me and in writing to Lady Abberville. I ſhould be very happy to return to my former ſchool, where every body loves me; but ſince you will be the occaſion of my happineſs, I ſhall be glad to enjoy it under your eye. If I am ſo lucky as to be admitted into your academy, I will love you with all my heart. I hope, I ſhall be diligent and well behaved, and learn every thing that you will be kind enough to teach me. I hardly dare

hope

hope that it will be so. That depends on the will of Providence, and yours. But if I remain with Mr. Durant, you will not refuse me the pleasure of coming to see you now and then, and of discoursing a little with you and reading your fine books; otherwise I shall soon forget all that I have learned at school, and I should be sorry for that, although it be not much. I hope, dear sir, you will have the goodness to oblige me, and I will let my mama know it, to comfort her sorrows; for she is very fond of me, and I too of her. Perhaps one day——

The Master. Well, Maurice, is your letter finished?

Maurice. No, sir, not quite. I have more to say than you have. But there, sir, read it, such as it is.

The Master. How is this? Why it is addressed to me. Well, this is charming. No, my good little Maurice, you shall not remain at Mr. Durant's, but shall come to me, if you like it better. You will go now to Lady Abberville. Give her this note, with my humble respects, and let me know what she says of it.

Maurice. O dear! shall I be so happy!—

The Master. Go, and heaven befriend you!

Maurice. Oh! I shall run, and be back again directly. (*Bowing to the master.*) Your servant, sir.

Lady Abberville, Maurice. Rochester.

Lady Abberville. Well, Maurice, do you bring me an answer?

Maurice. Yes, madam; here it is.

Lady Abber. I am curious to know what it says; nothing very favourable, I am afraid.

Maurice. Oh! nothing to my prejudice, madam, I am sure.

Lady Abber. (*reads to herself.*)

"*Madam,*

"You could not give me a more sensible pleasure than what I felt in the conversation of this amiable child. His looks full of ingenuous innocence, the lively spirit that appears in his eyes and animates his discourse, have warmly attached me to him. To shine as a man of letters is more suitable to his genius, than to pursue the line to which

which his father's death and the poverty of his family had deſtined him. I congratulate you, madam, that you choſe for the object of your generoſity a child of ſo fair hopes. Heaven ſeems to have thrown him in your way for that purpoſe. I am ſtrongly perſuaded that his behaviour and ſentiments will never give you cauſe to repent, and ſhall eſteem myſelf very happy if by my cares I can promote your generous intentions.

I have the honour to be, &c."

Lady Abber. The maſter ſeems to be only half ſatisfied with you.

Maurice. Oh! madam, he is quite ſatisfied. He told me ſo, and I can ſee it in your eyes.

Lady Abber. Ay? Can you ſee it there, my little cunning man? But to ſpeak ſeriouſly, if there was a perſon that would take the charge of your maintenance and education, what would you do for that perſon?

Maurice. What would I do?— I hardly know. I can do nothing of myſelf, but I would pray for that perſon from the bottom of my heart, both day and night.

Lady Abber. Then you ſhall pray for me, my dear child, as for your ſecond mother.

Maurice. Will you be my mama?

Lady Abber. Yes, I will. Your father is dead. I will fill his place, and do every thing for you that he would. You ſhall go to your learning again, and nothing ſhall be wanting to your education.

Maurice. Oh dear! my good mama, I can hardly ſpeak for joy.

Lady Abber. If you love me, you will never call me any thing but mama, remember.

Maurice. Oh! yes, mama. I am as happy as a king.

Lady Abber. You will loſe your little ſenſes. Come, be compoſed, and let us take a walk in the garden. I have ſomething to ſay to you of your mother.

Mr. Durant, Maurice. *Rocheſter.*

Mr. Durant. Where have you been ſo long?

Maurice. Oh! Mr. Durant, if you knew—

Mr.

Mr. Durant. Knew! I know that you ſhould not be ſo long on an errand. Do not let this be the caſe another time. What! could not you find Lady Abberville at home?

Maurice. Yes, ſir, I found her, and I found in her a ſecond mother.

Mr. Durant. What ſtuff is this? Are you mad?

Maurice. No, ſir: but I am going to my learning again. I ſhall be put to an academy in a few days, and my mama, Lady Abberville, will come to-morrow and ſpeak to you about it.

Mr. Durant. What, do not you chuſe to ſtay with me, then?

Maurice. Why, ſir, I like learning and ſtudy better than buſineſs.

Mr. Durant. So then, you are only come hither to go away again? You have deceived me.

Maurice. No, ſir, I ſhould be very ſorry. I had not a thought of going, and could have ſtaid here contentedly. But ſuppoſe yourſelf in my place for a moment. If my papa had not died, I ſhould not have quitted ſchool to live here. A worthy lady acts to me like a parent and offers to put me to ſchool again: is it a fault in me to accept her ladyſhip's offer?

Mr. Durant. Well, you are only upon trial here, it is true, and your choice is free. You are very right. However, I wiſh I had never ſeen you, for I began to be fond of you, and now I ſhall grieve to part with you (*Goes out.*)

Maurice. Mr. Durant is ſomething blunt, but a very worthy man. I ſhall be ſorry to leave him and his wife and his children. But I muſt write to mama. Oh! how happy will ſhe be on reading my letter! I wiſh that ſhe had it now in her hands, and that I were by her ſide the next moment. (*He begins to write.*)

" *Dear Mama,*

" Joy! joy! you are now free from all trouble, and I too. Do not, however, let tears of joy hinder you from reading my letter. This is the ſtory of my happineſs. Mr. Durant ſent me this morning to carry ſome ſattin to Lady Abberville. Oh! an excellent lady! Ah! if you were here now! but do you know, mama, that you are

to

to be here before a week? she will give you an apartment in her house, and you will live with her, and I shall go to school, and shall come to see you whenever you chuse. Oh! that will be a happiness; such a happiness! you remember, for all that, how you cried when I was leaving you. You said that you kissed me, perhaps, for the last time. I hope now, you will never have that to fear again. My mama is to send you money for the journey, for she is as much my mama as you are, and I am very sure that you will not be angry at that. All the money, however, that you receive in this parcel is not from her; there are twelve shillings from me. She gave them to me, and I send them to you. Make haste to get every thing in readiness for your journey hither; the sooner you come the happier we shall be. I have spoken so well of you to the lady that she wishes to see you almost as much as I do. Set out, set out: I shall watch the coming of every stage, to tell you the whole story before you see her, though I suppose she tells it to you herself in the letter that she writes to you to-day. I have not time to add more, for I should be afraid that my letter would be too late if I wrote all that I have to say.

I am, dear mama, &c."

"*Madam*,

"How shall I find words to express to you my joy and gratitude! Gracious heaven! my misfortunes are then at an end. I am happy and my child also, and to you we owe that we are so. How shall I be able to bear so sudden an elevation from a gulph of misery to the summit of joy! I have only tears to express what I feel, and I am sorry that I cannot give you even this testimony of my gratitude personally at this moment. You have wished to be a mother, therefore you may, perhaps, form an idea of my happiness; as for me, I want words to express it, and I shall want them, perhaps, still more when I for the first time see my son placed between us both, and our arms intermingled in embracing him. But you will understand my silence, which the ardor and sincerity of my attachment to you shall perfectly explain every moment of my life.

Oxford. I have the honour to be, &c."

THE

THE PARRICIDE.

WHAT dreadful weather! I periſh with cold and have no ſhelter againſt the bitter winds, no bed to warm my benumbed limbs. I am old and my ſtrength is exhauſted by labour. Unnatural ſon! The thought of you tears my heart. Unnatural ſon! I gave you life; I nouriſhed you and took care of your weak and ſickly infancy. When I ſaw you ſuffer through illneſs, my tears fell upon your cheeks. You loved me at that time and would ſay, while you careſſed me, "Papa, what makes you cry? I am not ſick now; do not be troubled; ſee I am quite well." You raiſed yourſelf up in your bed; your little hands would play in my hair, and you would ſay again, "Do not grieve any more; I am cured." And as you ſpoke the words, you would fall down again through weakneſs. You would ſtrive to ſpeak, but could not. At laſt, however, your body grew ſtrong; you became hale and robuſt, and you ſhould have been the prop of my old age. I laboured all my life for you, and now you ſhut me out of your houſe in the midſt of wind and ſnow. "We cannot live together any longer, father," ſaid you to me in your fury. And why not, my ſon? What have I done to you? I have exhorted you to virtue; that is all my crime. When I ſaw you ſpend in debauchery the earnings of ſixty years labour, the fortune of which I willingly ſtripped myſelf to enrich you, I pointed out your danger to you. God is my witneſs that I was more anxious on your account than on my own. Was I not ſilent long enough, for fear of troubling you? But my ſilence and my ſorrow, which I ſtrove to hide, made no impreſſion on you. I was then obliged to ſpeak. I thought it my duty then to reſume the prerogative of a father; yet my authority was tempered with mildneſs. My diſcourſe was as tender as it was earneſt. I ſpoke to you of your mother who died through grief on account of your diſorderly life! I ſpoke to you of myſelf, whom the ſame cauſe would probably ſend to my grave. I ſhewed you my aged cheeks almoſt worn with the tears that you have made me ſhed. I ſhewed you my grey hairs which ſtood on end through anguiſh and ſorrow. I opened

my

my arms to you, to invite you to my bosom. I should have fallen on my knees to you, if your father, even in that humble posture, could have softened you. And you, my son—I can scarcely believe it yet—you advanced towards me with a threatening air: your arm was stretched out, and your gate shut against me. You my son? You are no longer so. Why do my bowels still feel the yearnings of a father towards you? I am tempted to wish that I could curse you: but no I dare not breathe forth even my complaints aloud. I fear left heaven should hear them, and left this house, which you have shut against me, should fall upon your door. I will lay myself down on the stone before your door. To-morrow you cannot come out without seeing me, and I hardly think that your heart will not soften when you see what I shall have suffered during this dreadful night. But if the severity of the season, if my exhausted old age, and still more, the sorrows that wound my heart, should occasion my death, then shudder at thy crime; weep for me, and for yourself still more. Ah! I should think my death a fortunate circumstance, if it could produce your reformation.

Such were the complaints of this old man. But the north wind all the live-long night carried away his sighs unheard. The tempest filled the air with dreadful whistlings; the shattered trees of the forest were bent down; and all nature seemed to shudder with horror at the crime of his son. The next morning the old man was found dead upon the stone. He had his hands clasped together, and his face turned towards heaven. The name of his son was the last word that he had pronounced. He had prayed to the very last moment for the parricide.

JONATHAN.

JONATHAN, a gardener of Lincoln, was looked upon as the most skilful in the county. His fruits surpassed those of his neighbours in bigness, and were always found to have an exquisite flavour. All the first gentlemen round about were ambitious of having his peaches at their deserts, so that he had no occasion to send his melons to the

the market; they were beſpoke on the beds, and very often could not be had for gold. The reputation that he obtained, and the profits that he drew from his labours, increaſed his aſſiduity in the cultivation of his garden. Rich and induſtrious as he was, he eaſily found a proper match, and eſpouſed Claribell, a young woman in the neighbourhood, as prudent as ſhe was handſome. The firſt year of their marriage was very happy. Claribell aſſiſted her huſband in his labours, and the fruits of their garden were more proſperous than ever.

Unhappily for Jonathan, near his houſe there lived another gardener, called Guzzle, who at day break fixed himſelf in an alehouſe, which he ſeldom left before night. Jonathan was delighted with Guzzle's hearty humour, and was not long before he fell into the ſame taſte. At firſt, he went now and then to meet him at the alehouſe, and only talked to him of gardening; but very ſoon, in his own garden, he talked to him of nothing but ſtrong beer. Claribell grieved at the change in her huſband's behaviour. As ſhe had not as yet ſufficiedt experience herſelf to undertake the care of the wall-trees, ſhe was frequently obliged to bring him home to his work, and uſually found him amongſt his pots and glaſſes. Alas! it would often have been better for him to ſtay from the garden. His head was now generally muddled with beer when he went to work upon his trees, and his pruning-knife cut away at random amongſt the branches: thoſe that bore were cut, as well as thoſe that did not; and the fine peach trees, on which laſt year there had not been a ſingle bough unfruitful, did now only ſtretch their lazy arms, like ſo many yawning idlers. The more Jonathan found his garden decay, the more fond he grew of this ſottiſh way of life. His fruit and his vegetables had loſt their great name, and not being able by his earnings to ſatisfy his fondneſs for drink, he parted by degrees with his furniture, his linen, and his clothes. At length one day, when his wife was gone to market with ſome roots that ſhe had reared herſelf, he went and ſold all his garden utenſils, in order to drink the money with Guzzle. It would be difficult to deſcribe Claribell's grief at her return. To be reduced from a moderate competency to the moſt deſtitute poverty was not the height of her misfortune. She felt ſtill more ſtrongly for the fate of her huſband,

band, and of a young infant, ſix months old, which ſhe had then at the breaſt. Who ſhould ſuppoſe that this child was to ſave the whole family from deſtruction?

The evening of the ſame day, Jonathan came home ſwearing, threw himſelf into a chair, and leaning on his elbow over the table, ſurlily aſked his wife for ſomething to eat Claribell handed him a large caſe-knife, and a baſket that was covered with her apron. Jonathan ſnatched the apron off; but what was his ſurprize, to ſee his own child faſt aſleep in the baſket. "Eat there, ſaid Claribell to him; it is all that I have left to give you. You are the father of this child, and if you do not devour him, famine and miſery ſhortly will." Jonathan, thunderſtruck at theſe words, remained ſpeechleſs, with his eyes ſtupidly fixed upon his ſon. At length his ſorrow broke out in tears and exclamations. He riſes, and embracing his wife, aſks her pardon and promiſes to reform; and he kept his word.

His father in law, who for ſome time had refuſed to ſee him, being informed of his good intentions, advanced him a ſum to enable him to put his garden in order again. Jonathan made good uſe of this ſupply, and very ſoon his garden flouriſhed as happily as ever. He became once more and continued even to his old age, active, induſtrious, a good huſband and a good father. He took pleaſure ſometimes (though he bluſhed at the ſame time) in telling this ſtory to his ſon, who, from his example, conceived ſuch an averſion to drinking and idleneſs, that he was all his life as ſober as he was laborious.

VANITY

VANITY PUNISHED.

A DRAMA, in one ACT.

CHARACTERS.

MR. WALLER.		
MRS. WALLER.		
VALENTINE,	-	*Their Son.*
MR. RAY, MR. NASH,	-	*Friends to Mr. Waller.*
MICHAEL,	-	*a Country boy.*
MARTIN,	- -	*the Gardener.*

SCENE I. A GARDEN.

Mr. Waller, Mrs. Waller.

Mr. W. YONDER is our Valentine walking in the garden with a book in his hand. I am very much afraid that it is rather through vanity than from a real desire of improving himself, that he always appears to be busy reading.

Mrs. W. What makes you think so, my dear?

Mr. W. Do not you remark that he casts a side-look now and then, to see if any body takes notice of him?

Mrs. W. And yet his masters give a very flattering account of his diligence, and all agree that he is very far advanced for his age.

Mr. W. That is true. But if my suspicions are right, and if the little that he can know has made him vain, I would rather a hundred times that he knew nothing and were modest.

Mrs. W. That he knew nothing?

Mr. W. Yes, my dear. A man without any great extent of knowledge, but upright, modest and industrious, is a much more estimable member of society than a learned man whose studies have turned his head and puffed up his heart.

Mrs. W. I cannot think that my son is of that description.

Mr. W. Heaven forbid! But while we are here in the country I shall have more opportunities of observing him;

him; and I am resolved to take advantage of the first that shall offer, to clear up my doubts. I see him coming towards us. Leave me alone with him a moment.

SCENE II.

Mr. Walter, Valentine.

Val. (*to Michael, whom he pushes back.*) No; leave me. Papa, it is that little fool of a country boy that comes always to interrupt me in my reading.

Mr. W. Why do you call that good-natured child a little fool?

Val. Why, he knows nothing.

Mr. W. Of what you have learnt, I grant you; but then he knows many things which you do not, and you may both inform each other a good deal, if you will communicate what you know, one to the other,

Val. He may learn a good deal of me, but what can I learn from him?

Mr. W. If ever you should have a farm, do you think that it would be of no service to you to have an early notion of the labours of the country, to learn to distinguish trees and plants, to know the times of sowing and harvest, and to study the wonders of vegetation? Michael possesses these different parts of knowledge, and desires no better than to share them with you. They will perhaps be one day of the greatest use to you. Those, on the contrary, that you could communicate, would be of no service to him. So that you see, in this intercourse, all the advantage is on your side.

Val. Well, but papa, would it become me to learn any thing from a little country boy?

Mr. W. Why not, if he is capable of instructing you? I know no real distinction amongst men, than that of useful talents and good manners; and you must own that in both these points, he has equally the advantage over you.

Val. What, in good manners too?

Mr. W. In every station, they consist in treating all persons as our duty prescribes to us. He does so, in shewing a particular attachment and complaisance to you. Do you do the same? do you make a return of mildness and good will? And yet he seems to merit them. He is active and intelligent. I believe him to be possest of good-nature, spirit, and good sense. You ought to think

yourself

yourſelf very happy in having ſo amiable a companion with whom you may at once amuſe and improve yourſelf. His father is my foſter-brother, and has always had a remarkable affection for me. I am pretty ſure that Michael has the ſame for you. See how the poor little fellow hankers about the terrace-walk, to meet you. Take care and uſe him with civility. There is more honour and integrity in his father's cottage than in many palaces. His family too has been our tenants for ſome generations, and I ſhould be glad to ſee the connexion continued between our children. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE III.

Valentine, (*alone.*)

Yes, a fine connexion indeed! I think papa is joking. This little country boy teach me any thing! No; I will ſurprize him now ſo much with my learning that he will not think of talking to me of his own, I'll warrant him.

SCENE IV.

Valentine, Michael.

Mich. You won't have my little noſegay, then, Maſter Valentine?

Val. Noſegay? Pſhaw! neither ranunculus nor tulip.

Mich. Why, it is true, they are only field flowers, but they are pretty, and I thought you might like to know them by their names.

Val. A great matter, indeed, to know the names of your herbs. You may carry them where you found them.

Mich. Well now, if I had known that, I would not have taken the trouble to gather them. I was reſolved not to go home yeſterday evening without bringing you ſomething, and as I came back from work, though it was rather late, and I had a great mind for my ſupper, I ſtopped in our cloſe, to gather them by the light of the moon.

Val. You talk of the moon! Do you know how big it is?

Mich. Heh! Fegs! as big as a cheeſe.

Val.

Val. Ignorant little clown! (*Struts with an air of importance, while Michael ſtands ſtaring at him.*) Look here. (*Shewing him his book.*) This is Telemaque. Have you ever read it?

Mich. That is not in the Catechiſm: our ſchoolmaſter never talked to me about that.

Val. No, it is none of your country books.

Mich. Nay, how ſhould I have read it then? But, let us ſee it.

Val. Do not think of touching it with your dirty hands! (*Holding one of them up.*) Where did you buy theſe tanned leather gloves?

Mich. Anan! it is my hand, Maſter Valentine.

Val. The ſkin is ſo hard, that one might cut it into ſhoe ſoles.

Mich. It is not with idleneſs that they are grown ſo hard. You know how to talk very well, I dare ſay, and yet I would not change conditions with you. To work honeſtly, and offend nobody, is all that I know, and it would be no harm if you knew as much. Good bye, ſir.

SCENE V.

Valentine, (*alone.*)

I think the little clown had a mind to make game of me. But I ſee company coming on the terrace-walk. I muſt put on a ſtudious air before them. (*He ſits down, ſeeming to read in his book with great attention.*)

SCENE VI.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, Mr. Naſh. Valentine, (*ſeated on a bench on one ſide.*)

Mr. Wal. What a fine evening! Would you chuſe, gentlemen, to take a walk up this ſlope, to ſee the ſun ſetting?

Mr. Ray. I was going to mention it. The weather is delicious, and the ſky perfectly without a cloud in the weſt.

Mr. Naſh. I ſhall be ſorry to go far from the nightingale. Do you hear his charming melody, madam?

Mrs. Wal. I was taken up with thinking. My heart was filled with pleaſure.

Mr. Ray. How can one live in town during this charming weather?

Mr. Wal. Valentine, will you walk up the ſlope with us, to ſee the ſun ſetting?

Val. No, I thank you, papa. I am reading ſomething here that gives me more pleaſure.

Mr. Wal. If you ſpeak truth, I pity you, and if you do not——Come, gentlemen, there is not a moment to loſe. Let us continue our walk. (*They walk forward up the hill.*)

SCENE VII.

Valentine, (*ſeeing them at a good diſtance.*)

There, they are almoſt out of ſight: I need not be under any conſtraint now. (*Puts the book into his pocket.*) What an opinion will theſe gentlemen have of my diligence! I ſhould like to be a bird and fly after them, to hear the praiſes that they are giving me. (*Saunters about, yawning and liſtleſs, for near a quarter of an hour.*) I am tired, after all, of being here alone. I can do better! The ſun is ſet now, and I hear the company returning. I will ſlip into the wood, and hide myſelf in it ſo, that they ſhall ſcarcely find me. Mama will ſend all the ſervants to look for me with lights. They will talk of nothing but me all the evening, and will compare me with thoſe great philoſophers that have been known to go aſtray in their learned meditations, and to loſe themſelves in woods. My adventure will make a fine noiſe! Now for it. (*He goes into the wood.*)

SCENE VIII.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, Mr. Naſh.

Mr. Ray. I never ſaw weather more pleaſing, nor a more charming ſcene.

Mr. Wal. Gentlemen, my pleaſure has been doubled by my enjoying it in your company.

Mr. Naſh. The nightingale too ſtill continues his ſong. His voice ſeems even to grow more tender as night comes on. I am ſorry that Mrs. Waller does not ſeem to liſten to it with as much pleaſure as before.

Mrs. W. It is becauſe I am anxious about my ſon. I do not ſee him in the garden. (*She calls him.*) Valentine! He does not anſwer! (*Perceiving the gardener, ſhe calls him*) Martin, have you ſeen my ſon?

Martin. Yes, madam, about ten minutes ago I ſaw him turn towards the grove.

Mrs. W. Towards the grove? Bleſs me; if he ſhould loſe himſelf! Pray run after him, and bring him in.

Martin. Yes, madam. (*Goes out.*)

Mrs. W. Mr. Waller, won't you go along with him?

Mr. W. No, my dear, I am not uneaſy, for my part. Martin will be able to find him.

Mrs. W. But if he ſhould take a different way? I am frightened out of my wits!

Mr. Naſh. Make yourſelf eaſy, madam. Mr. Ray and I will take the two ſides of the wood, while the gardener ſhall take the middle. We cannot fail of finding him ſo.

Mrs. W. Ah! gentlemen, I did not dare to aſk it of you; but you know the feelings of a mother.

Mr. W. Gentlemen, do not give yourſelves ſo much trouble, I'd rather you would not.

Mr. Ray. You will not take it amiſs that we comply with Mrs. Waller's requeſt, rather than your's.

Mr. W. I muſt confeſs, it is againſt my inclination.

Mr. Naſh. We will receive your reproaches at our return. (*They walk towards the grove.*)

SCENE IX.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller.

Mrs. W. Why, my dear, whence comes this indifference about your ſon?

Mr. W. Do you think, my dear, that I love him leſs than you do? No, but I know better how to love him.

Mrs. W. And what if he could not be found?

Mr. W. I ſhould be very glad of it.

Mrs. W. What, that he ſhould paſs the night in a gloomy wood? What would become of the poor child? and what would become of me?

Mr. W. You would both be cured. He of his vanity, and you of your injudicious fondneſs which keeps it up in him.

Mrs.

Mrs. W. What do you mean, my dear?

Mr. W. I am just now convinced of what I only suspected in the morning. The boy's head is filled with excessive vanity, and all his reading is but ostentation. He has only lost himself on purpose to make us look for him, and to appear absent and forgetful through intense study. It gives me more pain that his mind should wander from a right way of thinking than if his steps really went astray. He will be unhappy all his life if he is not cured of it in time, and there is nothing but a wholesome humiliation that can save him.

Mrs. W. But do you consider——

Mr. W. Yes, every thing. He is eleven years old. If he can profit any thing by his natural sense or his learning, the light of the moon and the direction of the wind may guide him sufficiently to clear the wood.

Mrs. W. But if he has not that thought?

Mr. W. He will then better see the necessity of profiting by the lessons that I have given him upon this subject. Besides, we intend him for the army, and in that profession he will have many nights to pass without shelter. He will know now what it is, and not go to a camp quite raw, to be laughed at by his companions. Then the air is not very cold at this season of the year, and for one night he will not die with hunger. Since by his folly he has brought himself into a scrape, let him get out of it again, or suffer the disagreeable consequences of it.

Mrs. W. No; I cannot agree to it; and if you don't send people after him, I will go myself.

Mr. W. Well, my dear, I will make you easy, though I am sorry that you will not let me follow my plan, as I intended. I shall tell little Michael to join him, as it were by chance. Colin too shall be at a small distance, in order to run to them in case of an accident. For any thing more, do not ask it; I have taken my resolution, and do not chuse, by a blind weakness, to deprive my son of a lesson that may be of service to him. Here are our friends coming back with Martin.

Mrs. W. O heavens! I see, and they have not found him.

Mr. W. I am glad of it.

SCENE X.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Mr. Ray, and Mr. Naſh.

Mr. Naſh. Our ſearch has been in vain; but if Mr. Waller will let us have ſome lights and ſervants—

Mr. W. No, gentlemen; you have complied with my wife's requeſt, you will now liſten to mine. I am a father, and know my duty as one. Let us go into the parlour, and I will give you an account of my deſign.

SCENE XI. (*The middle of the wood.*)

Valentine.

What have I done, fool that I was? It is dark night, and I don't know which way to turn. (*Calls.*) Papa! papa! Nobody anſwers. I am undone; what will become of me? (*cries.*) O mama! where are you? Anſwer your ſon this once. Heavens! what is that running through the wood? If it ſhould be a robber! Help! help!

SCENE XII.

Valentine, Michael.

Michael. Who is there? Who is it that cries ſo? What, is it you, ſir? How do you happen to be here at this time of night?

Valentine. O! dear Michael, my dear friend, I have loſt my way.

Mich. (*looking at him firſt with an air of ſurprize, and then burſting out in a laugh.*) You don't ſay ſo? I your dear Michael? your dear friend? You miſtake; I am only a dirty little country boy. Don't you remember? Nay, let go my hand. The ſkin is only fit to cut up for ſhoe ſoles.

Val. My dear friend excuſe my impertinence, and for pity's ſake guide me back to our houſe. My mama will pay you well.

Mich. (*looking at him from top to bottom.*) Have you finiſhed reading your Tellymack?

Val.

Val. (*looking down quite confused.*) Ah! pray now—

Mich. (*putting his finger to the side of his nose, and looking up.*) Tell me, my little wise man, how big may the moon be just now?

Val. Nay, spare me, I beg of you, and guide me out of this wood.

Mich. You see then, master, that one may be a dirty little country boy, and yet be good for something. What would you give now to know your way, instead of knowing how big the moon is?

Val. I own my fault, and I promise never to shew any pride for the future.

Mich. Well, that is clever. But this same repenting by necessity may only hang by a thread. It is not amiss that a young gentleman should see what it is to look upon a poor man's son like a dog, and play with him according to his fancy. But to shew you that an honest clown does not bear malice, I will pass the night with you, as I have passed many a one with our sheep on the downs. To-morrow morning early I will take you home to your papa. Here, then, I'll share my bed-chamber with you.

Val. O, my good Michael!

Mich. (*stretching himself under a tree*) Come, sir, settle yourself at your ease.

Val. But where is this bed-chamber of your's?

Mich. Why here. (*Striking on the ground.*) Here is my bed; take your place. It is wide enough for us both.

Val. What, must we lie here under the open air?

Mich. I assure you, sir, the king himself has not a better bed. See what a fine cieling you have over your head; how many bright diamonds adorn it! and then our handsome silver lamp. (*Pointing to the moon.*) Well, what do you think of it?

Val. Oh! my dear Michael, I am ready to die with hunger.

Mich. I dare say I can help you there too. See, here are some potatoes. Dress them, as you know how.

Val. Why they are raw.

Mich. It is only to boil or roast them. Make a fire.

Val. We want a light to kindle one; and then where shall we find coal or wood?

Mich. (*smiling.*) Why cannot you find all that in your books?

Val. Oh! no, my dear Michael.

Mich. Well then I'll shew you that I know more than you and all your Tellymacks. (*Takes a tinder box, with flint and steel out of his pocket.*) Crack! there is fire already; now you shall see. (*He gathers a handful of dry leaves, and putting them round the tinder, fans with his hand until they take fire.*) We shall soon have a blazing hearth. (*He puts bits of dry wood upon the lighted leaves.*) Do you see? (*lays the potatoes close to the fire, and sprinkles them with dust.*) This must serve, instead of ashes, to hinder them from burning. (*Having laid them properly and covered them once more with dust, he turns the fire over them, then adds fresh wood and blows it up with his breath.*) Have you a finer fire in your papa's kitchen? come, now they will soon be done.

Val. O my good friend, what return can I make to your kindness?

Mich. Return? Pooh! when one does good, it pays itself. But stop a moment. While the potatoes are roasting, I will fetch some hay for you. I saw a good deal lying in one part of the wood. You will sleep upon that like a prince. But take care of the roast while I am away. (*Goes out singing.*)

SCENE XIII.

Valentine.

Fool that I was! how could I be so unjust as to despise this child. What am I, compared to him? how little I am in my own eyes, when I examine his behaviour and mine! but it shall never happen again. Henceforward I will not despise those of a lower condition than myself. I will not be so proud, nor so vain. (*He walks about, and gathers up dry sticks for the fire.*)

SCENE XIV.

Valentine, Michael, (*hauling in a large bundle of hay.*)

Mich. Here is your bed of down, your coverlid and all. I will make you a bed now quite soft.

Val

Val. I thank you, my friend. I would help you, but I do not know how to set about it.

Mich. I don't want you. I can do it all alone. Go warm yourself. (*He unties the bundle, spreads part of it on the ground, and reserves the rest for a covering.*) That is finished. Now let us think of supper. (*Takes a potatoe from the fire, and tastes it.*) They are done. Eat them, while they are warm, they are better so.

Val. What, won't you eat some with me?

Mich. No, thank you. There is just enough for you.

Val. How? Do you think?—

Mich. You are too kind. I won't touch them. I am not hungry. Besides I shall have as much pleasure in seeing you eat them. Are they good?

Val. Excellent, my dear Michael.

Mich. I dare say, you never tasted sweeter at your papa's table.

Val. That is very true.

Mich. Are you done? Come then, your bed is ready for you. (*Valentine lies down. Michael spreads the rest of the hay over him, then takes off his jacket.*) The nights are cold; here, cover yourself with this too. If you find yourself chilly, come to the fire; I'll take care that it does not go out. Good night.

Val. Dear Michael, I shall never be easy until I make you amends for my treating you ill.

Mich. Think no more of it; I do not. The lark will awake us to-morrow morning at break of day. (*Valentine falls asleep, and Michael sits up close by him to keep the fire in. At break of day Michael awakes him.*) Come master, you have slept enough. The lark has opened her song already, and the sun will soon appear behind the hill. Let us set out, and go to your papa's.

Val. (*rubbing his eyes.*) What already? so soon? Good morning my dear Michael!

Mich. Good morning, Master Valentine! How did you sleep?

Val. (*rising.*) As sound as a rock. Here is your jacket. I thank you a thousand, thousand times. I shall never forget you as long as I live.

Mich. Do not talk of thanks. I am as happy as you. Come, walk along with me. I'll guide you. (*They go off.*)

SCENE XV. (*A room in Mr. Waller's House.*)

Mr. and Mrs. Waller.

Mrs. W. In what terrors have I paſſed this whole night! I fear, my dear, that ſome accident has happened to him. We muſt ſend out people to look for him.

Mr. W. Make yourſelf eaſy my love; I will go myſelf. But who knocks? (*The door opens.*) Look, here he is.

SCENE XVI.

Mr. and Mrs. Waller, Valentine, Michael.

Mrs. W. (*running to her ſon.*) Ah! do I ſee thee again, my dear child?

Mich. Yes, madam, there he is, ifegs! a little better mayhap than before you loſt him.

Mr. W. Is that the caſe?

Val. Yes, papa. I have been well puniſhed for my pride. What will you give him that has reformed me?

Mr. W. A good reward, and with the greateſt chearfulneſs.

Val. (*preſenting Michael to him.*) Well, this is he to whom you owe it. I owe him my friendſhip too, and he ſhall always ſhare it.

Mr. W. If that is ſo, I'll make him a little preſent every year of a couple of guineas, for curing you of ſo intolerable a fault.

Mrs. W. And I will make him one of the ſame ſum, for having preſerved my ſon to me.

Mich. If you pay me for the ſatisfaction that you feel, I ſhould pay you too for what I felt. So we are clear.

Mr. W. No, my little man, we ſhall not run from our words. But let us go to breakfaſt all four. Valentine ſhall relate his adventures of the night.

Val. Yes, papa; and I ſhall not ſpare myſelf, though I ſhould be turned into ridicule for them. I bluſh for my folly, but hope that I ſhall never have to bluſh for the ſame behaviour again.

Mr.

Mr. W. My dear ſon, how happy you will make your mother and me by proving that your reformation is ſincere, and will never ſuffer a relapſe.

(*Valentine takes Michael by the hand; Mr. Waller gives his to his lady, and they all go into the next apartment.*)

THE PLEASURES OF WORK.

Lady Stanfield. WHAT is the matter, Viola? You ſeem grieved.

Viola. So I am, mama.

Lady Stan. At what, my dear? I thought to ſee you come back quite in ſpirits after your walk.

Viola. My walk was pleaſant at firſt; but in coming home, as I paſſed before our carpenter's houſe, I ſaw his three children ſitting at the door, and crying moſt piteouſly. They were ſtarving with hunger.

Lady Stan. How can that be? Their father has a good trade, and it is not a week ſince I paid him three guineas for work done about our houſe.

Viola. So my governeſs told a woman, one of the neighbours, that came up to comfort the children and gave them ſome bread.

Lady Stan. And what did ſhe ſay?

Viola. This poor man, ſaid ſhe, is much to be pitied. He works night and day, and is never the richer; his wife manages ſo ill. She knows nothing of houſewifery. She can neither ſew, nor ſpin, nor knit; and cannot even get up the family's linen. If her huſband wants a clean ſhirt, he muſt have it waſhed and mended out of the houſe.

Lady Stan. Sad management indeed! and I do not wonder that you were grieved at finding a woman who does not perform any ſingle duty of her ſex. I wiſh ſhe may be the only one of that ſort that you will ever meet.

Viola. Ah! mama, this is not all. As ſhe can do nothing for her family, nothing in the world, idlen ſs has led her to drinking. When her huſband, after working hard, thinks to have a good meal ready for him at his return home, he finds his wife ſtretched upon the bed,

intoxicated; and very often his children have not a bit of bread to eat the whole day. Don't you think thoſe poor children much to be pitied?

Lady Stan. I pity them as well as you, my dear; but on this diſagreeable occaſion, you had an opportunity of making a remark that may be ſerviceable to you all your life.

Viola. What is that, mama?

Lady Stan. That a woman who neglects the employments of her ſex and condition, is the moſt contemptible and unhappy creature in the world. You may now perceive the reaſon why your papa and I conſtantly adviſe you to be doing ſomething.

Viola. Oh! yes, mama; I ſee now how much you love me when you inſtruct me in my work. But pray tell me, have young ladies of fortune and quality any occaſion to learn ſo many things? When they are married, have not they waiting women to do for them whatever they want?

Lady Stan. My dear Viola, work is as abſolutely neceſſary for them as for the children of the poor. Not to mention the reverſes of fortune that may one day deprive a woman of every means of ſubſiſtence, except the labour of her own hands: and yet theſe reverſes are common enough. But in the higheſt rank of life, amidſt a crowd of ſervants ready at her call, ſhould not ſhe herſelf know ſomething of what work is, in order to employ each one properly in his ſeveral way, not to require of them more than they can perform, to be able to recompenſe their diligence by making their ſervice eaſy, and thus to gain their attachment and reſpect. Obliged by her rank and her wealth to employ a great number of tradeſmen, how will ſhe be able, without knowing what work is herſelf, to ſet the proper value upon that of others, by neither cutting ſhort the fair demand of a uſeful tradeſman, nor yielding to the impoſitions of the vender of luxuries and faſhionable toys; and thus on the one hand indulge a generoſity ſuitable to her birth, and on the other guard againſt a uſeleſs expence? Beſides, what a pleaſure for a ſenſible woman to ſee herſelf and her children clothed in the work of her own hands, and to employ the ſavings of ſuch œconomy in relieving the ſick and indigent, and bringing

bringing up their children, ſo that they may in proper time maintain their parents?

Viola. Ah! pray don't let us loſe a moment. Teach me all that, mama.

Lady Stan. I will, my dear; that I may, by ſo doing, both perform my own duty, and aſſiſt you to follow the dictates of nature and religion; but particularly that I may ſave you from that dangerous diſſipation which a habit of idleneſs may render agreeable and even neceſſary. I will do it in order to make domeſtic retirement not unpleaſing to you; in order to make you yourſelf amiable in the eyes of your huſband, and reſpectable in thoſe of your children; in order to procure you hereafter a relief and amuſement that may divert your attention from the evils of life, which might otherwiſe affect you too forcibly; and in fine, to inſure to you the tranquillity of a good conſcience, and to render you happy every moment of your life. You have ſeen, by the example of the carpenter's wife, to what odious vices idleneſs may lead us. But what think you of that vapouriſh unhappy liſtleſſneſs, the moſt inſupportable torment to a woman? I can give you, perhaps, a ſlight idea of it, and proportioned to your underſtanding, in the ſtory of a little girl of your own age.

Viola. O dear, mama! make haſte; let us have the little girl's ſtory.

Lady Stan. Then here it is. "Mrs. Friendly was always happy in being employed, and never paſſed a quarter of an hour otherwiſe the whole day. Angelica, her daughter, could hardly believe her when ſhe talked to her of the ſatisfaction ariſing from induſtry, and the diſagreeable effects of doing nothing. It is true, ſhe worked whenever her mother bid her, for ſhe was accuſtomed to obey; but one may eaſily imagine how unhappy ſhe was at her work, as ſhe never began it but with reluctance. My dear child, Mrs. Friendly would often ſay to her, when ſhe ſaw her at work with her head hanging down, and her hands in a careleſs poſture, I wiſh you may ſoon feel the tireſome languor that ariſes from having nothing to do, and the ſatisfaction that one enjoys in being moderately employed. This wiſh, inſpired by her affection, was not long unaccompliſhed. Angelica, then about eleven years old, was to go one day with her mother to a coun-

try-house many miles off. Mrs. Friendly, at her departure, took her work-bag with her, and strongly recommended it to Angelica not to forget hers. Angelica was willing to obey; but how easily does one lose sight of a duty that is performed with reluctance! The work-bag was forgot. Their journey at first was quite agreeable. The weather was fine, and all nature seemed to smile. But about noon, the clouds thickened round the horizon, and the thunder rolled from one end of the sky to the other. Their fright obliged them to stop at a small town, where there was only one inn, and immediately afterwards the rain came down in a flood. As the approaching storm had forced a number of travellers to seek shelter in the inn, Mrs. Friendly and her daughter could not find a single room in it disengaged. She therefore ordered the horses to be unharnessed, and alighted at the house of a good old woman close by, who very civilly resigned them her bed-chamber and her bed, the only one that she had. How happy was Mrs. Friendly that she had brought her work. The good old woman sat beside her, spinning at her wheel, and between work and conversation the long summer's afternoon passed away without seeming tedious to them. Poor Angelica was not very happy in the mean time. The cottage was small, and after she had visited every corner of it, she had then absolutely nothing left to do. The rain, which still fell in great abundance, did not allow her to set her foot out of doors; the terrible noise of the thunder left her no desire for sleep, and the conversation of the old woman, who could talk of nothing but her work, was not very likely to amuse her. She begged her mama to let her have *her* work; but Mrs. Friendly told her very justly, that she would not deprive herself of amusement for her; that having taken care to bring with her something to employ herself, it was but fair that she should enjoy the fruits of her attention, and that she on the contrary should suffer for her negligence and forgetfulness. Angelica could say nothing to reasons so forcible. After many wearisome yawnings, sighs of impatience, and fruitless murmurs against the weather, Angelica at length got to the end of the evening. She eat a small supper without appetite, and went to bed much out of humour with her jaunt. How joyful did she rise at the

first

firſt ſummons of the ſun who roſe without a cloud! With what eagerneſs did ſhe haſten her mother's departure! At laſt the carriage was ready; and Mrs. Friendly, having generouſly rewarded the good old woman for her civility, ſet forward again as well ſatisfied with her manner of paſſing the day before, as Angelica was diſcontented with it. The roads had lately been much broken up, and the rain water which ſtill covered them, hindered the ruts from being obſerved. The chaiſe jolted out of one hole into another, the axle creaked, and the glaſſes rattled; at laſt a wheel broke down, and the carriage was overthrown. Happily Mrs. Friendly and her daughter received no hurt. They recovered from their fright by degrees, and perceiving at a diſtance a little hamlet upon the ſide of a hill, Mrs. Friendly took her daughter by the hand, and attended by her ſervant, walked towards the hamlet, intending to ſend aſſiſtance to her coachman. There was in this place neither ſmith nor wheelwright; ſo that they were obliged to wait almoſt two days for wheels from town, as Mrs. Friendly would travel in no other carriage but her own. Poor Angelica, how ſhe cried! how ſhe lamented the tediouſneſs of the time! The fright of her fall had made ſuch an impreſſion on her, as to deprive her of the uſe of her limbs; ſo that ſhe could not enjoy even the amuſement of walking. What could Mrs. Friendly do to make her time leſs heavy? The ſtrict juſtice that ſhe made a point of purſuing with her daughter, forbad her to reſign her own work to her; beſides, Angelica had ſo neglected her improvement in needle-work, that ſhe would have entirely ſpoiled it. She then began to feel the value of employing one's ſelf, and bluſhing with ſhame, ſaid thus to her mother: Ah! mama, I have well deſerved what has happened to me, and now for the firſt time ſee the reaſon why you always adviſed me ſo ſtrongly to work. I have ſufficiently felt the weariſomeneſs of doing nothing. She then threw herſelf into her mother's arms, and hiding her face in her boſom, I beg pardon, mama, for grieving you by my indolence. I ſaw that you were troubled to ſee me fret. But, for your ſake and my own, I ſhall change my behaviour from this moment. Mrs. Friendly kiſſed her daughter, praiſed her reſolution, and to ſtrengthen the effect of Angelica's ſelf-taught leſſon, ſhewed

ſhewed her how a taſte for work hinders our time from hanging heavy, and ſoftens the vexations of life, by diverting our thoughts from them in an agreeable and ſalutary manner. She bleſſed the accidents of a journey that had wrought ſo happy a change in her daughter.

Angelica, on the other hand, kept her promiſe and even went beyond it; ſo that Mrs. Friendly never had reaſon to find fault with her afterwards, unleſs for too great application.

THE YOUNG SPARROWS.

LITTLE Robert one day perceived a ſparrow's neſt under the eaves of the houſe, and running immediately for his ſiſters to inform them of his diſcovery, they all contrived together how to get the little covey into their poſſeſſion. It was agreed to wait until the young ones ſhould be fledged; that then Robert ſhould raiſe a ladder againſt the wall, and that his ſiſter ſhould hold it faſt below, while he climbed up for the neſt. When they thought the little birds ſufficiently feathered, they made ready to put their deſign in execution. It ſucceeded perfectly, and they found three young ones in the neſt. The old birds ſent forth piteous cries on ſeeing their little ones, whom they had nouriſhed with ſo much care, taken from them; but Robert and his ſiſters were ſo overjoyed, that they did not pay the leaſt attention to their complaints.

They were at firſt ſomething puzzled what to do with their priſoners. Auguſta, the youngeſt, being of a mild and compaſſionate diſpoſition, was for having them put into a cage: ſhe promiſed to take the charge of them upon herſelf, and to feed them regularly every day: ſhe deſcribed in a lively manner to her brother and ſiſter, the pleaſure that they ſhould have in ſeeing and hearing thoſe young birds when grown big. This was oppoſed by Robert: he maintained that it was better to pluck them juſt as they were, and that it would be much more *funny* to look at them jumping about in the room without feathers, than to ſee them diſmally ſhut up in a cage. Charlotte, the eldeſt, declared herſelf of the ſame opinion as Auguſta, but Robert perſiſted in his own.

At

At laſt the two little girls, ſeeing that their brother would not give up the point, and that beſides he had the neſt in his poſſeſſion, agreed to whatever he deſired. But he had not waited for their conſent to begin his execution. The firſt was already plucked. There is one ſtript, ſays he, ſetting it on the ground. In a moment all the little family were deprived of their tender feathers. The poor things cried, *peep! peep!* and complained very piteouſly; they ſhuddered with the cold, and ſhook their bare little wings. But Robert, inſtead of pitying their ſufferings, did not end his perſecutions there: he puſhed them with his toe to make them go on, and whenever they tumbled over he burſt out a laughing; and at laſt his ſiſters joined in the laugh with him.

While they were indulging this cruel amuſement, they ſaw at a diſtance their tutor coming towards them. Mum! Each pocketed a bird, and was ſlinking off. "Well, cried their tutor to them, where are you going? Come hither!" This order obliged them to ſtop. They advanced ſlowly, with their eyes fixed on the ground.

The Tutor. Why do you run away at my coming?

Rob. We were only playing.

The Tutor. You know, I do not debar you of amuſement, and indeed I am never ſo happy as when I ſee you all merry.

Rob. We were afraid that you were coming to ſcold us.

The Tutor. Do I ever ſcold you for taking an innocent diverſion? I ſee you have done ſomething amiſs. Why have you each your hand in your pocket? I muſt know the reaſon. Shew me each your hand, and what you have in it. (*They ſhew each their hand, with a bird plucked.*)

The Tutor, (*with an emotion of pity and indignation.*) And who could give you the idea of treating theſe poor little creatures thus?

Rob. Why, it is ſo droll to ſee ſparrows jump without feathers.

The Tutor. You think it very droll to ſee innocent creatures ſuffer, and to hear their cries when in pain?

Rob. No, ſir; I did not think it put them to pain.

The Tutor. Did'nt you? Come hither: I will convince you it did. (*He plucks a few hairs out of Robert's head.*)

Rob. Oh! Oh!

The Tutor. Does that hurt you?

Rob. Do you think it does not, to pluck one's hairs?

The Tutor. Pfhaw! there are only a dozen.

Rob. But that is too much.

The Tutor. What would it be then, were one to pluck out all your hair fo? Have you a notion of the pain that you would feel? And yet you have put thefe birds to the very fame torture, though they never did you any harm. And you, young ladies, you that fhould be more tender-hearted, did you fuffer this?

The two little miffes were ftanding by filent, but hearing thefe laft words, and feeling the keennefs of the rebuke, they fat down with their eyes fwimming in tears. The tutor remarking their forrow, was touched with it and faid no more to them.

Robert did not cry, and endeavoured to juftify himfelf thus: I could not think that I did them any harm They fung all the while, and they clapped their wings as if they were pleafed.

The Tutor Do you call their cries finging? But why fhould they fing?

Rob I fuppofe to call their father and mother.

The Tutor. No doubt. And when their cries fhould have brought them, what did the young ones mean to tell them by clapping their wings?

Rob. I cannot fay exactly; perhaps to afk their help.

The Tutor. Juft fo. Therefore, if thofe birds could have expreffed themfelves in our fpeech, you would have heard them cry, "Ah! father and mother, fave us! We have unhappily fallen into the hands of cruel children who have plucked all our feathers. We are cold, and in pain. Come, warm us and cure us, or we fhall die."

The little girls could hold out no longer; they fobbed and hid their faces in their handkerchiefs. It was you, Robert, that led us to this cruelty. We hated the thought of it ourfelves. Robert was then himfelf fenfible of his fault. He had already been punifhed by his tutor plucking his hair; he was now much more fo by the reproaches of his own heart. The tutor thought there was no occafion to add to this double punifhment. It was not, indeed, from an inftinct of cruelty, but purely from want of thought, that Robert had done this ill-natured action, and the pity which he felt from that moment for all creatures

tures weaker than himself, opened his heart to the sentiments of kindness and humanity that have animated him all the rest of his life.

THE TWO APPLE-TREES.

A Rich husbandman had two sons, the one exactly a year older than the other. The very day the second was born, he had set in the entrance of his orchard two young apple-trees equal in size, which he had since cultivated with the same care, and which had thriven so equally that nobody could give the preference to either of them before the other. When his children were capable of handling garden tools, he took them, one fine spring day, to see those two trees which he had planted for them, and called by their names; and after they had sufficiently admired their fine growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said, "You see, children, I give you these trees in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care as they will lose by your negligence, and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labour."

The youngest, named Edmund, was indefatigable in his attention. He was all day busy in clearing his tree of insects that would have hurt it, and he propped up its stem, to hinder it from taking an ugly bent. He loosened the earth all round it, that the warmth of the sun and the moisture of the dews might cherish its roots. His mother had not tended him more carefully in his infancy than he did his young apple-tree.

His brother Moses did none of all this. He spent his time on a mount that was hard by, throwing stones from it at passengers in the road. He went amongst all the little country boys in the neighbourhood, to box with them, so that he was always seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the blows and kicks that he received in his quarrels. He neglected his tree so far, in short, that he never once thought of it, till one day in autumn he by chance saw Edmund's tree so full of apples, streaked with purple and gold, that were it not for the props which supported

ſupported its branches, the weight of its fruit muſt have bent it to the ground. Struck with the ſight of ſo fine a growth, he ran to his own, hoping to find as large a crop on it; but what was his ſurprize, when he ſaw nothing but branches covered with moſs, and a few yellow leaves! Quite angry and jealous, he went to his father, and ſaid, "Father, what ſort of a tree is this that you have given me? It is as dry as a broomſtick, and I ſhall not have ten apples on it. But my brother!—Oh? you have uſed him better. Bid him at leaſt ſhare his apples with me."—"Share with you? ſaid his father: ſo the induſtrious would loſe his labor to feed the idle. Take what you get; it is the reward of your negligence, and do not think to accuſe me of injuſtice, when you ſee your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful and in as good order as his. It bore as many bloſſoms, and grew in the ſame ſoil; only it had not the ſame uſage. Edmund has kept his tree clear of even the ſmalleſt inſects; you have ſuffered them to eat up yours in its bloſſom. As I do not chuſe to let any thing which God has given me, and for which I hold myſelf accountable to him, go to ruin, I take this tree from you again, and call it no more by your name. It muſt paſs through his hands to recover itſelf, and is his property from this moment, as well as the fruit that he ſhall make it bear. You may go and look for another in my nurſery, and rear it, if you will, to make amends for your fault: but if you neglect it, that too ſhall belong to your brother, for aſſiſting me in my labour."

Moſes felt the juſtice of his father's ſentence, and the wiſdom of his deſign. He went that moment and choſe in the nurſery the moſt thriving young apple-tree that he could find. Edmund aſſiſted him with his advice in rearing it, and Moſes did not loſe a moment. He was never out of humour now with his comrades, and ſtill leſs with himſelf, for he applied chearfully to work, and in autumn he ſaw his tree fully anſwer his hopes. Thus he had the double advantage of enriching himſelf with a plentiful growth of fruit, and at the ſame time of getting rid of the vicious habits that he had contracted.

His father was ſo well pleaſed with this change, that the following year he ſhared the produce of a ſmall orchard between him and his brother.

IF MEN DO NOT SEE YOU, GOD SEES YOU.

MR. Ferguſon was walking in the country one fine warm day in harveſt time, with his youngeſt ſon Frank. Papa, (ſaid Frank, looking wiſtfully towards a garden by the ſide of which they were walking,) I am very dry.—And I too, my dear, anſwered Mr. Ferguſon; but we muſt have patience until we go home.

Frank. There is a pear-tree loaded with very fine fruit: they are Windſor pears. Ah! with what pleaſure I could eat one!

Mr. Ferg. I do not doubt it; but that tree is in a private garden.

Frank. The hedge is not very thick, and here is a hole where I can eaſily get through.

Mr. Ferg. And what would the owner of the garden ſay, if he ſhould be there?

Frank. Oh! he is not there, I dare ſay, and nobody can ſee us.

Mr. Ferg. You miſtake, child! There is one who ſees us, and who would puniſh us, and juſtly too, becauſe it would be wicked to do what you propoſe.

Frank. Who is that, papa?

Mr. Ferg. He who is every where preſent, who never loſes ſight of us a moment, and who ſees to the very bottom of our thoughts; that is, God.

Frank. Ah! it is very true. I ſhall not think of it any more.

Juſt then a man ſtood up behind the hedge, whom they could not ſee before, becauſe he had been ſitting down on a graſſy ſlope. It was an old man, the owner of the garden, who ſpoke thus to Frank: "Return thanks to God, my child, that your father hindered you from ſtealing into my garden, and coming to take what does not belong to you. Know, that at the foot of each tree there is a trap laid to catch thieves, where you would certainly have been caught, and perhaps have lamed yourſelf for ever. But ſince, at the firſt word of the prudent leſſon given you by your father, you have ſhewed a fear of God, and did no longer inſiſt on the theft that you intended, I will

will give you with pleasure some of the fruit that you wished to taste." At these words he went up to the finest pear-tree, shook it, and brought back his hat full of pears to Frank.

Mr. Ferguson would have taken money out of his purse to pay this civil old man, but could not prevail on him to accept any. "I have had a satisfaction, sir, in obliging your son, which I should lose were I to be paid for it. God alone repays such actions."

Mr. Ferguson shook hands with him over the hedge, and Frank thanked him too in a very manly manner; but he shewed a still more lively gratitude in the hearty appetite that he appeared to have for the pears which did indeed quite run over with juice. That is a very good man, said Frank to his papa, after he had finished the last, and they had got a good distance from the old man.

Mr. Ferg. Yes, my dear; and he is so, no doubt, because his heart is convinced of this great truth, that God never fails to reward good actions, and chastise evil.

Frank. Would God have punished me then, if I had taken the pears?

Mr. Ferg. The good old man told you what would have happened to you. God, my dear child, orders every thing that passes upon earth, and directs events so as to reward good people for their virtuous actions, and to punish the wicked for their crimes. I will tell you an adventure which relates to this subject, and made so strong an impression on me, when a child, that I shall never forget it as long as I live.

Frank. Ah! papa, how happy I am to-day; a pleasant walk, fine pears, and a story besides!

Mr. Ferg. When I was as little as you, and lived at my father's, we had two neighbours, the one on the right, the other on the left-hand of our house: their names were Dobson and Vicars. Mr. Dobson had a son called Simon, and Mr. Vicars one also of the name of Gamaliel. Behind our house and those of our neighbours were small gardens, separated at that time only by quick-set hedges. Simon, when alone in his father's garden, amused himself with throwing stones into all the gardens round about, never once thinking that he might hurt somebody. Mr. Dobson had observed this, and reprimanded him severely for it, threatening to chastise him if ever

ever he did so again. But unhappily this child knew not, or else did not believe, that one should not do amiss, even when alone, because God is always near us and sees whatever we do. One day, when his father was gone out, thinking that nobody could see him and therefore that he should not be punished, he filled his pocket with stones and began pelting them all round him. Just at the same time Mr. Vicars was in his garden with his son Gamaliel. This boy had the misfortune to think, as well as Simon, that it was enough not to do amiss before others, and that when alone one might do what one pleased. His father had a gun charged, to shoot the sparrows that came picking his cherries; and he was sitting in a summer-house to watch them. At this moment, a servant came to tell him that a strange gentleman wanted him in the parlour: he therefore left the gun in the summer-house, and expressly forbid Gamaliel to touch it. But Gamaliel, when all alone, said to himself, "I dont see what harm there would be in playing with this gun a little;" and saying thus, he took it up and began to exercise with it like a soldier. He handled his arms and rested his firelock, and had a mind to try if he could make ready and present. The muzzle of his gun happened to be pointed towards Mr. Dobson's garden, and just as he was going to shut the left eye, in order to take aim, a pebble stone thrown by Simon struck him in that very eye. The fright and the pain together, made Gamaliel drop the gun, which went off; and, oh! what cries and shrieks were immediately heard in both gardens! Gamaliel had received a blow of a stone in the eye, and Simon received the whole charge of the gun in his leg. Thus the one lost his eye, and the other remained a cripple all the rest of his life.

Frank. Ah! poor Simon! poor Gamaliel! how I pity them!

Mr. Ferg. They were, it is true, very much to be pitied; but their parents still more so, for having children so disobedient and vicious. After all it was a real happiness for these two bad boys to have met with this accident.

Frank. How so, papa?

Mr. Ferg. I will tell you. If God had not early punished these children, they would always have continued

in mischief, whenever they found themselves alone; whereas they experienced by this warning, that whatever bad actions men do not see, God sees and punishes. This was therefore a lesson to them to amend themselves, and they became thenceforth prudent and sedate, and shunned doing mischief when alone, as much as if all the world saw them. And this indeed was the design of Providence in thus punishing them; for our merciful Creator never chastises us but to make us become better.

Frank. Well, that eye and leg will make me take care. I will shun what is wrong and do what is right, even though I see nobody near me.

As he had finished these words, they arrived at their own house-door.

THE GOOD SON.

A DRAMA, in Two ACTS*.

CHARACTERS.

JEREMY GOODACRE, *a Country Labourer.*
NANNY GOODACRE, *his Wife.*
CICELY, - - *their Daughter.*
ISAAC - - *her Lover.*
CHARLES GOODACRE { *a Lieutenant of Foot, Son to Jeremy.*
BONIFACE, - *a Schoolmaster.*
Recruiting Serjeant—Soldiers—Country People.

SCENE I.

A grass plat before Jeremy Goodacre's cottage. In the middle of it, a large tree, with a seat round it.

Isaac, (*alone.*)

I Did not see her all yesterday. I have not spent a day this twelvemonth without seeing her. What can have happened? Every thing is quiet in the house. Ah! Cicely, can you sleep at ease, while you know how uneasy I am?

* The following is rather an imitation, or paraphrase, than a translation of the drama which bears the same title in the French of Mr. BERQUIN. The necessity of deviating from the original will be obvious to every reader. The French drama is also imitated from the German of Mr. ENGEL.

—Mayhap

—Mayhap she has changed her mind, and loves somebody else. (*Goes towards the cottage door.*) Heh! Cicely, Cicely!

SCENE II.

Isaac, Cicely.

Cic. (*mimicking him.*) Heh! Isaac, Isaac!—Well, here I am.

Isaac. You seem to be in high spirits, Cicely.

Cic. Are you angry that I am glad to see you?

Isaac. You did not want to see me yesterday though, or you would have been where you promised.

Cic. Well, are you going to scold me? Do you think I was not as uneasy as you were?

Isaac. Dear heart! Cicely, are you serious? Well, now I am as happy as I was dull a minute ago. But what hindered you to come?

Cic. You know it was the first day of the month; and when my brother, at his landing, wrote to father from Portsmouth, he told him that he should hear from him again, without fail, as yesterday.

Isaac. Well?

Cic. So father would not wait for the postman, but sent me, about four o'clock, to the post-office, for the letter. They told me there, to wait; that it could not be long before the coach came in: so I staid, upon thorns. And father, uneasy at my stop, came soon afterwards; and before a quarter of an hour's end, comes mother too. You know I could not quit them. So there we staid until dark night, and no coach. I suppose some accident had happened. We came back sorrowful enough, and I could not leave father and mother grieving by themselves; now tell me, could I?

Isaac. No, you are very right. I shan't scold you. But what is your hurry now? Where do you want to go?

Cic. To see if the letter is come yet. Father and mother are terribly uneasy. They are so fond of my brother, and he of them.

Isaac. Now, Cicely—are you fond of me?

Cic. My brother, that was only a private soldier, and is now a lieutenant.

Isaac. Yea, Cicely, but—

Cic.

Cic. And has two or threeſcore men at his command.

Iſaac. Ah! your brother is well off.

Cic. How grand will he be in his ſcarlet coat and his gold ſhoulder-knot! Oh! it is a fine thing, Iſaac, to be a captain? Doſt not think ſo?

Iſaac. Ay, I ſhall know it, I am afraid. He'll be aſhamed now, mayhap, to ſee me one of his family, as I have no gold ſhoulder-knot, nor men at my command.

Cic. No, Iſaac, do not make yourſelf uneaſy. My father has lived in the ſame way of life with you theſe ſixty years, and my brother has too much ſenſe to deſpiſe it. He would have been the ſame as you, if he had not chanced to enliſt when he was young. No, he will never look for a huſband for his ſiſter out of her own condition.

Iſaac. Ah! Cicely, how happy you make me!

SCENE III.

Jeremy, Cicely, Iſaac.

Jer. Are you come back already? Where is the letter? Let's ſee.

Cic. Father, I have not been at the poſt-office yet.

Jer. And you ſtand there, prating!

Cic. I was juſt a going. Well, I'll run as faſt as I can. Will you go Iſaac?

Jer. Ay, go together; ſo you will be back the ſooner. But don't loiter on the road. And Cicely, as you paſs, you'll tell Mr. Boniface the ſchoolmaſter, to come here and read the letter for me.

SCENE IV.

Jeremy.

How uneaſy I am about the delay of this letter! I could not reſt the whole night. Ah! my dear boy, how the thoughts of you make us glad and ſorry by turns!

SCENE V.

Jeremy, Nanny.

Nan. Well, this letter does not come. I don't know how it is; a dread hangs over me.

Jer.

Jer. Do not be impatient, my dear! we ſhall hear from him preſently, and ſee him too again very ſoon. I know we ſhall. Ah! I am ſure I pray for that every day.

Nanny. He is a ſoldier, my good man, and a ſoldier is not certain of his life a moment. That is what makes me unhappy. Very often, when his letters are read to us, and you imagine that I cry for joy, it is for grief and ſorrow. Each, I think, is perhaps his laſt: and this money that he ſent us at his landing I cannot look at it without a heavy ſigh. As I ſaid to myſelf, it is his pay from the king, the price of his blood; and can we, his father and mother, be happy while we are ſpending it? Ah! I wiſh he were here now.

Jer. We ſhall have him here by and by, never fear. He will come to quarter in ſome town, mayhap, near ourſelves, and then we ſhall go and ſee him once a week.

Nanny, (*overjoyed.*) Aye, twice, three times a week, my man. Ah! if that was the caſe, how happy ſhould I be! But who can tell whether we ſhall know him again?

Jer. Heh! I dare ſay I ſhall know my own ſon.

Nanny. What, when he is dreſt like an officer, all over gold lace, with his breaſt-plate and his ſwaſh?

SCENE VI.

Jeremy, Nanny, Boniface.

Bon. Good morrow, neighbour Jeremy. Good morrow, dame Goodacre.

Jer. How doſt do, Maſter Boniface? (*ſhaking him by the hand.*)

Bon. Well, you have received news from your ſon? Where is the letter? Let me read it to you.

Jer. We have not received it yet, and I am ſo impatient—

Bon. I ſuppoſe ſo, if it were only to have the honour of receiving a letter from a lieutenant. But how the plague did he get up ſo high? I cannot think, for my part. Beſides, you never ſhewed me his letter that mentions it: you got the exciſeman to read it for you.

Nanny. Then you did not hear that part, Mr. Boniface? Do, tell him how it was, Jeremiah.

Bon. Aye, come, do tell us about it, neighbour Jeremy.

Jer. Well, maſter Boniface, the matter was as thus: In that laſt battle—at what d'ye call it—near—I never can think of the name; all his regiment was ſadly mauled; moſt of the officers killed or wounded. My ſon too had received a ball, but never minded it. He rallied about three hundred men as well as he could. (*with vehemence.*) led them up to the enemy fell on with fixed bayonets, checked them ſo much that our people had time to retreat, and at laſt came off in good order at the head of fifty men. His general ſaw the whole, made him lieutenant upon the ſpot, and promiſed to befriend him as long as he lived.—Yes, maſter Boniface, it is all true. My ſon did juſt as I tell you.

Bon. Oh! it is a brave youth. I ſaw that long ago, while he was at ſchool with me. When my boys were at play it was Charley that led the gang; and if ever there was a quarrel, he always ſobered the ſtouteſt of them. It was in him then, neighbour Jeremy. That is all natural to him.

Jer. (*laughing.*) Aye, by the maſs is it!

SCENE VII.

Jeremy, Nanny, Cicely, Boniface.

Cic. (*running.*) Father! father! here is the letter, here it is; and another Bank-note in it, I dare ſay, for it feels thick.

Jer. My good Charley! I am afraid he hurts himſelf to ſerve me.

Cic. And father, ſome more wine too. The wine-merchant, he with the great red noſe, was at the poſt-office at the ſame time with me, and had juſt got an order to ſend you another hamper full. Iſaac is gone to fetch it.

Bon. A hamper full?

Jer. There will be ſome of that for you, Maſter Boniface. But mean time, we have a little of the laſt left. You ſhall drink with me while you read the letter. Go, dame, and bring us that bottle and three glaſſes, with a bite of bread and cheeſe. We will make a breakfaſt of it here

here under the tree. Bring out a table, Cicely. Make haſte.

Nanny and Cicely (*as they go off.*) But pray, now, do not read the letter without us.

Bon. Never fear. You know, I cannot read before I break my faſt.

SCENE VIII.

Jeremy, Boniface, Cicely, (*who goes backwards and forwards.*)

Jer. Open the letter, however, Maſter Boniface, though we won't read it the more for that. And yet I am curious to know what he ſays about the peace, and if he will ſoon come and ſee us.

Bon. Of the peace, quotha? Aye, they talk of it a good deal, but I cannot think it. They recruit and impreſs ſtill as faſt as ever. Why, this morning a ſerjeant with his party came into the town.

Jer. What, to recruit?

Bon. Ay, marry. The ſame that ſwears he enliſted Iſaac, your daughter's ſweetheart, at the fair in t'other town. Take care, neighbour Jeremy, he'll carry off Cicely's huſband that is to be, if you do not take care. He is a ſlippery fellow, that ſerjeant.

Cic. (*coming near to liſten.*) O gracious, are you in earneſt, Maſter Boniface?

Jer. Do not be afraid, child, you know it was all a trick.

Bon. Nay, if you are ſure of that. But come, let us unſeal——What a fine hand your ſon writes! how fair and legible: but he is indebted to me for it. (*He hems, and begins to read.*)

"*Honoured father*—"

Jer. (*ſtretching his head out towards Boniface to hear the letter.*) Ah! my good Charley.

Bon. "As our regiment is ordered home, to remain in this country"—

Jer. Heaven be praiſed! Then he will not croſs the ſeas again. How happy my wife will be!

Bon. "I hope ſhortly to have the happineſs of ſeeing my family"—

Jer. Oh! I knew we ſhould ſoon have him here.

Bon. "Meantime I cannot give you greater ſatisfaction, than by informing you how honourably I have been treated a few days ſince"—

Jer. (*joyfully.*) Ay? Let us hear, let us hear.

Bon. "By the general who politely invited me to dinner with him."—

Jer. My Charley to dine with him? Oh! how the reſt would ſtare! all thoſe great officers! Well? well?

Bon. "He held a particular converſation with me for a long time, and was pleaſed to pay me ſeveral compliments on my behaviour during the war, which were certainly more than I deſerved. In ſhort, he aſked me where I was born, and who was my father."—

Jer. What! the general aſk about me? Well, what did he ſay? let's hear; quick, Maſter Boniface.

Bon. "I told him that you were a poor honeſt labouring man, but that I would not change you for any father in the world, notwithſtanding your condition."—

Jer. (*lifting up his hands.*) Heavenly goodneſs! I think I hear him.

Bon. "The general was pleaſed with this expreſſion of my duty towards you, and filling his glaſs, drank your health in the preſence of the whole table, requeſting me to inform you that he had done himſelf that pleaſure, and to aſſure you always of his friendſhip and good wiſhes."

Jer. (*overjoyed.*) Now, is it poſſible, Maſter Boniface? The general? Some duke, no doubt.

Bon. Ay, you hear he drank your health.

Jer. (*runs towards the cottage, and calls out.*) Wife! wife! never mind what you are doing there, but come hither: come quick.

Nanny, (*from within the cottage.*) What is the matter, Jeremiah?

Jer. Nay, come, you ſhall hear; come, I tell you, quick.

SCENE IX.

Jeremy, Boniface, Nanny.

Jer. (*kiſſing Nanny.*) Oh! my dear good wife, what a ſon thou haſt given me!

Nanny

Nanny, (*sets the wine and bread and cheese on the table. Boniface lays hold on it unconcernedly.*) What is the matter good now? I am all over in a flutter of joy. Is he coming home?

Jer. Oh! better than that. He dined with the general, d'ye know, and the general asked about our town, and about me, and my son told him that I was a poor labourer, but that he would not change me for all the fathers in the world. And with that the general drank my health publickly, and promised me his friendship. (*Nanny claps her hands for joy.*) So now, my dear, we must drink the general's health. Come, dame, take you that glass, you t'other, Master Boniface, and I'll have this. (*Takes off his hat.*) Fill all bumpers. Come, here's a health to the noble general.

Bon. 'Fore George, he does not drink better than this.

Jer. Hark ye, neighbour Boniface, you must write for me to my son, as how I have pledged the general's health in a bumper, and that he must thank him from me, and assure him that I love him dearly. Now don't forget. Nay, by the rights of the business, it would not be amiss, I think, to send a civil line or two to himself.

Bon. Pooh! neighbour Jeremy, what dost talk on?

Nanny. But Charley is coming home, is he? we shall soon see him. Eh?

Jer. Softly child, you will hear that directly.

Nanny. Ah! if he could come before our Cicely is married, it would be a double happiness.

Jer. Patience! Patience! master Boniface will go on.

Nanny. Ay, ay; pray go on; mayhap he'll tell us something more.

Bon. (*sitting down again. Nanny goes to his side, and listens attentively.*) "Invited me to dine with him"—Where did I leave off?—"Drank your health—Requesting me"—Ay, here it is—"Requesting me to inform you"—

SCENE X.

Jeremy, Nanny, Cicely, Boniface.

Cic. (*crying and sobbing.*) Help, help, father; here are the soldiers.

Jer. How? What is the matter?

Cic. The recruiting ſerjeant is going to take away Iſaac.

Bon. What, and the hamper of wine too, that he is bringing?

Nanny. O my ſtars, this is a misfortune!

Cic. Do father, go and ſee if you can releaſe him. You are his father in a manner as well as mine. The ſerjeant will reſpect you, I am ſure. Every body reſpects you.

Jer. Silly child! as if every body lived in our town. But make yourſelves eaſy; it is not ſo bad perhaps as you imagine. I will go and talk to them.

Cic. Do father, and I will go with you: perhaps we may prevail on them.

SCENE XI.

Nanny, Boniface.

Nanny. Lackaday! I wiſh I could follow you. But now Maſter Boniface, you that can ſpeak like an oration, why don't you go and hold forth to them?

Bon. No, no, dame; my buſineſs is to comfort the afflicted. I cannot quit *you*.

Nanny, (*with anxiety.*) Bleſs me! don't I hear a noiſe already in the town? I hope no harm will happen to my poor man. Do, neighbour Boniface, go and ſee what is the matter.

Bon. Why you would not have me go! what me?

Nanny. Yes. You are a man of learning. You can talk to them ſomething like.

Bon. Ay, ſo much the worſe. Theſe blades would deſire no better ſport than to fall foul of men of learning, like me. 'Sblood, keep to your books, they would ſay to me. And then again I am a little haſty, who can tell what might happen? I ſhould never have meddled with learning, that is plain.

Nanny. Come, you are one of our beſt friends, Mr. Boniface, and won't you help us?

Bon. Nay, but have a little moderation after all, Gammer. Think of my profeſſion. I can give you counſels and conſolations in Engliſh and in Latin, as much as you will; but for helping folks, it does not lie in my way.

Nanny.

Nanny. Well, I could not have expected this of you. I see, I must hobble after them myself.

SCENE XII.

Boniface, (*alone.*)

Yes, yes! go and push myself in amongst a parcel of young swaggerers. I have only twenty brats in my school and those young monkies play tricks on me from morning to night. What would I be amongst a score of great hulking fellows? I should have no rods there to frighten them. I think it is much better to finish this bottle, and then I can read the rest of the letter. I long to know— (*Fills his glass, and reads to himself.*) "The first of next month?"— Why that was yesterday. (*Continues to read eagerly.*) "The second? To be here on the second of the month?"— Heh! they'll be quite happy. (*Drinks off his wine.*) There is not a moment to be lost. (*Fills again and drinks.*) I'll run after them, and bring them back. (*Fills and drinks a third time.*) The time is precious. (*Holding the bottle up, and seeing it empty, rises in a hurry, as if to run after them, and calls.*) Jeremy! Nanny! They are too far off: they do not hear me. Well, this news will make it up for me with Nanny. It would be a pity to quarrel with such good folks, especially just now, when they have got a fresh hamper of such nectar as this.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Jeremy, Isaac, Nanny, the Serjeant, Country People, (*Cicely and Soldiers standing by.*)

The Serj. (*to the Soldiers.*) Come, no more of this whining; take him before a justice.

Country People. You won't take the man by force, will you?

Isaac. Ay, let him, if he dare.

The Serj. You may all talk as you will: this is my man. (*Slapping on his pocket.*) Here is my beating order, and that is enough.

Isaac. Beating order? you have no order to trapan folks.

Jer. (*making a sign to the country people to be silent.*) Harkye, Mr. Serjeant, good words go a great way.

The Serj. Good words? I desire no other. Let's see of what sort yours are.

Jer. I'll tell you what, serjeant, I love my king and country with all my heart; and if the war was not almost over, and every thing settled, if we were in any danger, and there was a real occasion—

The Serj. Is this all that you have to say?

Jer. Nay, serjeant, only hear me.

The Ser. (*leaning on his cane.*) Well, let us hear.

Jer. This young man is my son in law that is to be; but what of that? If things were as I told you, I should be the first to say, carry him off. For what can there be more our duty, than to fight for one's country? Take myself too, I would say. My head is grey, it is true, and my face covered with wrinkles, but I am neither too old nor too weak to fight as well as another. My son's noble bravery has made me strong again, (*with vehemence.*) I will fight as long as I can carry a firelock, and when old age and weakness overpower me, I will hearten up the young fellows round me to behave themselves bravely. If I see any of them draw back, I'll throw myself in his way and stop his flight, or, if he will run, he shall pass over the carcase of a poor old man. Yes, upon my soul, serjeant, I would say exactly so,—if things were at that pass.

The Serj. And I would say, My good old gentleman,—you don't know what you are talking about.

Jer. (*advancing a step.*) Harkye, serjeant, mayhap *you* don't know what you are doing. If you give yourself airs with us, we'll find your betters somewhere; and if I write to my son, that is a lieutenant—

The Serj. You a son a lieutenant? But if you had a dozen, I can only say, that I must have Master Isaac here, or the smart money.

Isaac. Ay, ay, this is a fine way to come and get folk's money. You a king's man?

The Serj. I do no more than the king does, in regard to your money, except that I take the trouble to come for it myself. Two guineas, or he must march.

Nanny. Nay, serjeant, for pity's sake—

The

The Serj. Pity! we soldiers have much to do with pity. How would it be if the enemy were amongst you? No quarter then, but your money or your lives!

Nanny, (*shuddering.*) Oh dear me!

The Serj. No, no, we have not much time for pity. Broken arms and legs are nothing amongst us.—But come, we are losing time. Harkye, you must find the money, or the man is mine. Come along; march. (*Goes off with the soldiers and Isaac.*)

Jer. Follow him, neighbours to the justice's, if he goes there. I'll be after you presently. (*Cicely and the country people go out.*)

SCENE II.

Jeremy, Nanny, Boniface, (*out of breath.*)

Jer. Ah! Master Boniface, you left us in the lurch.

Bon. What a plague! I have been running after you this quarter of an hour.

Jer. What is the matter, then? you seem all alive.

Bon. Matter? the matter is here, gaffer. (*Striking the letter.*) Why your son is to be with us to-day, man.

Jer. To-day, Mr. Boniface?

Bon. Only hear. (*He reads.*) "Our regiment is ordered into quarters, and the first of next month the company to which I belong will march through your town." Look ye there, neighbour Jeremy; the first, that is, as one should say, yesterday.

Nanny. Is it possible? Yesterday? and not here yet?

Bon. Stop, stop. Hear what follows. (*Reads.*) "Or if not that day, on the second at farthest, I shall ask permission of the commanding officer to go and see you as we pass by.

Jer. Then, my dear boy comes at last! Wife, I will go and meet him. I'll go as far as the common. I'll stretch out my arms towards him, and call to him, My son, my dear son!

Nanny. Nay, don't leave me pr'ythee. How can I keep pace with you, being so feeble? Then he will think that I do not love him as well as you do.

Bon. Ay, ay, stay where you are, neighbour. Only let me have a guinea, quick.

Jer. A guinea? For what?

Bon. To keep the ſerjeant in diſcourſe about the two guineas that he aſks, and then when your ſon comes—

Jer. Ah! right. Here my good friend. Run, ſee what you can do. For my part, I can think of nothing but my ſon at this moment. (*Boniface goes out running.*)

SCENE III.

Jeremy, Nanny.

Nanny. Pray, Jeremy, don't you go and leave me. I could not ſtay behind. You had better get up on this little hill. You will ſee farther from the top of it.

Jer. You are right, my dear. Marry, I am all on fire with joy and impatience.

Nanny, (*while Jeremy goes up the hill.*) Heaven be praiſed, then my ſon is come home again. I ſhall ſee him once more, after ſo many long years. Dear! how my heart beats! My joy was great when he came into the world, but now much greater. (*She calls to Jeremy.*) Well, my dear man, do you ſee nothing of him?

Jer. (*on tiptoes, holding his hand over his eyes.*) Not yet, honey; the ſun dazzles me.

Nanny. I hope all this joy may not be out of ſeaſon. Step down, and lend me a hand to get up. I ſhall ſee farther than you.

Jer. What a duſt! Is it a flock of ſheep? No; I ſee the gliſtening of their arms. They are coming down by yon hill. It is they, my dear. It is they.

Nanny. Do you ſee our boy?

Jer. He cannot be far off. Eh! who is this that comes galloping towards us through the town? (*He throws his hat up.*) Huzza! wife, here he comes on horſeback. Our own Charley.

Nanny. Good lack! I am out of my wits with joy. Oh! I muſt go to meet him. Gracious! here he comes.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Jeremy, Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre.

Lieut. Goodacre, (*entering as Jeremy comes down from the hill.*) My dear father! (*embraces his father and mother.*)

Jer. Ah! my good ſon. God bleſs thee, my dear boy! The ſight of you makes me ſhed tears of joy. You have a thankful father.

Nanny. Oh! that you have, my dear child, and a thankful mother too.

Lieut. Goodacre. Why do you talk of thanks, my honoured parents? It is I that have obligations to you.

Jer. No, Charles. I will ſay it before all the world, you have repaid me much more than I have ever given you. You are all my comfort, and the happineſs of my old age. It is you that keep me alive, and prolong my days.

Nanny. We can never make you amends for the happineſs that you afford us.

Lieut. Goodacre. And is it not the greateſt happineſs that I can enjoy myſelf? It would be none, if your affection did not make you ſhare it with me. Yes, my dear and honoured parents; I have never ceaſed to think of you in every circumſtance of life. When any good fortune has happened to me, I have thought very little of the advantage that fell to myſelf from it. The greateſt pleaſure that I felt at ſuch times, was in thinking of the ſatisfaction that it would occaſion to you. But in no part of my life have I enjoyed ſo great, ſo ſenſible a happineſs as at this moment, when I ſee both your eyes filled with tears. (*taking each of them by the hand, and looking at them by turns.*) O my worthy parents, I can never ſatisfy myſelf with ſeeing you.—But compoſe yourſelves. I cannot ſtay very long with you now. I ſhall return ſhortly, and ſpend a few days with you. Well, how do you go on? How do you paſs your old age? How do you live? Where is my ſiſter, that I have not ſeen ſince ſhe was in her cradle. Let me ſee her.

Jer. She is a good girl, and gives us vaſt ſatisfaction. We are going to marry her, if you approve it. But I'll bring her hither directly. (*going, he returns.*) And yet I am grieved to tell you—

Nanny. But for you ſhe might be very unhappy. Our intended ſon-in-law, my dear child—

Jer. Has been trapanned by a ſerjeant, that luckily is ſtill here. Before he releaſes him, he expects two guineas; and they have been promiſed to him, to keep him on the ſpot, as we were in hopes that you would come in the mean time. How happy it is that you arrived here to-day?

Lieut. Goodacre. Well, go father, and try to bring him hither without telling him that I am here, nor my ſiſter neither.

Jer. Nay, how ſhall I refrain! I would much rather cry out to every body that I meet, He is here, he is here. (*goes out.*)

SCENE V.

Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre.

Lieut. Goodacre, (*looking round him.*) How charming is this retreat! Now indeed I know the place of my birth. Yonder is the cottage that I have ſo often ſighed after. There the great tree, under the ſhade of which we uſed to ſit with our neighbours on fine ſummer evenings: and here the hill that I choſe for the ſcene of my ſports. O happy years of my childhood! Of every ſpot that I ſee round me, there is none, my dear mother, that does not remind me of ſome mark or other of your affection. But you ſeem thoughtful.

Nanny. My joy is ſo great, I can hardly give it vent. If I were alone, I could cry for an hour. Beſides, too, I think—

Lieut. Goodacre. What, my dear mother?

Nanny. That you are not our equal now. You are too much above us.

Lieut. Goodacre. I too much above you? Oh! baniſh that thought. Are not the ties of nature the moſt ſacred? Am not I convinced that I cannot be dearer to any perſons upon earth than to you and my father? And ſhould not I in return feel a more ſincere affection to my parents, than to any other perſon in the univerſe? Ah! believe me, I ſhall continue to love and reſpect you the ſame as ever.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre, Cicely.

Cic. (*enters haſtily to her mother, without obſerving Lieutenant Goodacre.*) What is the matter, mother? Why did my father ſend me here in ſuch a hurry? (*perceiving Lieutenant Goodacre, ſhe draws back.*) Oh goodneſs! an officer!

Lieut. Goodacre, (*aſide to Nanny.*) Mother, is that my ſiſter? (*Nanny makes ſigns to him in the affirmative. He goes to kiſs her.*) What a charming countenance!

Cic. (*ſtruggling.*) Oh! fye ſir, be quiet.

Nanny. What Cicely, to your brother?

Lieut Goodacre. How ſurprized ſhe ſeems? Yes, Cicely, your brother, and I hope a brother that you love.

Cic. Dear mother! what this fine officer? Is he my brother Charley?

Lieut. Goodacre, (*kiſſing her.*) What amiable innocence!

Cic. (*running to her mother, quite overjoyed.*) Oh! mother, we have nothing to fear now. Iſaac will ſoon be releaſed.

SCENE VII.

Jeremy, Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre, Boniface, Cicely, Iſaac, the Serjeant, Country People.

Jer. (*pointing to his ſon.*) There, ſerjeant; there is the gentleman that will pay you the two guineas.

The Serj. (*ſurprized.*) How is this? an officer? (*takes off his hat.*)

Lieut. Goodacre. You ſay, ſir, that you have enliſted this man: where is your beating order?

The Serj. (*preſenting it to him with ſome confuſion.*) Here, ſir.

Lieut. Goodacre. I ſee the number of your corps. What officer commands your party?

The Serj. Captain Marſhall, ſir.

Lieut. Goodacre, (*having looked over the paper.*) Why this is but a copy. Well, I know your captain, and think I ſhould know you too. Your dealing with this man does not ſeem to have been fair. I am afraid that you have

abuſed the honourable profeſſion of a ſoldier, and looked upon it as allowing you a privilege to extort poor people's money. I ſhall write to your captain, and meantime ſhall be anſwerable for this man's appearance. (*Serjeant goes off.*)

SCENE VIII.

Jeremy, Nanny, Lieutenant Goodacre, Boniface, Cicely, Iſaac, Country People.

Lieut Goodacre. Come hither, ſiſter: Is this your intended ſpouſe? He is a clever young fellow. I like Cicely's choice very much.

Iſaac. You are very good, captain, to approve it, as I am no more than a huſbandman.

Lieut. Goodacre. And what was my father? Are not you born of honeſt parents?

Nanny. Yes, indeed, my dear ſon, as honeſt as any in the pariſh.

Lieut. Goodacre. Well, I ſhall not be happy unleſs I am at your wedding. I ſhall take all the expence of it upon myſelf.

Country People, (*with a murmur of approbation.*) That is very generous indeed.

Lieut. Goodacre. But do not I ſee Mr. Boniface?

Bon. Yes, captain, much at your ſervice.

Lieut. Goodacre. Ah! one of my oldeſt acquaintances. (*ſhaking hands with him.*) I am ſorry to have made him angry ſo often formerly.

Bon. That is all paſt. The preſent does me much honour. Do you know, captain, that it was I who read all your letters for this good couple? I have ſpread your reputation through the whole country. Indeed I came in myſelf for ſome ſhare of it.

Lieut. Goodacre. Yes, Mr. Boniface, I acknowledge it with pleaſure. Your inſtructions have not been entirely uſeleſs to me in my advancement.

Bon (*bows affectedly, and riſes with a pedantic toſs of his head*) Who would think (*aſide*) that I have flogged a captain?

Lieut Goodacre. Father, do theſe good people belong to the village?

Jer.

Jer. Yes, child, they are our neighbours, and have been very kind to us in our old age.

Lieut. Goodacre. I am heartily obliged to you, my good friends.

Country People, (*approaching familiarly.*) How plain he is, and how affable! He does not think himself above us. Kindly welcome home, captain. We have always been glad to hear news from you, when you were abroad. (*Lieutenant Goodacre takes each of them by the hand.*)

Jer. Every thing that I see of you, my dear son, pleases me highly, and convinces me that whatever I heard to your advantage was true. You certainly have behaved yourself as a worthy soldier.

Lieut. Goodacre. I hope so, father; and I am indebted for it to your good advice and that of my mother. There is no part of the world, I thank heaven, where my memory is hateful: I flatter myself that in many parts it is respected. (*looking at his watch.*) But my time is almost expired. I must leave you, my dear parents.

Nanny. What, already? so soon?

Jer. Stop a little longer. We have scarcely had time to look at you.

Lieut. Goodacre. I must absolutely join our division again. Be assured that my heart alone would be sufficient to keep me here, if my duty did not call me away. But shall I ask you one thing before I leave you?

Jer. and Nanny. Any thing, child, any thing.

Lieut. Goodacre. Well then, my dear parents, come and live with me. You shall command my pay, such as it is, in the same manner as you ever command my duty and affection.

Jer. and Nanny. My dear son—

Lieut. Goodacre. You hesitate? Ah! your consent must be quite voluntary. It would be no happiness to me, if it ceased to be one to you.

Jer. Hear me, my dear child. We are old and cannot live long. Let us die here where we have spent all our days. Let us die in our cottage; that spot is dear to us, since in it you was born. Only come and make us happy with the sight of you now and then, it is all that we desire.

Lieut. Goodacre. Oh! certainly, certainly, father.

Nanny.

Nanny. And we, my dear ſon, will go to ſee you in return. They will be days of happineſs to us when we ſee you, and we ſhall never ceaſe to bleſs heaven for having given us ſuch a ſon.

PHYSIOGNOMY.

MR. Oakley having one day ſurprized his daughter Arabella very buſy before her glaſs, they had the following converſation on the ſubject.

Mr. Oakley. Why Arabella, you are dreſt very fine. I ſuppoſe it is to receive or to pay viſits.

Arabella. Yes, papa, I am to ſpend the evening with the Miſs Monktons.

Mr. Oakley. I thought you were going to figure in a circle of ducheſſes. What needs all this dreſſing for friends that you ſee every day?

Arabella. Why, papa, you know—when one goes out, one ſhould not be in a diſhabille as at home.

Mr. Oakley. Then you are generally in diſhabille at home?

Arabella. No, papa;—but you know there ought to be a difference.

Mr. Oakley. I underſtand. You mean that you ſhould be a little more attentive to your dreſs. But I thought, as I came in, that you ſeemed buſy in examining your looks, and your figure. Does your glaſs tell you that your ſtudies have ſucceeded? (*Arabella looks down, and bluſhes.*) What is your intention?

Arabella. Papa, one always likes to pleaſe, and—we would not appear ſo as to frighten people.

Mr. Oakley. Ha, ha! then it depends on our choice to pleaſe people, or to frighten them?

Arabella. Not entirely. But I meant—as others do when they ſay, one looks like a fright.

Mr. Oakley. I ſhould like to know what that means. It may be of uſe to myſelf.

Arabella. Why for inſtance; when one is pitted deeply with the ſmall pox, or has a great long noſe and chin, or a wide mouth.

Mr.

Mr. Oakley. Thank heaven you have none of these; but rather, indeed, a sensible little countenance. What more do you want, in order to please universally, and not to be a fright?

Arabella. Ah! I can't tell how it is, but I know some little misses that have very handsome faces, and yet they do not please me; and I know others that are not counted handsome, and yet I like their faces very much.

Mr. Oakley. Can you trust me with your thoughts? Tell me those first that are handsome and yet have not the good luck to please your taste.

Arabella. That is easily done. In the first place, there is Miss Bloomer. She has a clear smooth skin, as white as a lily, with fine blue eyes and rosy lips. But she has an affected loll which makes her seem lower than she is; and she hangs her head on one shoulder, so that her face looks quite another thing. Then she draws out her words slowly, as if she weighed each syllable, and in speaking she looks at you, expecting you to admire every sentence. In the next place, there is the eldest Miss Archly; she passes for a beauty; but her looks are so proud and sneering, that when we are a number of us together, we cannot help thinking she despises or ridicules us. As for Miss Drake, she carries herself with so much confidence, and speaks with such an air of command, that a boy would blush—

Mr. Oakley. Softly! At this rate we shall fall into scandal. I would rather hear you mention those who, without being handsome, have found means to please you.

Arabella. You know Miss Emily Johnson? She is much marked with the small-pox, and even has a pearl on her left eye from it; but yet her countenance is so pleasing, that one may read in it good-nature, mildness, and complaisance. The youngest Miss Archly has the smallest cast in the world with her eyes, from having had something hung before one eye that was sore for almost a twelvemonth when she was young. She looks to the right, to see what is on her left hand. Well, it is nothing when one becomes used to it, and we all love her dearly; she is so lively, and so gay.

Mr. Oakley. You seen then, outward advantages, such as a fair soft skin, white teeth, a handsome nose, rosy lips, a fine easy shape, in short, all the beauties of face or person,

perſon, are not ſufficient by themſelves to make one pleaſe: one muſt have beſides a happy countenance, and engaging manners.

Arabella. Certainly, papa; for otherwiſe I cannot tell how ſome pleaſe me who are neither handſome nor well ſhaped, and how others are diſagreeable with all theſe advantages.

Mr. Oakley. But can you tell why the firſt have ſomething in their countenances more agreeable to us than the regular features of the ſecond?

Arabella. Becauſe, I ſhould think, one ſees there ſome ſigns of their diſpoſition; and we are apt to think that thoſe who have an appearance of good-nature in the features of the face, muſt have a good heart.

Mr. Oakley. When you were before your glaſs, you ſtrove, no doubt, to throw a little good-nature into your countenance, that people might imagine you to poſſeſs it in your diſpoſition too?

Arabella. Oh! pray papa, do not make game of me.

Mr. Oakley. I do not mean it. But you told me juſt now that you wiſhed to pleaſe, and you owned this to be the ſureſt method of doing ſo.

Arabella. Yes, certainly.

Mr. Oakley. But do you think that ſuch a countenance may not be deceitful, or that one can aſſume the power of pleaſing and lay it down at pleaſure?

Arabella. Yes, papa, I think ſo, for I have heard you and others ſay a hundred times, "I would never have thought that little girl to have ſuch a deceitful countenance.—That man looked like honeſty itſelf, and yet he has deceived us.—Such a perſon knows how to compoſe his face ſo, that one would ſwear him to be poſſeſt of every virtue."

Mr. Oakley. But did we ſpeak, then, of thoſe that we had ſeen often, or for a long time, or pretty near us?

Arabella. Ah! I do not know that, papa.

Mr. Oakley. Or might not this wrong judgment proceed from a want of ſagacity? or from not ſufficiently remarking whether ſuch perſons have always the ſame countenance, or only take it up upon occaſion; or in ſhort, whether they ſpeak and act conſiſtently, and uniformly?

Arabella. What is the meaning of that, papa?

Mr.

Mr. Oakley. Whether every thing agrees, their countenance, their eyes, the ſound of their voice, all the features of their face; whether any part contradicts, or gives the lie to the other.

Arabella. Oh! there are a good many things to mind in that. And yet I ſhould imagine, if I ſaw any one a long time, and pretty often, and took particular notice of what you have mentioned, I could not be miſtaken.

Mr. Oakley. Ah! child, do not be too ſure.

Arabella. However, I think, I can ſee in my little friends what is affected, and what is natural.

Mr. Oakley. So then you ſuppoſe that you are knowing enough in the art of diſguiſing the thoughts, and that you have judgment and penetration enough, to diſtinguiſh truth from hypocriſy upon a countenance? Really, I ſhould never have expected ſo much from ſo light a little head as yours.

Arabella. Oh! I have taken notice in Miſs Bloomer, that her prim mouth, her ſtare, her motions with her head, and that drawling tone of hers, are not natural; and that the elder Miſs Archly's proud flouting look, and Miſs Drake's free undaunted manner is not at all affected, becauſe the one is really vain and ſelf-conceited, and the other impudent.

Mr. Oakley. Perhaps they are not far enough advanced in the art of putting on counterfeit looks. However your opinion is, that our averſions and our likings, our faults and our virtues are painted on our faces, and that one can read in a perſon's features, as in a book, what he is in the bottom of his heart.

Arabella. Why not? I never ſaw a paſſionate perſon with a mild aſpect, nor an envious perſon with a ſmiling countenance; nor one who was cruel and unfeeling, with looks of tenderneſs. Only ſee our neighbour, Mrs. Grimſton, how ſhe eyes people as if ſhe would eat them up, and with what a grumbling voice ſhe ſpeaks. Every time that Miſs Artichoke, the old maid, comes here, when mama has company, only obſerve how her eyes go round, to ſee if any lady preſent has any thing new or elegant about her dreſs; and with what looks of jealouſy ſhe meaſures her from head to foot, as if ſhe was hurt at another's happineſs.

Mr.

Mr. Oakley. Why, indeed, we may pretty ſafely pronounce that the one is envious, and the other paſſionate. But may it not ſometimes happen, that nature ſhould give the ſame perſon a happy countenance, and a perverſe diſpoſition; or, on the other hand, indifferent features along with a noble heart?

Arabella. I do not know, but I can hardly believe it.

Mr. Oakley. Why ſo?

Arabella. Becauſe we may ſee by a perſon's figure whether he is weak or ſtrong, ſickly or in health; and it muſt be the ſame with the diſpoſition.

Mr. Oakley. Well, now I ſhall give you two paſſages from hiſtory, that ſeem to contradict your notion. A certain able phyſiognomiſt, called Zopyrus, boaſted that from a view of a perſon's ſhape and countenance, he could diſtinguiſh his manners and ruling paſſions. After one day looking at Socrates, he judged him to be a man of a bad mind and vicious inclinations, ſome of which he mentioned. Alcibiades, the friend and ſcholar of Socrates, who was well acquainted with his maſter's merit, could not help laughing at the judgment of the phyſiognomiſt and taxing him with groſs ignorance. But Socrates confeſſed that he was really by nature inclined to thoſe vices of which he was accuſed, and that he preſerved himſelf free from them by the conſtant exertions of philoſophy. Æſop, that ſlave who was endowed with ſo much wit, had a perſon ſo diſagreeable and deformed, that when he ſtood to be ſold he could prevail on nobody to purchaſe him, until his witty anſwers ſhewed them convincingly what he was.—Here are two examples that ſeem to prove the contrary of what you maintained.

Arabella. Well now, that ſurprizes me as to Socrates: I have often heard you talk of him with admiration. And as to Æſop too, I have read his fables with ſo much pleaſure. I ſhould have thought them both the fineſt looking perſons in the world. But however, it agrees again with what I ſaid, that one may be ordinary, and yet have I don't know what of wit, ſenſibility, or good-nature, in the countenance.

Mr. Oakley. You are right; ſickneſs or grief may alter the features. But that was not the caſe with Socrates. He owned himſelf that he was at firſt viciouſly inclined, and the features of his face ſtrongly confirmed it.

Arabella. I think his anſwer explains the difficulty. He was born with a bad diſpoſition, but as he had much good ſenſe at the ſame time, and ſaw that paſſion, pride and envy were terrible vices, he ſtruggled with them and came at length to get the better of them. His heart was purged of his faults, but his countenance kept the marks of them ſtill.

Mr. Oakley. You ſeem to be pretty ready at a reply. Nay, there is ſome truth, too, in your reaſoning. However, I have a ſmall queſtion to propoſe to you.—If Miſs Archly, that proud little miſs, who has a face, you ſay, expreſſing diſdain and ſelf-conceit, ſhould, from the ſenſible inſtructions of her parents, be convinced of her own folly; or if diſtreſſes and ſickneſs obliged her to endeavour to render herſelf agreeable to others, by being mild, affable and mannerly, ſo that ſhe ſhould become quite the contrary to what ſhe is at preſent; and ſuppoſe it were the ſame with your other little friends, as to the faults that you find in them alſo; would thoſe marks of pride, affectation or impudence remain ſtill upon their faces? Or when, by continual and redoubled efforts they ſhould have changed their vices into the oppoſite virtues, would the ſame alteration take place in their countenances?

Arabella. Yes, certainly, papa.

Mr. Oakley. Well, the truth may lie between our different ways of arguing. Socrates, when young, yielded to the folly of his paſſions, and even retained for a long time his choleric temper, ſince he entreated his friends to admoniſh him, whenever they ſaw him ready to give way to it. But in a more advanced age, when he had been inſtructed in the ſchool of wiſdom, he began undoubtedly to combat his vices, to reform himſelf daily, and to riſe by degrees to the higheſt pitch of perfection in every moral virtue. But then it was too late to new-model his features. The muſcles and fibres of his face becoming ſtiff, the beauty of his mind could make no impreſſion through his countenance. It was like the ſun in a cloudy ſky. Now in childhood, when the features are more tender and flexible, the different movements of the ſoul are in their turns forcibly impreſſed on them. So that if by a reform during that period the virtues take place of the vices in the mind, the outward expreſſion of theſe virtues on the countenance will alſo efface that of the vices. For

the

the countenance may be compared to a thin veil. If you throw it over the head of a fair Circaſſian, and afterwards over that of a Negro wench, you will eaſily ſee through it the florid bloom of the one, and the ſooty blackneſs of the other. I do not know whether you underſtand what I mean.

Arabella. Oh! yes, perfectly from that compariſon; and to ſhew you that I do, I will give you one of my own. I have often with the greateſt eaſe cut the letters of my name, or the date of the year, upon a young tree, but I could not do ſo upon an old one: the bark would have been too hard, and too rugged.

Mr. Oakley. Why you ſurprize me. But even though your compariſon ſhould not be quite exact, it is certainly true that if we do not take up a habit of virtue until an advanced age, we ſhall appear the leſs amiable in the eyes of others; becauſe our features, long accuſtomed to expreſs our former vicious inclinations, can with difficulty be modelled to repreſent our preſent virtuous ſentiments: and what are we to conclude from this?

Arabella. That we ſhould—that we ſhould——

Mr. Oakley. Conſider well before you expreſs yourſelf.

Arabella. That we ſhould endeavour, while young, to have an amiable countenance.

Mr. Oakley. But if we are not in our heart what our countenance denotes, would not the contraſt be remarked? You ſaid juſt now of Miſs Bloomer, that ſhe was not what ſhe wiſhed to be thought. So, you ſee—

Arabella. Yes, I ſee that we ſhould ſtrive to be really what we wiſh to appear. So, for inſtance, if we would appear mild, modeſt, reſerved, or good-natured, we ſhould ſtruggle againſt all thoſe inclinations that would hinder us to be ſo in effect, otherwiſe our counterfeit looks will ſoon be diſcovered. For if one is really mild, modeſt, reſerved, or good-natured, the features of his face will ſhew it.

Mr. Oakley. Very well, my dear Arabella. And is not that an excellent receipt for obtaining true beauty, and the genuine art of pleaſing? How unhappy would thoſe be to whom nature has refuſed her charms, if they were debarred the hopes of acquiring an amiable and engaging countenance by goodneſs of heart, and other qualities moſt pleaſing in the ſight of God and man. Therefore,

fore, my dear, take my advice; do not go to seek in your glass for the art of appearing better than you really are. But whenever you find yourself ruffled by any passion, run immediately and consult it. You will see the ugliness of envy, anger or vanity. Then ask yourself, if such a portrait can be agreeable in the eyes of either God or man.

Arabella. Yes, papa; your advice is very good, and I will follow it. But I shall reap another advantage from your instructions.

Mr. Oakley. What is that?

Arabella. I will look very attentively at every body that I see in company, and strive to discover by their faces what opinion I should have of them.

Mr. Oakley. No, child, take care how you do so. The first would be contrary to good manners, and unsuitable to the modesty of your sex; and the second would be very dangerous, considering your candour and inexperience. To discover in the features of any person his disposition or way of thinking, requires long study, repeated observations, and a very penetrating judgment. You would find yourself continually deceived in your likings or dislikes. The knowledge of the world will instruct you by degrees. At present study only yourself, and use all the strength of your mind to acquire every virtue, in order to become more amiable and more beautiful.

NARCISSUS AND HIPPOLYTUS.

NARCISSUS and Hippolytus were nearly of the same age, and loved each other from their earliest infancy. As their parents were close neighbours, they had opportunities of being together every day. Mr. Chambers, the father of Narcissus, had a place under government, the profits of which were immense; but the father of Hippolytus, Mr. Marvel, possessed a moderate fortune, on which, however, he lived content, and all his views aimed at making his son happy by the advantages of a well directed education, since he had it not in his

his power to leave him great riches. To obtain this end, he made choice of means the moſt worthy of his prudence. Hippolytus, at nine years of age, was formed to all the exerciſes of the body, and his underſtanding enriched with many uſeful acquirements. Being conſtantly in exerciſe and motion, he was healthy and robuſt. Always contented, and happy in the affection of his parents, he enjoyed a mild chearfulneſs which communicated its influence to thoſe who had the happineſs of being in his company. His little neighbour Narciſſus was one who felt this happineſs; for the moment that Hippolytus left him, he would be quite at a loſs for amuſement. That his time might not hang weariſome, he was continually eating without being hungry, drinking without being dry, and dozing without being ſleepy. So that ſcarce a day paſſed but he was troubled with qualms of the ſtomach, or violent head-achs. Mr. Chambers, as well as Mr. Marvel, tenderly wiſhed his ſon's happineſs; but to procure it he had unfortunately taken the means which were quite oppoſite to his end. Narciſſus from the cradle had been bred up with the utmoſt delicacy. He had always a ſervant behind him, to hand him a chair whenever he had a mind to change his ſeat. He was dreſt and undreſt as if he had not the uſe of his hands. It ſeemed as if all thoſe who were about him only breathed for him, and that he could not help himſelf even to live. While Hippolytus, in a thin linen jacket, helped his father to cultivate a little garden for his amuſement, Narciſſus, in a fine ſcarlet coat, was lolling in a chariot, paying morning viſits with his mama. If ever he went to take the country air, and alighted out of the carriage but for a moment, they took particular care to put his great coat on, and a handkerchief round his head, for fear he ſhould catch cold. Accuſtomed as he was to be humoured in his ſlighteſt fancies, he wiſhed for every thing that he ſaw; but this wiſh laſted only for a moment; and the more troubleſome it was to procure him what he wiſhed, the ſooner he was tired of it. To ſpare him the ſmalleſt ſubject of ill humour, his mother had ordered all the ſervants to reſpect even his follies. This ill-judged indulgence made him ſo whimſical and imperious that every body in the houſe hated and deſpiſed him. Beſides his parents, Hippolytus was the only perſon that loved him

and

and could patiently put up with his humours. He knew how to manage his temper, and could make him even good humoured like himself.

How do you contrive to be always so merry? said Mr. Chambers to him one day. I do not well know, sir, answered he. It comes of itself. But my papa tells me, that one is never perfectly happy, without mixing a little work with one's play. And I have observed it, too, whenever any strangers come to our house, and we quit our work to entertain them: I never find my time hang heavy but on such days. It is this mixture of exercise and amusement that makes me always be in good health. I fear neither the winds, nor the rain; neither the heat of the day, nor the cold of the evening; and I have almost dug up a whole plat in my garden, before poor Narcissus quits his bed of a morning. Mr. Chambers heaved a sigh; and that very day he went to consult Mr. Marvel how he should act, in order to make his son as healthy and as chearful as Hippolytus. Mr. Marvel took pleasure in answering his questions, and laid before him the plan that he had followed. The powers of the body and of the mind, said he, should be equally kept in exercise, unless they are meant to be unserviceable, as money buried in the ground would be even to its owner. Nothing can be imagined more prejudicial to the health and happiness of children, than to give them a pusillanimous turn, by using them to excessive delicacy; and from a pernicious complaisance, to give way to their whimsical and obstinate humours. To what vexatious disappointments will not a man be exposed, who has been accustomed from his childhood to see even his follies flattered; since of all the warmest wishes of his heart, he may happen to see scarcely one accomplished, and thus be led basely to murmur against his destiny, when he should for the most part thank heaven for rejecting his infatuated vows? He added, with tokens of heart-felt satisfaction, that Hippolytus would certainly never be that unhappy person. Mr. Chambers was struck with this discourse, and resolved to conduct his son to happiness by the same way. Alas! it was too late. Narcissus now was fourteen years old, and his mind, so long enervated, could not bear any exertion, though ever so little fatiguing. His mother, as weak as herself, entreated her husband not to teaze their darling.

Her husband, wearied out with these entreaties, dropped the sensible design that he had formed; and the darling sunk more and more into habits of pernicious effeminacy. Thus the strength of his body declined, in proportion as his mind was degraded by ignorance. At length, when he had gained the age of seventeen, his parents sent him to the university, intending him afterwards for the study of the law. Hippolytus being destined for the same profession, accompanied his young friend. I had forgot to mention that Hippolytus, in his different studies and acquirements, had never had any other instructor than his father. Narcissus had as many masters as there are different accomplishments to acquire; and he remembered a few of the terms used by each of them tolerably well. This was all the fruit of his studies. The understanding of Hippolytus, on the contrary, was like a garden whose airy situation every where admits the kindly rays of the sun, and in which every seed, by a judicious cultivation, comes rapidly to the growth. Already well instructed, he earnestly desired fresh knowledge. His diligence and good behaviour afforded a pattern for imitation to his companions. His mild temper, his lively apprehension and joyous humour, made his company strongly attracting. Every body loved him, and every body wished to be his friend. Narcissus at first was happy to be in the same lodging with him. But very soon his pride, mortified by the esteem that Hippolytus had acquired, would not suffer him to be longer a witness to it. He therefore separated from him upon a frivolous pretence. Being now left to himself, and his own vitiated taste, he sighed for pleasure, and thoughtlessly snatched at whatever seemed to offer her deceitful image to his view. I shall not attempt to describe to you how often he blushed for himself, and how from one imprudence to another, he fell at last into the grossest irregularities. It will suffice to inform you that he returned to his father's house with the seeds of a mortal distemper in his bosom; that he languished six months on a bed of pain, and expired in the severest agonies. Hippolytus came home to his parents, regretted both by his teachers and his companions, and enriched with a treasure of learning and prudence. With what transports of joy was he received by his family! O children, how

how ſweet a thing it is to make ourſelves beloved by all who know us, and at the ſame time to feel ourſelves worthy of this univerſal affection! His mother thought herſelf the happieſt of women; and tears of joy filled his father's eyes whenever he beheld him. A conſiderable employment in his profeſſion was conferred on him with the unanimous approbation of all who knew his character, and enabled him to gratify his ardent deſire of promoting the happineſs of his friends. And he enjoyed their happineſs as much as they did themſelves. His parents, too, ſhared the ſame generous ſentiments, and lived in affluence to a good old age. He took pleaſure in repaying them with intereſt the attentions which they had ſhewed for him. A wife endowed with beauty and virtue, and children reſembling himſelf, made his happineſs complete. Whenever, therefore, any man was mentioned as being both happy and worthy to be ſo, the name of Hippolytus always occurred firſt to the thoughts of thoſe who knew him.

THE MAN WHO ROSE TO SUDDEN FORTUNE.

ONE fine evening, in the month of June, Mr. Ruſſel went out with his ſon Eugene, to take a walk in ſome of the moſt agreeable environs of the city. The weather was mild, the ſky clear, the purling ſtreams and waving trees luiled them to an agreeable thoughtfulneſs. What a lovely evening! ſaid Eugene, enchanted with the beauties of nature that ſurrounded him. He preſſed his father's hand, and ſaid to him, If you knew, papa, what thoughts riſe in my heart! He was ſilent for a moment, then lifting up towards heaven his eyes which were moiſtened with tears, I thank my God, ſaid he, for the happy moments that he gives me to enjoy. Oh! that every body could taſte the beauties of the evening as I do! That all mankind overflowed with joy, as I do at this moment! I could wiſh to be king over a large country that I might make all my ſubjects happy. Mr. Ruſſel embraced his ſon. My dear Eugene, ſaid he, the

benevolent wish that you have just expressed, comes from a heart as generous as humane. But would not your thoughts change with your fortune? Would you preserve in an exalted station these sentiments that animate you now in the middling condition to which heaven has appointed you?

Eugene. Why do you ask that question, papa? cannot one become rich without becoming cruel or wicked?

Mr. Russel. It does not always happen so, my dear. There are some fortunate persons who remember their past distresses, and in whom this reflection produces sentiments of charity towards the unfortunate. But to the disgrace of the human heart, a change of fortune frequently alters affections the most tender and sympathetic. While we are unfortunate ourselves, we think that heaven requires it of all men as a duty to relieve our sufferings. If the hand of God remove misfortune from us, we conclude all his intents in the preservation of the universe to be fulfilled; and we no longer think of those wretches that remain in the gulf from which we have been rescued. We have an instance of this in the man who comes sometimes to ask relief of me. I give it to him with a reluctance that I cannot conquer, though I reproach myself for it.

Eugene. Why true, papa; I observed that you put your alms coldly into his hand, without ever giving him those words of comfort that you do to other poor people.

Mr. Russel. I will shew you, my dear, whether he deserves them. Mr. Lowe was a linen-draper in the Minories. Though the profits of his business were but moderate, a poor person never appeared at his door in vain. This was all the pleasure that he indulged himself in purchasing; and he thought himself happy to enjoy it, though he could not command even this to the full extent of his wishes. Business called him one day upon Change. He saw in one part of it a number of principal merchants together, who were talking of vast cargoes, and immense profits to be expected from them. Ah! said he to himself, sighing, how happy these people are! If I were as rich, heaven knows, I should not be so for myself alone, and that the poor should partake of my abundance. He goes home full of ambitious thoughts, but how can his narrow business enable him to fulfil his vast

vaſt projects? With tolerable œconomy, it was no more than ſufficient to afford him a decent ſubſiſtence the year round. "I ſhall always be at a ſtand here!" cried he, "and never riſe above this middling condition in which I linger at preſent." A hand-bill, inviting adventurers to purchaſe in the lottery, was at this moment put into his hand. He ſeized the idea with eagerneſs, as if inſpired by fortune; and without minding the inconvenience to which his covetouſneſs might reduce him, he went to the lottery-office, and laid out four guineas, the only money that he could ſpare in the world. With what impatience he waited for the drawing! He one time repented having ſo fooliſhly hazarded a ſtake, the loſs of which would diſturb him. At another time he fancied that he ſaw riches falling down upon him in ſhowers. At laſt the drawing began.

Eugene. Well, papa, did he get a prize?

Mr. Ruſſel. Five thouſand pounds.

Eugene. Aha! he would jump for joy.

Mr. Ruſſel. He went immediately and received his money, and ſpent ſome days in thinking of nothing elſe. When he had had enough of that, I can put this ſum to a better uſe, ſaid he, than barely poring over it. He therefore enlarged his ſtock, extended his dealings, and by his activity and knowledge of trade he ſoon doubled his capital. In leſs than ten years he became one of the richeſt men in the city. It muſt be ſaid in his praiſe, that he had till then been faithful to his vow, in making the poor partake of his abundance. At the ſight of an unfortunate perſon he remembered his own former condition without being aſhamed of it. And this recollection never failed of profiting the perſon who occaſioned it. Led by degrees to frequent fine company, he contracted a taſte for luxury and diſſipation. He purchaſed a magnificent country-houſe and fine gardens, and his life became a round of pleaſures and amuſement. The moſt extravagant whims he gratified without ſcruple, but ſoon perceived that they had made a conſiderable breach in his fortune. Trade, which he had given up in order to be quite at leiſure to enjoy himſelf, no longer enabled him to repair it. Beſides, a habit of indulgence and a mean vanity would not ſuffer him to leſſen his expences. I ſhall always have enough for one, thought he; let others provide for themſelves.

ſelves. His heart, hardened in this reſolution, was thenceforth ſhut to the unfortunate. He heard the cries of miſery around him, as one hears the tempeſt grumble, when ſheltered from its fury. Friends whom he had till then ſupported, came to ſolicit him for freſh relief. But he refuſed them harſhly. Have I made a fortune, ſaid he, only to ſquander it upon you? Do as I do, ſaid he, depend upon yourſelves. His mother, whom he had cut ſhort of half the penſion that he allowed her, came to beg for a retired ſhelter in a corner of his houſe, there to ſpend her few remaining days; but he had the barbarity to refuſe her, and with dry eyes beheld her die in miſery. This crime, however, did not long remain unpuniſhed. His debaucheries very ſoon exhauſted all his wealth, and deprived him of the ſtrength neceſſary to ſupport himſelf by work. In ſhort, he was reduced to the ſtate of miſery in which you ſee him, and now begs his bread from door to door, an object of contempt and indignation to all honeſt people.

Eugene. Ah! papa, ſince fortune can make men ſo wicked, I wiſh to remain as I am.

Mr. Ruſſel. My dear Eugene, I wiſh the ſame for the ſake of your happineſs; but if heaven deſtines you to a more exalted ſtation, may you never forfeit the nobleneſs and generoſity of your ſoul. Think often of the ſtory that I have juſt now told you. Learn from this example, that we can never taſte true happineſs, without feeling for the misfortunes of others; that it is the powerful man's duty to comfort the ſorrows of the weak; and that he reaps more true happineſs from the performance of this duty, than from all his pomp and luxury.

The ſun was now going to ſet, and his parting beams threw a liveſy glow upon the clouds which ſeemed to form a purple curtain round his bed. The air, freſhened at the approach of evening, breathed an agreeable calm. The birds, in repeating their farewel ſongs, rallied all their powers of melody. The leaves of the grove mingled a gentle murmur with their concert, and every thing ſeemed to inſpire ſentiments of joy and happineſs; but Eugene and his father, inſtead of the tranſports which they had felt at firſt, returned home loſt in melancholy reflexions.

THE

THE GREYHOUND AND THE RING.

A DRAMA, in TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Mr. CALVERT.	
SERINA,	*his Daughter.*
EUSTACE,	*his Son.*
LIONEL, RUFUS,	*Friends to Euſtace.*

SCENE, *An apartment in Mr. Calvert's houſe.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Serina (*alone.*)

AH! my poor little Diana! I ſhall never be able to ſit at work without you. It was here on this little cuſhion that you lay down beſide me, while I was at my needle. How joyful and pleaſed were we both when you awoke! You would run, ſhaking your tail, under the ſopha and under the chairs and tables, and then jump from one to the other. How happy did you appear when I took you in my lap! How you would lick my hands and face, and play with me! Oh! how ſorry ſhall I be if I never ſee you again! Ah! I ſhould never have loſt you myſelf; but that careleſs———

SCENE II.

Serina, Euſtace.

Euſtace. (*overhearing theſe laſt words.*) I ſee, my name is called in queſtion.

Serina. Ay, whoſe elſe ſhould it be? If you had not been ſo poſitive in taking her out with you yeſterday, ſhe would not have been loſt.

Euſtace. That is true, and I am as ſorry for it as you are: but what can I do now?

Serina. Did I not beg of you to leave her at home? but you could not go a ſtep without having her at your heels.

Euſtace. I own it. I was ſo pleaſed when ſhe was along with me, to ſee her walk ſometimes before me, and ſometimes behind me. Then ſhe would run from me as if I was purſuing her, and come back again at full ſpeed, and jump up about me ſo playful.

Serina. Then you ſhould have taken better care of her.

Euſtace. Yes, I ſhould ſo. But as ſhe uſed to go away from me, and come back of herſelf without any occaſion for my calling her, I thought——

Serina. You thought?—you have never the leaſt miſtruſt of any thing; and by that poor Diana was loſt.

Euſtace. I promiſe you, ſiſter, the next time——

Serina. Yes, another time when we have nothing to loſe. I could not ſleep a quarter of an hour together all laſt night. I thought I heard her whining to me at a diſtance, and that I ran to the ſide from which her cries ſeemed to come. Then I awoke, and found myſelf alone. Ah! I dare ſay ſhe is as dull too, for her part.

Euſtace. Dear ſiſter, it makes me doubly unhappy to ſee you grieve ſo. I would give all that I am worth in the world to have her again.

Serina. Now you make me grieve ſtill more. Why, don't you know at leaſt where you miſſed her? One might enquire amongſt all the neighbours thereabouts.

Euſtace. I'd lay a wager ſhe followed me into this ſtreet, and almoſt as far as our own houſe too. But as ſhe runs up into every court ſmelling about, ſomebody muſt have ſhut their door upon her and kept her in.

Serina. Yes, I dare ſay it was ſo; otherwiſe ſhe would have come back to her lodging. She knows the way to it well enough.

Euſtace. Lionel was along with me, and declared to me that he ſaw her but the moment before we miſſed her. And it was his fault; for he was playing ſuch comical tricks as we walked along, that I forgot Diana juſt then.

Serina. Well, he ſhould have helped you at leaſt to look for her.

Euſtace.

Euſtace. So he did all yeſterday evening, and to-day again very early. We went into all the ſtreets and lanes round about, and ſearched every court and market near us. We enquired, in ſhort, among all our acquaintances, but could hear nothing of her. Indeed, ſiſter, I am aſhamed to look you in the face. I know you muſt be angry with me.

Serina, (*taking him by the hand.*) No, I am not angry now. You did not mean to diſoblige me; and beſides, you are ſo ſorry yourſelf! But who is this coming up ſtairs? Go and ſee.

SCENE III.

Serina, Euſtace, Lionel.

Lionel (*opening the door.*) It is I, it is I, Euſtace. Good morning to you, Miſs Serina.

Serina. Good morning, Maſter Lionel.

Lionel. I have got a ſcent of Diana, and I hope pretty ſoon——

Serina What? to find her again?

Lionel. I'll tell you. You know that old woman that lives at the corner of the ſtreet, and ſells cakes and garden ſtuff?

Serina. What? has ſhe my little dog?

Lionel. No, no; ſhe is a very honeſt woman, and a good friend of mine. You know, Euſtace, that Diana too wanted t'other day to form acquaintance with her, ſtanding up with her paws upon the counter, and ſmelling at the biſcuits.

Euſtace. Ah! yes; but her little fond tricks would not do there, for the old woman gave her a great ſtroke on the noſe with her glove.

Serina. Oh! that is nothing. Well, Maſter Lionel?

Lionel. Well, juſt now I went to her ſhop to buy ſome cakes, and was telling her of our loſs. What, ſays ſhe, that little cur dog?——

Serina. Cur dog, Maſter Lionel? Don't call my pretty Diana ſo. I would rather not hear you talk of her at all.

Lionel. Nay, I only tell you her own words. That little cur dog, ſays ſhe, that belongs to that pretty young gentleman, your acquaintance? Yes, ſaid I, the ſame. Well, you know another little maſter that lives here be-

low, at the large houſe with the balcony? It was he that coaxed her away.

Euſtace. How? could ſhe mean Rufus?

Lionel. Don't you remember that he was at the old woman's ſhop yeſterday as we paſſed, and pretended not to ſee us, for fear of being obliged to offer us ſome of his walnuts?

Euſtace. That is very true. I recollect it now.

Lionel. Well, when we had paſt her houſe a little way, he called Diana as ſhe was following us, and offered her a bit of cake, and while the poor thing was buſy feaſting herſelf, he ſnatched her up in his arms and carried her home. The good woman told me the whole trick.

Serina. An ill-natured creature! well, however, we know where ſhe is. Brother, you had better go to him without any more ado.

Lionel. I am greatly afraid that he would not find her there. Rufus has taken her only to ſell her, as he does his books and whatever elſe he can purloin at his father's. He is capable of any thing. Why, we were playing at marbles t'other day, and he cheated.

Euſtace. Ay? is that his way? I'll run to him this moment.

Lionel. You will not find him at home. I have juſt been there, and he was out.

Serina. Perhaps he bid them ſay that he was not at home.

Lionel. No; I went up to his room, and I told the maid that I wanted him to come and play at marbles, and that I would wait for him at your houſe.

Serina. He will never have the face to ſhew himſelf here, if he has really taken Diana.

Lionel. Ah! you do not know his aſſurance. He would come here on purpoſe, that you might not ſuſpect him; but I'll convict him before you.

Serina. We muſt go cunningly to work and queſtion him ſlily, to make him diſcover the ſecret.

Lionel. I'll tell you. All the cunning required is to ſhew him at the firſt word that he is a rogue and a thief.

Euſtace. No, no, my dear Lionel, that would only bring on a quarrel, and my papa would not have any here. Mild words, perhaps, will touch him better than reproaches or violence.

Serina.

Serina. Perhaps too he does not know that the little greyhound is ours.

Lionel. Not know, does not he see her along with your brother every day? he has played with her a hundred times, and stole her yesterday to sell her. That is just his character.

Eustace. Hist! here he comes.

SCENE IV.

Serina, Eustace, Lionel, Rufus.

Rufus. They told me at home, Lionel, that you wanted me to play at marbles. Come, I am ready. Ah! Eustace, how do you do? Your humble servant, miss.

Serina. You are going to your diversion, Master Rufus, Nothing gives you uneasiness; but we are all in trouble here.

Rufus. What is the matter then?

Serina. We have lost our pretty little greyhound.

Rufus. Dear! that is a pity! she was a pretty little creature, indeed. Her body so handsome; a grey with black spots here and there, and her breast and forefeet and tail all white. She is worth two guineas, if she is worth a farthing.

Serina. You know her so well! could not you help us to find her again?

Rufus. Do you take me for a dog-keeper? or am I obliged to look after yours?

Eustace. My sister did not mean to affront you, Rufus.

Serina. Oh dear! no. It was only a civil question. As you live in our neighbourhood and she was lost not far off, I thought that you might have been able to give us some account of her.

Lionel. Certainly, you could not apply to a better person.

Rufus. What do you mean by that, Master Lionel?

Lionel. What is best known to yourself; though I am perfectly acquainted too with the whole affair.

Rufus. If it were not out of respect to miss—

Lionel. You should thank her yourself, that I do not chastise you for your impudence.

Euſtace, (*taking Lionel aſide.*) Softly, my dear Lionel, or we ſhall loſe the greyhound.

Serina. If, as you ſay, you have ſome regard for me, Maſter Rufus, be ſo good as to hear me attentively, and anſwer me, yes or no.

Lionel. And without ſhuffling.

Serina. Have not you our greyhound? or don't you know where ſhe is?

Rufus, (*confuſed.*) I? I your greyhound?

Lionel. Do you ſtammer at the queſtion? you have her. And I know the whole ſtory too. You took her treacherouſly, coaxing her with a bit of cake.

Rufus. Who told you ſo?

Lionel. One that ſaw you do it.

Serina. I aſk it as a favour of you, Maſter Rufus, to tell me is that true or falſe?

Rufus. And ſuppoſe I did give your dog a bit of cake, or that I took her up a moment to play with her, is that a reaſon that I ſhould have her, or know what is become of her?

Serina. Nor do we ſay ſo. We only aſk you if you know where ſhe is juſt now.

Euſtace. Or if you did not keep her at your houſe laſt night out of a frolick, to frighten us a little, and afterwards to give us the pleaſure of a ſurprize?

Rufus. What, do you take our houſe for a dog-kennel?

Lionel. He muſt have a vaſt deal of aſſurance!

Rufus. I have nothing to ſay to *you*. You may be counſellor for greyhounds as long as you will, I won't be examined by you.

Lionel. Becauſe I have confounded you.

Serina. Softly, Maſter Lionel, you muſt be miſtaken. I cannot ſuſpect Maſter Rufus of ſo much meanneſs as to keep our dog if he had found it.

Euſtace. If he had loſt any thing, and I could give him an account of it, I would do it with pleaſure. So he need not be angry at our queſtions.

Rufus. I am very angry at them, and I will make a complaint of it to your father.

Lionel. You had better come to the cake-woman's houſe; I will go along with you.

Rufus. It is very pretty of you, to believe ſuch a prating goſſip before me.

Lionel. Such goſſips, however, have eyes and ears, and, as far as honeſty is concerned, I ſhould truſt them ſooner than you.

Rufus. I won't put up with this affront, and you ſhall pay for it. (*He goes out.*)

SCENE V.

Serina, Euſtace, Lionel.

Lionel. What an impudent liar! I would lay my life that he has the dog. Did not you ſee how he was confounded when I told him flatly that he had her?

Serina. I cannot believe it yet, and indeed it would be quite too ſcandalous.

Lionel. You cannot believe it, miſs, becauſe your own heart is ſo good; for my part I can believe any thing of him.

Serina. I muſt own, however, that it was very rude not to anſwer our queſtions civilly.

Lionel. If you had not been here, miſs, I would have tweaked him by the ears a little.

Euſtace. Tut, man, he is taller than you by the head.

Lionel. If he was twice as tall, I'll wager he is a coward. Did not you obſerve that he grew more impudent as we were more civil? and the harder I puſhed him, the quieter he became. But I'll go and follow him and take Diana from him, wherever he has put her.

Serina. Your pains would be to no purpoſe, maſter Lionel. Once more, I cannot believe it. He lives too near us, to expect to hide ſuch a theft from us.

Euſtace. I hope he may not go and kill her, for fear of being found out in a lie.

Lionel. No, my friend, he won't kill her. He keeps her for ſale.

Serina. O heavens! what an opinion you have of him!

Lionel. It is ſuch as he deſerves, and I'll go and convince you of it.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Serina, Euſtace.

Euſtace. Lionel is too hot. He makes a terrible quarrel of the ſmalleſt difference. If they muſt wrangle, I am glad at leaſt that it is not here.

Serina. For then, papa would give us a fine leſſon. Lionel, I believe, is willing to ſerve us; but I am ſorry that he ſeems to ſeek his own revenge more than our advantage.

Euſtace. He deſires no better than to be in every quarrel, and he has done us more harm than good. If Rufus really ſtole Diana, he would return her to me ſooner for good words than for threats. But here comes papa.

SCENE VII.

Mr. Calvert, Serina, Euſtace.

Mr. Calv. What have you done to Rufus? He came to me as I was in my room, and ſeemed quite ruffled. He complains of you very much, but particularly of Lionel, and ſays that you accuſe him of ſtealing Diana. Is ſhe loſt?

Euſtace. Ah! yes, papa. I did not like to tell you, becauſe I hoped every moment to find her again. She went aſtray from me yeſterday evening.

Serina. Ah! you cannot imagine how ſorry I am for her. I cried the beſt part of laſt night, when I awoke and miſſed her from my ſide.

Mr. Calv. Luckily, it is but a dog. Loſſes of much more conſequence happen every day in the world, and we ſhould early accuſtom ourſelves to bear with them. But you, (*to Euſtace*) why did not you take care of her?

Euſtace. You are very right, papa. It was my fault. I ſhould have left her at home, or elſe not have loſt ſight of her, ſince I took her in my charge. And I am ſorry for it eſpecially, on account of my ſiſter, becauſe Diana was hers more than mine.

Serina. I cannot be angry with my brother for it. I have ſometimes vexed him without intention, and he has excuſed me.

Mr.

Mr. Calv. Kiſs me, my dear child; I love to ſee you bear a misfortune with courage; but I am ſtill better pleaſed to ſee you, in the midſt of your grief, not the leaſt provoked againſt him that occaſioned it.

Serina. My poor brother is ſufficiently puniſhed for his negligence, for he was as fond of Diana as I. She was all his amuſement; and he grieves, beſides, that he was the occaſion of my uneaſineſs.

Mr. Calv. Always preſerve theſe ſentiments, my dear children, one towards the other, and indeed towards all your fellow-creatures, for they are of the ſame family. I know many perſons who, for ſuch a trifle, would have turned away an honeſt ſervant.

Serina. Oh! heaven forbid! Prefer a dog to a ſervant? A creature without reaſon to a perſon of our own kind?

Mr. Calv. Why do not all men make that difference as well as you, my dear child? We ſhould not then know thoſe who would rather ſee a poor child ſuffer hunger or thirſt than a favourite dog; who ſhed tears at the indiſpoſition of a ſpaniel, and look without pity on the lot of an unhappy orphan abandoned by all the world.

Serina. O papa! is it poſſible?

Mr. Calv. In return for the ſentiment which draws that generous ſigh from your breaſt, I promiſe you, my dear, a greyhound as handſome as the one that you have loſt, if you are not lucky enough to find her again.

Serina. No, papa, I thank you. I have ſuffered too much from the loſs of Diana. If ſhe does not come back, I will never have another. I will not run the riſque of grieving ſo again.

Mr. Calv. You carry things too far, my dear Serina. In that caſe we muſt reſign all the moſt agreeable pleaſures of life. We ſhould be afraid to love a friend, becauſe death or abſence might one day ſeparate us from him. If you compare the pleaſure which Diana's playful fondneſs has afforded you ever ſince ſhe was born, to the ſhort uneaſineſs that her loſs occaſions to you now, the firſt you will find exceeds the ſecond by a great deal. Nothing is more natural than to be fond of a pretty little creature, like Diana; and indeed, it would be a mark of ingratitude in you—

Serina. Yes, if I did not think of her now, becauſe ſhe is not here to play about me.

Mr.

Mr. Calv. What comforts me a little in this misfortune is, that from this you will be better enabled to bear perhaps a greater. Every thing that we poſſeſs upon earth may ſlip from our hands with the ſame readineſs, and it is wiſe to accuſtom ourſelves early to the moſt ſevere loſſes. But, with regard to our firſt ſubject of converſation, you have treated Rufus ill, it ſeems.

Serina. Not we, papa; we ſpoke to him very mildly. It was Lionel that touched him cloſe a little.

Mr. Calv. And what did he ſay in anſwer?

Euſtace. He defended himſelf but lamely. Indeed he was quite out of countenance at the firſt queſtion.

Serina. But now I will aſk you, papa, do you think that he could have the aſſurance to deny it, if he had really taken my greyhound?

Mr. Calv. I can ſay nothing as to that; but, I ſhould think, his confuſion could not come from a very clear conſcience. However, that we may have no reproach to make to ourſelves, concerning Diana, we muſt advertiſe her to-morrow in the public papers.

Euſtace. But, papa, if ſhe is really in his power, that trouble will be uſeleſs.

Mr. Calv. No, it cannot be uſeleſs. A dog requires to be fed, and is not ſo ſmall or ſo quiet that one can hide it from every body's eyes. There may happen to be ſome perſon in his houſe honeſt enough to give us information of it. I will not apply to his father, I know his rude manners too well. Beſides, he is offended with me for forbidding you a too cloſe intimacy with his ſon. We muſt wait to ſee what our advertiſement will produce.

Serina. I ſhould have ſome hopes from it, if I were able to promiſe a large reward to whoever would bring me back the dog.

Mr. Calv. I ſhall take care of that. Come, Euſtace, into my cloſet; we will put down her deſcription, and you ſhall take it to the printing-office.

Serina. Oh! what joy it would be for the poor little creature, and for me too, to ſee each other once more!

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Euſtace, Serina.

Euſtace, (*running into the room overjoyed.*) Siſter! Siſter!

Serina. What is the matter? You ſeem to be in high ſpirits. Is Diana found?

Euſtace. Diana? Oh! ſomething much better. See, (*ſhewing a ring in a ſmall caſe.*) look at what I have found not a yard from our door.

Serina. Oh! the charming ring! But the ſtone that ſhould be in the middle, where is that?

Euſtace. I ſuppoſe it had fallen out. See here it is in a paper. Look at this diamond in the light. See how it ſparkles! My papa's brilliant is not ſo large.

Serina. I pity him very much that has loſt it.

Euſtace. It is worſe than to loſe a greyhound.

Serina. Oh! I don't know that. My little Diana was ſo pretty, and ſo fond of us. And then we had her a whelp. Oh! when I think how happy we were to ſee her learn new tricks as ſhe grew bigger, and to amuſe ourſelves with her play, the fineſt ring that ever I could put on my finger would not make me half ſo happy.

Euſtace. But with this ring you might buy a hundred greyhounds like her.

Serina. It ſhould not buy mine, for all that. He that loſt the ring has others, perhaps, and I had only my poor Diana. I am worſe off than he is.

Euſtace. It muſt belong to a rich man. Poor people have not ſuch toys as this.

Serina. Yet if it was ſome unfortunate ſervant that loſt it, in taking it to the jeweller—or if it was the jeweller himſelf; the diamond being looſe would make one ſuſpect ſo; what a misfortune it would be for the poor people!

Euſtace. You are right. Well, now I am quite out of humour with my prize. We muſt aſk papa's advice about it. Oh! this is lucky! here he comes.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Mr. Calvert, Euſtace, Serina.

Mr. Calv. Well, will the advertiſement for your greyhound be in to-morrow's paper?

Euſtace. Papa, I have not been at the office yet. Here is what kept me. A ring that I have found. (*Gives him the caſe.*)

Mr. Calv. A very fine diamond, indeed.

Euſtace. An't it? This is enough to put a little dog out of one's head for a moment or two.

Mr. Calv. Yes, if it were your own. Do you intend to keep it?

Euſtace. Why, if nobody makes inquiry about it.

Mr. Calv. Did any body ſee you take it up?

Euſtace. No, papa.

Serina. For my part, I ſhould never reſt until I knew who owned it.

Euſtace. Let the owner ſhew himſelf, and certainly the ring ſhall not ſtay long in my hands. No, that would be as bad as if I had ſtolen it. We muſt give every one his own.

Mr. Calv. You will not be, perhaps, ſo well pleaſed then?

Euſtace. Why not, papa? I own, I did not think of any thing at firſt but my good luck in finding ſuch a jewel. I looked upon it as already my property: but my ſiſter has given me an idea of the trouble that he muſt feel who loſt it. I ſhould be much happier in putting an end to his uneaſineſs, than in keeping this ring, which would make me bluſh every time that I looked at it.

Serina. There is ſo much pleaſure in comforting thoſe who are troubled. For that reaſon, I cannot imagine that Rufus or any other could be ſo ill-natured as to keep my Diana, if he knew how ſorry I am for her.

Mr. Calv. (*kiſſing them.*) Amiable little innocents! My dear children, how I rejoice in being your father! Let ſuch generous ſentiments continue to ſpring up and gain ſtrength in your hearts. They will be the foundation of your own happineſs and that of your fellow-creatures.

Serina. You give us the example, papa. How ſhould we have other ſentiments?

Euſtace.

Euſtace. Oh! I'll go and ſhew my prize to every body; and we ſhould advertiſe both together in the papers, that we have loſt a greyhound and found a ring.

Mr. Calv. Not ſo faſt, my dear; there are precautions to be taken. There might be ſome people who would claim the ring, without being the owners.

Serina. Oh! I ſhould be as cunning as they. I would aſk them firſt how it was made, and I would not give it to any but him that told me very particularly.

Mr. Calv. That way is not the ſureſt, neither. A perſon may have ſeen it upon the owner's finger, and come here before him to demand it.

Serina. Ah! papa, I ſee you know better how to manage than we do.

Mr. Calv. The loſer will think it worth while to make every enquiry after ſo valuable an article. So we muſt wait.

Euſtace. But if they ſhould not think of doing ſo?

Serina. We thought of doing ſo for Diana; certainly others will for a diamond.

Mr. Calv. Meanwhile I ſhall take care of it; and do you be cautious not to ſpeak of it to any body.

SCENE III.

Euſtace, Serina.

Euſtace. It is very ſtupid, for all that, not to be able to talk, when one has any thing ſo agreeable to tell. I ſhould have been ſo happy to ſhew every body my ring!

Serina. And why, ſince you neither can, nor would keep it? There is no great merit in finding any thing valuable in the ſtreet.

Euſtace. That is true; but what I tell you is very true too.

Serina. People ſay of the ladies, that they cannot keep a ſecret. Let us ſee which of us two will be moſt diſcreet.

Euſtace. For fear my ſecret ſhould want to eſcape, I will think of nothing but Diana; and now I'll go to the printing-office with the advertiſement.

Serina. Go, brother; do not loſe a moment. But what does Lionel want with us?

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Serina, Euſtace, Lionel.

Lionel, (*to Euſtace, who is going out.*) Where are you going, Euſtace?

Euſtace. I have ſomething particular to do.

Lionel. Oh! before you go, you muſt liſten to a ſtory that I have to tell you. It will make you die with laughing. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Euſtace. I have not time for laughing now.

Lionel. You will laugh in ſpite of yourſelf. Only liſten. We have got full ſatisfaction.

Euſtace. Full ſatisfaction? Of whom?

Lionel. Of Rufus. He has loſt his father's ring. Ha, ha, ha, ha! (*Euſtace and Serina look at each other with an air of ſurprize.*)

Serina. His father's ring?

Lionel. It is fact. He had it given to him this morning to take to the jeweller's, to have the middle diamond ſet in again, that had fallen out. (*Euſtace jogs Serina; ſhe makes a ſign to him to be ſilent.*) He had it when he came here; but as he went away, quite fluſtered with anger, the caſe of the ring muſt have dropt out of his pocket as he whiſked along.

Serina. And have you ſeen him ſince he loſt it? How does he look?

Lionel. Frightened out of his wits.

Serina. Does his father know it?

Lionel. There he has drawn himſelf into a freſh ſcrape, by telling a great fib. When his father aſked him if he had given the ring to the jeweller, he anſwered, with the greateſt aſſurance, that he had.

Serina. Unhappy creature!

Lionel. Why you pity him, do you?

Euſtace. Indeed he is to be pitied.

Lionel. He? I wiſh you had ſeen what game I made of him.

Serina. What did you find ſo comical in all that?

Lionel. How? don't you take the jeſt? To ſee him running from ſhop to ſhop, inquiring about his ring, and plucking every one by the ſkirt that paſſed. I ſtuck cloſe to him, to enjoy his diſtreſs, and at laſt he came up to me;

me: "Have not you found it? Have you heard nothing of it?" What is it to me? faid I to him. Am I your ring-keeper?—"If you knew what it was worth!" So much the better for him that has found it. "And then my father, what will he ſay?" Why, he'll talk to you with a good ſtick.

Serina. Fie! maſter Lionel, that was very cruel of you.

Lionel. He had not more feeling for you.

Euſtace. Should we be ill-natured then, even towards thoſe that are ſo themſelves?

Lionel. Oh! revenge is ſweet, and I never have any compaſſion for them that offend me. If I had the good luck to find his ring, he ſhould not have it ſo ſoon.

Serina. Would you keep it then?

Lionel. Oh! no. I would give it to him after his father had threſhed him well.

Euſtace. I ſhould never have thought you ſo ill-natured, Lionel.

Serina. And I cannot believe it, though I hear it from his own mouth. You were ſo much concerned about my poor greyhound. It ſeems, it was not in earneſt.

Lionel. It was from the bottom of my heart. I love thoſe dearly, that I do love; but when I hate any one, I hate him heartily.

SCENE V.

Serina, Euſtace, Lionel, Rufus.

Lionel. Heh! there he comes. (*Points at him with his finger.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Rufus. Oh! pray now forgive me. I have been very bad, to be ſure, but I have been full as unfortunate. I am puniſhed now, and well puniſhed too, for——

Lionel. Have you ſtuck up hand-bills concerning your ring?

Rufus. I dare not appear before my father, and I don't know where to hide myſelf.

Lionel. I would lay a wager that the ring is hanging at Diana's tail. We ſhall find them both together.

Rufus. I have deſerved your jeers; but, for pity's ſake——

Euſtace. Make yourſelf eaſy, maſter Rufus; your ring is here.

Rufus.

Rufus, (*aſtoniſhed.*) What, have you it? You my ring?

Lionel, (*aſide to Serina.*) He is making game of him: that is right.

Rufus. But is it really ſo? Oh! on my knees I'll—— But no—you ſhall firſt hear how wicked I have been.

SCENE VI.

Serina, Euſtace, Lionel.

Serina. What is the meaning of that? He is gone off.

Euſtace. I am afraid the poor boy has loſt his wits.

Lionel. Your joke, for all that, may coſt you dear. If he goes and fetches his father to demand the ring?

Euſtace. Do you think then that I will keep it?

Lionel. Why, have you actually the ring?

Euſtace. Certainly I have it, otherwiſe I ſhould not have ſaid ſo. I picked it up cloſe by our door.

Lionel. Indeed you are too good. He does not deſerve to be ſo happy. You ſhould have left him a little longer in pain, at leaſt.

Serina. How, maſter Lionel? Does not my brother's example move you? Do you know that you loſe ground now very much, in his friendſhip and mine?

SCENE VII.

Mr. Calvert, Serina, Euſtace, Lionel.

Mr. Calv. What is the matter with Rufus? I ſaw him from my window, come in here all in tears.

Serina. The poor boy was half dead.

Euſtace. It was he who loſt the ring that I found. It belongs to his father.

Mr. Calv. Have you convinced him of the meanneſs of his behaviour towards us?

Lionel. Dear ſir, no. Diana has not been ſo much as mentioned.

Mr. Calv. At leaſt I would have inſiſted upon his returning her. He ſhould not hear of his ring without that.

Euſtace. Ah! papa, my heart would not let me be ſo harſh. I ſaw Rufus ſo afflicted.

Serina. Though I love Diana very well, I could not poſſibly think of her juſt then, nor of any thing but the grief of that unfortunate boy.

Mr. Calv. You have both acted generouſly, and you are my dear children, my beſt friends, all my joy and all my pride. None but baſe ſouls would inſult the diſtreſs of an enemy that is fallen. But where is Rufus? Why did not he aſk for the ring as he went away?

Euſtace. He was ſo tranſported with joy, that he did not know what he was doing.

Serina. He ran towards the door, and went out as if he were mad.

Euſtace. O! papa, did you but know how overjoyed I am to ſee you approve my behaviour, and my ſiſter's!

Mr. Calv. Could you believe me inſenſible to a generous action?

Euſtace. Becauſe you had forbidden me—

Mr. Calv. I forbad you to ſpeak unguardedly about the ring, but I did not tell you to keep it, when the owner ſhould appear.

SCENE VIII.

Mr. Calvert, Serina, Euſtace, Lionel, Rufus (having the greyhound under his arm.)

Serina, (with an exclamation of joy.) Ah! Diana! my dear Diana! *(She runs to her, takes her up in her arms, and careſſes her.)*

Rufus. You ſee how much I was to blame, and how little I deſerved your generoſity. Can you pardon me this fraud, and my unworthy behaviour? *(Perceiving Mr. Calvert.)* Ah! ſir, how bad I muſt appear in your eyes!

Mr. Calv. A perſon is no longer ſo when he acknowledges his fault, and endeavours, as you do, to repair it. Here is your father's ring.

Rufus. I am aſhamed and ſorry to have offended ſo excellent children. What difference between them and me! How wicked I am, and how generous are they!

Serina. It is only a little prank of yours, Maſter Rufus, and you would not have let the day paſs without returning Diana to me.

Rufus. You think too well of me. I had hid her up in the garret, and—

Mr. Calv. We don't wiſh to know any more. It is ſufficient that you are ſorry for what you have done. You

now

now ſee yourſelf, that bad actions make God and man our enemies, and are always diſcovered ſooner or later. I ſhould take the liberty too of propoſing to you as a model, the behaviour of my children, generous little creatures! How ſhould I thank Heaven for ſending me ſuch a gift! You ſee, the moſt noble and certain revenge is that of doing kindneſſes, and that nothing is more worthy a great ſpirit, than to repay ill-nature with good offices.

Rufus. Ah! I feel that now myſelf with the moſt lively ſorrow. (*To Euſtace and Serina.*) Will you ever forgive me?

Euſtace, (*taking his hand.*) Yes, from this moment, and ſincerely.

Serina. I have my Diana once more, and all is forgot.

Rufus, (*to Lionel.*) We ſhould be unworthy of this pattern if we did not follow it.

Lionel. I am as much aſhamed as you, and this leſſon ſhall not be loſt on me.

Rufus. I have juſt confeſſed all to my father. In proportion as he was angry with me, he was touched with your generoſity. He requeſts permiſſion to come in about an hour hence, to thank you and to beg your acceptance of a ſmall token of his gratitude.

Mr. Calv. No, there is no occaſion for any preſents. To do well, my children deſire no reward but from themſelves. Beſides, reſtoring a perſon his property is no more than a ſtrict duty.

Euſtace. How pleaſing to perform that duty! I have gained a friend for my whole life; have not I, Rufus?

Rufus. If I could be worthy of that honour. I ſhall do every thing in my power to be ſo.

Lionel. Do not exclude me from your friendſhip. I was no better than Rufus; but I have juſt now felt how noble a paſſion revenge may be made.

Serina, (*careſſing the greyhound*) Ah! little runaway! this will teach you another time to ſtray from your maſters: you have paſſed a night in priſon for it. Offer to do ſo again, and you'll ſee!—Well, what would be the conſequence? Ah! no, whatever you do, I find I ſhall always be fond of you.

THE

THE HEN.

HOW happy was Cyprian in so worthy and affectionate a father as Mr. Tisdall. Whenever he had shown himself for any length of time discreet and diligent, he was assured that his father would not fail to testify his satisfaction with some recompence or other. Cyprian had a taste for gardening, and began, about the age of twelve, to cultivate choice flowers. His father saw it, and immediately began to study how he might afford his son more pleasure.

They were both at dinner. Cyprian, said his father, your preceptor has informed me, that you have begun this very day to read the Roman History, and the Geography of Italy. If, in a week, you can but give me an exact account of every thing you may have learned on these two subjects, you cannot think what I intend shall recompence your application!

Cyprian, one may easily suppose, did not forget such a promise. He employed himself in studying all the week, to get this recompence; or rather, he received such pleasure from his study, that indeed it was he who should have bestowed a recompence on his Papa if he had been able.

He saw the day of trial come, without anxiety; and underwent the examination like an hero. He had learned the history of all the kings of Rome, and marked out in his map the gradual progress of that growing empire.

In a transport of delight, his father took him by the hand, embraced and kissed him. Come, says he, since you have sought to give me so much pleasure, it is but just that I should contribute in my turn to yours. Saying this, he led him into an adjoining garden, pointed out a vacant spot to him, and told him that it was to be his. You may part it in two, continued he; and plant what flowers you like in one, and any vegetables that you think proper in the other. After this, they went into an out-house, close behind the gardener's hut, where Cyprian found a spade, a watering-pot, a rake, and other implements of gardening, all perfectly adapted to his size and strength. On the walls were baskets hung up, of every size, great and small,

and on shelves about them, sundry boxes full of roots, and bags of seeds; the whole together duly ticketed, with cards on every box and bag, marking the proper time for sowing each article.

One should be of Cyprian's age to know the excess of his joy upon this occasion. In his mind, the little spot of earth which his father had assigned him, was as great as monarchs think their kingdoms; and whatever hours of relaxation his preceptor let him take, and which he spent before in folly, were now taken up in cultivating his domain.

One day, when he came in from doing something about his garden he forgot to shut the gate. A hen was pecking near the spot, and took it in her head to go a hunting on his grounds. The flower-bed had been strewed but lately with a layer of the richest mould, and was consequently quite full of worms.

The hen, charmed with such delicious fare, began to scratch the mould up, and employ her beak as well as talons to unearth the worms; and in particular, she took a mighty inclination to a part, where Cyprian had, the day, before been planting some fine pinks.

How great therefore was the excess of his rage when coming back to his plantation, he beheld the door a jar, and this new-fashioned gardener digging up his beds? Ah! ah! you impudent slut! said he; your bones shall pay for this. And immediately he shut the door, for fear his victim should escape, and picking up flint stones, sand, clods of earth, and whatever he could lay hold of, he threw them at the bird, pursuing her all the while as close as he could.

The frightened hen, at one time ran with all her speed, and at another time strove to fly upon the wall, but found that her wings would not befriend her in reaching such a height. Unhappily, she fell back more than once on Cyprian's flowers, and got her wings and feet entangled with the finest hyacinths.

Young Cyprian, beholding her thus embroiled, supposed that he had her fast. Two rows of tulips separated them. His anger was so vehement, that stepping over, as he meant to do, this interval of separation between the hen and him, he trod them down himself. The hen, however, at her enemy's approach, redoubled her former efforts,

efforts, and attempted now a second time to gain the wall. She rose a great deal higher than before, yet still came short; but what was matter of regret for Cyprian, bore away with her from underneath as she rose, a beautiful rose-bud-coloured ten-belled hyacinth. On this, he seized his rake, and flung it at the bird with all his strength. The rake turned round, and while he fancied it upon the point of hitting the fugitive mark, it came down, and dashed two panes of glass to pieces in a melon frame, as well as broke out two of its own teeth upon the ground.

The little Fury, made much more furious by these damages, had run for his spade, and now the combat would perhaps have had fatal consequences for his feathered adversary, who fatigued and giddy had crept in between a rose-bush and the wall, if Mr. Tisdall, at first attracted to his window by the noise, had not made haste to her assistance.

The moment Cyprian saw his father, he stood stock still in evident confusion; however he made shift to find his tongue at last, and cried out, See, papa, what ravage this vile creature has committed in my garden.

Had you shut the door replied his father with an affected indifference, this ravage would not have been made. I saw your whole behaviour. Are you not ashamed of having put forth all your strength against a harmless hen? She has no *reason* to conduct herself, and though she has rooted up your pinks, it was not with a wish to do you any damage, but to get her ordinary food. Now, Cyprian, should you have put yourself thus into a passion, if she had scratched up nothing but as many nettle roots? And how can she distinguish between pinks and nettles? It is yourself alone that are to blame for all this havock. With precaution you would certainly have driven her out so that she might do no further mischief; and in that case, neither your rake, nor my melon frame, would have gone to ruin, or your loss have exceeded that of a few flowers. Therefore you alone are punishable, so that were I to cut a branch off from this hazle-tree, and with it make you suffer just what you designed the hen should suffer—which of us would act with the greatest justice? I shall not, however, go to this extremity, purposely to shew you that we may all suppress our resentment, if we think proper. Notwithstanding, for the damage done to my melon frame,

I shall deduct as much as will repair it, from the arrears of your allowance in my hands; for I am not to suffer through your rashness.

Cyprian, upon this, withdrew much abashed, and all day durst scarcely lift his eyes up, while before his father.

On the morrow, Mr. Tisdall proposed a walk, and asked if he desired to join him. Cyprian followed, but oppressed with sadness which he sought in vain to hide. His father saw it, and affecting a degree of wonder, wished to know why he appeared so grievously dejected.

Cyprian. Have I not the greatest cause to be dejected? For this whole month past, I have denied myself so many pleasures, merely to buy something for my sister. I had saved ten shillings, with which I thought to purchase her a pretty hat; but must give the half of it perhaps to have your melon frame repaired.

Mr. Tisdall. I dare say, you would have been delighted to oblige your sister, but my melon frame, however, must be paid for first. This lesson will teach you in future not to yield yourself up to the mischiefs of resentment which in general aggravates the first misfortune happening to us.

Cyprian. Ah! you may depend upon it, sir, I will never leave the garden-door open again, or take revenge upon a hen for what would be my own omission.

Mr. Tisdall. But, pray tell me, do you fancy that, in this vast universe, hens only have it in their power to do you damage?

Cyprian. O! no, no; for look ye, not above a week ago I left my map upon the table while I went a walking, and my little sister coming into the room, with a pen and ink so blotted it all over, that no one could distinguish Europe from America.

Mr. Tisdall. Then it is prudent to secure yourself against the mischiefs that you may suffer from your fellow-creatures.

Cyprian. It is so, papa.

Mr. Tisdall. Without desiring in the least to give you a distaste of life, I can assure you that you will have to suffer many disagreeable affairs, and those a deal more prejudicial to you, than the mischiefs caused by the hen. Mankind always seek their interest and their pleasures,

just

juſt as hens ſeek worms; and they will do ſo at the hazard of your intereſts, as hens will at the hazard of your flowers.

Cyprian. I ſee it plainly, ſir, by Bella's behaviour; ſince the little pleaſure that ſhe received from ſcribbling on a bit of paper, has occaſioned me the loſs of an extremely uſeful map.

Mr. Tiſdall. But could you not have avoided this loſs, by putting up your map before you left the apartment?

Cyprian. Certainly.

Mr. Tiſdall. Then think for the future to conduct yourſelf ſo, that no body may have power to do you any real miſchief; but if after all, in ſpite of your precaution, you ſhould be ſo unlucky as to receive an injury, conſider how you may endure it, ſo as not to render the firſt wrong ſtill more prejudicial.

Cyprian. Ay, papa; but how muſt I endure it?

Mr. Tiſdall. With indifference, if it be a ſlight injury, but, on the other hand, if a great one, with courage. Now that we are by ourſelves, I dare propoſe you as an example the conduct that I purſue towards Mr. Hotham.

Cyprian. Pray don't ſpeak of him, papa. Theſe two years paſt, he takes no notice of you whenever you meet each other, and there cannot be a falſity that he will not ſay to prejudice you in the opinion of the world.

Mr. Tiſdall. And do you know what urges him to ſuch behaviour?

Cyprian. That I never yet durſt aſk you.

Mr. Tiſdall. Nothing but for the preference which I obtained reſpecting an employ that my father had ſo worthily filled up for five and thirty years, and to which he had affectionately formed me by the moſt diligent inſtruction. Mr. Hotham had no title to the poſt, except his ignorance and ſelf-ſufficiency. My right ſucceeded, notwithſtanding all his intereſt, and therefore am I honoured with his calumny and hatred.

Cyprian. Ah! papa, were I as big as you, I'd teach him better manners.

Mr. Tiſdall. Quite the contrary, I let him go on railing at me juſt as he thinks fit. The conduct which you ſhould have purſued, when you were injured by the hen, I faithfully purſue towards him. The pinks that ſhe ſcratched up by the roots, in ſeeking for worms, may

repreſent the reputable character that I bear, and which in order to gratify the worm of Envy that gnaws him, he labours to undo. Were I to ſeek the means of puniſhing him, I ſhould trample under foot that deference and reſpect which I owe to myſelf, as you trod under foot your tulips. The melon frame and rake which you damaged, are that wealth and peace of mind that I ſhould deſtroy, by hurrying on to vengeance. Taught in future by the loſſes that you have ſuffered, you will ſhut the garden door, in order to keep the hen out. Taught too by the wicked diſpoſition of my enemy, I lay, by means of proper conduct on my part, an inſuperable barrier between us. Thus inacceſſible to his vindictive attempts, I enjoy the comforts of my moderation, while he ſpends himſelf in thoſe attempts, and will in time experience the compunction of his evil conſcience. Could his inſults vex me, I ſhould make myſelf the victim that he would ſacrifice, and be reproached for imbecility, by every worthy character of my acquaintance; while on the other hand the inſenſibility that I manifeſt for his injurious treatment yields him to his own contempt, and, in the boſom of good men, keeps up the reputation that I have gained among them.

Cyprian. Ah! papa, what trouble may I not ſhun hereafter, by remembering every thing that you have taught me!

Theſe laſt words were hardly uttered, when they found themſelves at home, without imagining that they had been ſo near it. Their diſcourſe, for the remainder of the day, was a continuation of the paſt; and bed-time being come, they ſeparated quite content with one another. Cyprian ſunk to ſlumber, with a boſom full of gratitude for the inſtruction which he had juſt received, and Mr. Tiſdall with one poſſeſſing all the ſatisfaction that a good father cannot but experience, who is ſenſible that he has done ſomething to promote his offſpring's happineſs.

THE

THE LITTLE NEEDLE-WOMEN.

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. VINCENT.
LOUISA, LEONORA, SOPHY, } *her Daughters.*
CLARA, *their Friend.*
A POOR WOMAN.
MADGE, JOAN, } *her Daughters.*

Louisa, with Leonora her ſiſter, are diſcovered working in their room: Sophy ſtands by Louiſa; Clara enters to them.

Clara.

HARD at work! How melancholy you all look! I thought to find you at play upon the ſnow. Come, come, and ſee the trees: they are powdered juſt for all the world like—what d'ye call 'ems.

Louiſa. No: we would not leave our work for any pleaſure that you could name to us.

Clara. Oh, I frequently leave mine for nothing—But you have not long I hope, to ſit here moping.

Leonora. We were moping, as you call it, all yeſterday; and have been at it again ever ſince the clock ſtruck ſeven.

Clara. My ſtars! I was not up till ten: and in the name of goodneſs! what poſſeſſes you, to work at ſuch a rate?

Louiſa. If you but knew, Clara, for whom we are, I am ſure, you would willingly make make one amongſt us.

Clara. Indeed, I would not, Louiſa, were it even for myſelf.

Louiſa. Yourſelf! I ſhould not work, thus late and early, with ſuch ſpirits, for myſelf: nor you, I fancy, Leonora.

Leonora. No, indeed.

Sophy. Gueſs who 'tis for.

Clara. Not for yourself, you say. It must be for your dolls then.—I have guessed it! Have I not?

Louisa, (*shewing the clothes before them.*) Yes, yes; look here, and see if these will fit a doll.

Clara. How! how! Why, here's a dress complete! Which of you is going to be married?

Leonora. Did you ever hear the like? a jacket to be married in! The girl is crazy, she will never guess.

Sophy. Well then, I'll tell you who 'tis for. You know those two poor children, that have nothing on but rags?

Clara. What! that poor woman who has lately lost her husband, and cannot get a bit of bread?

Louisa. Yes, the same; it is for her poor children that we are so hard at work.

Clara. But you know, your mama and mine both sent her money.

Louisa. So they did; but there were debts to pay, and bread to buy. As for clothes——

Leonora. We have taken that upon us.

Clara. But, my dear, why not much rather send them some of your own old clothes? You would, in that case, spare yourselves a deal of trouble.

Louisa. How you talk! As if our clothes were fit for such small children!

Clara. That I know: they would have been too big, and dragged upon the ground at least a quarter of a yard; but then, their mother might have made them less herself.

Louisa. She cannot.

Clara. And why not?

Leonora, (*looking stedfastly upon Clara.*) Because her parents never taught her how to use her needle.

Louisa. Now, as we are rather ready at it, we desired mama to let us have some dimity, and other stuff, and to cut us out the necessary patterns, promising to do the rest ourselves.

Leonora. And when the whole is finished, we shall visit the poor woman with it, that her children may be dressed a little warmly this cold weather.

Louisa. Now, my dear, you know the reason why we won't go play upon the snow.

Clara (*with a stifled sigh.*) I'll work a little with you.

Louisa. Ay, I said so.

Leonora,

Leonora. No, no; we have almoſt done.

Louiſa. But, Leonora, why deprive her of ſo great a pleaſure? Look you here, my friend; complete this hem: but you muſt ſew it carefully.

Sophy. If not, my ſiſter will undo it; I am ſure of that.

Clara. What you muſt ſpeak too then, Mrs. Whipper-ſnapper; juſt as if you knew what is going forward.

Louiſa. How, Clara? I aſſure you, Sophy has aſſiſted us ſurprizingly. It was ſhe that held the ſtuff while we were cutting it, handed us the pincuſhion, and picked us up our thimbles when they fell. Here, my little dear, take the ſciſſars: Leonora wants them.

Clara. Look, dear Louiſa, have I done this right?

Leonora, (*laying hold of the work.*) Oh fie! theſe ſtitches are a mile too long, and all awry.

Louiſa. True, they would not hold. But ſtay; I'll give you ſomething elſe.—Here, paſs this bobbin through the jacket collar.

Clara. Ay, ay; I ſhall ſucceed better in this.

Leonora, (*looking over her.*) See! ſee! how ſhe ſets about it!—

Louiſa. Ah, that's all my fault, who did not tell her how it ſhould be done.—See here, my dear Clara,—in this manner.

Clara. I was never taught to do ſo much as you; and that is the reaſon that I am ſo awkward.

Leonora, (*with a ſneer.*) Oh, I eaſily believe you.

Louiſa. But do not vex her, ſiſter: ſhe has done her beſt. Hold, let me look a little. How! you have paſſed the bobbin through already. Look ye, Leonora.

Leonora (*pulling the bobbin.*) What a pity, it will not ſtir. A mighty clever needle-woman, truly! ſhe does nothing elſe but make us work.

Clara (*ſorrowfully.*) Alas! I know no better.

Louiſa. Do not afflict yourſelf: you have the beſt of wills; and we have nothing more to boaſt. It ſhall be quickly put to rights. I will do it for you. There; the matter is ſettled. Have *you* finiſhed, Leonora?

Leonora. Only one more ſtitch:—and then, to cut the thread off.—There: now I will make up the parcel.

(*She is preparing to do ſo, when Mrs. Vincent enters.*)

Sophy. Here is mama.

Mrs. Vincent. Well, my dears; how do you go on? Perhaps you wiſh for my aſſiſtance.

Louiſa. No, mama; we have finiſhed.

Mrs. Vincent. Have you? Let me ſee a little.—Very well indeed!—What, my Sophy! I am afraid, you thought the time tedious.

Sophy. Oh, not I, mama: I always had ſome little thing to do; aſk my ſiſters.

Louiſa. Yes, indeed: we ſhould not have ended ſo quickly, but for her aſſiſtance. She has never quitted us.

Mrs. Vincent. That was well done. Ah! here is our little neighbour too, Miſs Clara. She muſt have helped you a good deal.

Leonora, (*with a ſneer.*) She tried; but——

Louiſa. Indeed, we had almoſt finiſhed when ſhe came.

Sophy. She made a ſtitch or two, but ſhe hardly knows more than I: if you had but ſeen, mama, how crooked——

Louiſa. Hold your tongue!

Mrs. Vincent. Come; ſince you have been ſo very diligent, I have joyful news to tell you.

Sophy. What, mama?

Mrs. Vincent. The two poor children and their mother are below. I will ſend you up the little ones, that you may dreſs them, and enjoy the aſtoniſhment of their mother, when ſhe obſerves them ſo much altered.

Louiſa. Ah, mama, how you increaſe our pleaſures!

Sophy. Shall I go and fetch them up?

Mrs. Vincent. Yes; follow me: and you ſhall come back with them. In the interim, I will have a little converſation with the mother, and contrive how ſhe may find out ſome employment for the time to come, and earn a little money. (*She goes out with Sophy.*)

Louiſa. Stay you here with us, Clara: we ſhall want your help; and you muſt have ſome buſineſs at our toilet.

Clara, (*embracing Louiſa.*) Ah! my friend, you have a good heart! I ſee that plainly.

Leonora. I have had a fling or two at you, Clara. Louiſa makes me bluſh, and therefore I entreat your pardon.

Clara, (*embracing Leonora likewiſe.*) Yes, with all my heart.

Louiſa. I hear the children coming up. (*Sophy enters, bringing in the little girls, Madge and Joan.*)

Sophy

Sophy, (*whiſpering Louiſa.*) How ſurprized they will be. I have not told them any thing about it.

Louiſa. You did well: their pleaſure will be the greater, and ours likewiſe.

Leonora. I ſhall take Madge.

Louiſa. I Joan.

Clara. And Sophy and myſelf will hold the pincuſhions. (*They begin to undreſs them.*)

Madge, (*crying.*) We are cold enough already. Will you take away the little clothes that we have left?

Louiſa. Do not be afraid, poor thing! come hither. You ſhall ſee. A little this way towards the fire.—You are almoſt dead with cold.

Joan. We have not warmed ourſelves to-day.

Madge. Theſe fine new clothes, are they for us?

Joan. Oh bleſs me! what will mother ſay? She will take us for your ſiſters; we ſhall be ſo fine!

Louiſa. And you ſhall be our ſiſters for the time to come: ſo never call us any otherwiſe.

Madge. Oh, good young lady, we are your ſervants.

Louiſa. Let me have your arm—The other.—But how ſhort it is! it only reaches to her knees. Well, hair-brains! (*to Leonora*) this is like you! Do not you ſee that you have handed me the little jacket?

Leonora. So I have indeed: for my part, I was puzzled likewiſe. Madge's feet were covered, and I could not ſee her head. We need but change. There is Joan's.

Louiſa. Let us be as quick as poſſible; and in the mean time, Sophy, do you run and bid mama come up.

Sophy. I am gone. (*She goes out.*)

Louiſa. Ah, now all is right. Turn round.—Once more. Very well: and now, take one another by the hand, and walk acroſs the room before us. (*The children do ſo, and ſurvey themſelves with pleaſure.*)

Clara. How extremely well they fit! they are quite pretty! and there is only one thing wanted. (*To Madge.*) Here is my handkerchief.—Blow hard. (*To Joan.*) Now you.—What elſe?—If you had time to dreſs their hair.

Louiſa. No, no, my dear Clara; it is much better hanging looſely. Leonora, what ſay you?

Leonora. A comb, however, to untangle it, would not be much amiſs. I will do that, Louiſa.

Sophy, (*runs in jumping.*) Here is mama. (*Mrs. Vincent enters with the mother of the children.*)

The Mother. Oh, heavens! what do I see? Are these my children? O my generous lady! (*falling down at Mrs Vincent's feet.*)

Mrs. Vincent, (*lifting her up.*) My good friend, it is not to me that you are indebted for this happiness. My children wished to make a trial of their skill in needle-work, and I permitted them to do so. (*Examining the children's jackets.*) Not so bad, considering a first essay; you might almost set up for yourselves.

The Mother, (*to Louisa and her sister.*) My charming ladies, let me thank you. God will recompense your kindness, for I cannot. (*Perceiving Clara at a distance*) Pardon me, my little lady; I did not see you; otherwise I should have paid you also my acknowledgments.

Clara, (*sighing.*) No, no. I had no hand in this day's business.

Mrs. Vincent. Do not afflict yourself upon that account, my dear. By sighing, you will get nothing; but by steadfastly resolving, every thing. However, tell me; do not you think it useful and delightful for a young lady, like you, to accustom herself betimes to work of some sort or other?

Clara. Think so? Certainly.

Mrs. Vincent. Of what real pleasure, even at present, are you not deprived, by having hitherto neglected an employment so adapted to your sex and age?

The Mother. Dear little lady, learn betimes, if you would be considered provident or prudent, to love work; or it will soon be too late. I should be very happy now, had any one but given me such a lesson in my childhood. I could now have got my bread, and been of use to those dependant on me for support, instead of being burthensome to worthy people.

Mrs. Vincent. Truly, my good friend, it would have been much happier for you, I must own, although I should have lost the pleasure of assisting you. But you are yet full young enough to make up for lost time, by application to some honest labour. Children, you must know, I have procured her some employment at a weaver's in the neighbourhood; and when she happens to have nothing

nothing to do there, ſhe is to come and work here in the garden.

Sophy. I am very glad of that; for I will go too, and help her, if I am able.

Mrs. Vincent. With reſpect to Madge and Joan, I mean that my houſe ſhall be their ſchool; and you have both, (*to Louiſa and Leonora,*) deſerved to be their miſtreſſes in work and reading.

Clara. And may I be their aſſiſtant, madam?

Mrs. Vincent. With all my heart, if your mama conſents; in which caſe, you and Sophy ſhall endeavour to outdo each other. (*To the poor woman.*) My good friend, are you contented that matters ſhould be as I have ſettled?

The Mother. Contented? My benevolent and generous lady, I ſhall owe you all my happineſs, and that, too, of my deſtitute and friendleſs children. Dear good angels, give God thanks, for having bleſſed you with ſo careful a mamma, who trains you up thus betimes to diligence. You ſee, it is the ſource of comfort to yourſelves and to us too.

*** *Omitted here,* "THE LOVE OF GOD AND OF OUR PARENTS," *a Piece that indeed will not well bear to be tranſlated into Engliſh.*

THE VETERAN DISMISSED WITH HONOUR.

A DRAMA, in one ACT.

CHARACTERS.

LORD CORNWALLIS.
An OFFICER, *attending him.*
CAPTAIN, *and* MRS. GREVILLE.
DOUGLAS,
EUGENIA,
MARY ANNE, } *their Children.*

The SCENE *is at the entrance of a grove, before the house of Captain Greville, somewhat distant from the road.*

SCENE I.

Douglas, and Eugenia.

Eugenia is discovered sitting on a trunk, and picking strawberries. Beside her lies her straw hat to hold the strawberries when picked. Douglas brings her more in his. Both hats are neatly lined with leaves.

Douglas. LOOK ye, sister, we shall quickly have enough.

Eugenia. I do not know, Douglas, how I shall dispose of mine: my hat is too full already.

Douglas. Mary Anne cannot be long before she brings the bushel; and indeed she might have gone into the house, found one, and returned in much less time than this. However, in the interval, Eugenia, put them in your apron.

Eugenia. Yes, yes; that would make fine work indeed. To spot it all from top to bottom! What do you suppose mama would say? and therefore I have thought of something else. Your hat is biggest; so I will add my strawberries to yours, and you shall go and gather more, while I am picking these.

Douglas. Well said, indeed; and in the interim, Mary Anne cannot fail to come, and then we shall have got enough.

Eugenia. When they are all together, we shall see.

Douglas.

Douglas. What is over when the baſkets are filled, we will take ourſelves.

Eugenia. I think, we ſhall not have much appetite to taſte them afterwards. Ah, brother! it is the laſt time that we ſhall eat with our papa this year, and who can tell whether we ſhall ever ſee him more.

Douglas. Oh! do not be dejected, ſiſter. Every one is not killed in a battle.

Eugenia. Oh frightful war! if men were not ſo wicked, but would love each other, juſt as we do——

Douglas. Mighty fine, indeed! And do not we quarrel every day for trifles? We each think ourſelves in the right; and frequently it would puzzle any one to find which is. It is juſt the ſame among grown men.

Eugenia. They ought at leaſt, then, to be friends again, as ſoon as we are. Our worſt quarrels never come to bloodſhed.

Douglas. No; becauſe our parents ſettle them: but men, Eugenia, are not children; and won't let themſelves be governed, if they have but arms. And in fact, is it right that we ſhould ſuffer any one to injure us, without reſiſting?

Eugenia. You are always talking like a ſoldier!

Douglas. A good reaſon why; becauſe I am to be one. Look ye, ſiſter; notwithſtanding any thing that you ſay againſt it, war is a very charming thing. Without it, how do you imagine that we ſhould live; would our papa's little fortune be ſufficient to ſupport us? But do not weep. You grieve me.

Eugenia. Let me weep, dear brother, while we are alone. I had much rather do ſo here, than in the preſence of papa, for I know, it would afflict him.

Douglas. Come, come; dry your eyes, and ſet to work for ſome amuſement. I will go and fill your hat.

Eugenia. Go that way; we have left none hereabouts. (*Douglas goes out, and after a moment's ſilence, ſhe goes on.*) I would I were but learned enough, that I might pray to God, for he would hear me. Or at leaſt, if I were big enough, I would go to court, and fall before the king; and he, I am ſure, would grant me my papa's diſmiſſion, when I begged and prayed him to oblige me. He has ſerved his country long enough, I think. (*She ſets about picking her ſtrawberries again.*)

SCENE

SCENE II.

Eugenia, Lord Cornwallis, the Officer.

Lord C. (*whiſpering the officer.*) Yonder is the houſe where we were told Captain Greville lives: he will be very much ſurprized and pleaſed with what I bring him; a diſmiſſion from the ſervice with ſuch honour. But, what charming little girl is this? I will ſtop and have a little converſation with her; ſo do not you addreſs me by my name. (*To Eugenia, tapping her upon the ſhoulder.*) Why, you are very hard at work, I ſee, my pretty child.

Eugenia. Oh! ſir, you frightened me.

Lord C. I aſk your pardon then, my dear. I did not mean to do ſo. And for whom are you preparing all theſe ſtrawberries? They cannot but be very fine, I think, as they are picked by ſuch a plump and ſnowy hand.

Eugenia, (*holding out the hat.*) I beg, then, you will take ſome, ſir. Do not be afraid; for they are very clean. I only wiſh I had a better plate to put them into. (*Lord C. takes two or three, as does the officer.*)

Lord C. I never taſted any better: do you ſell them, little dear?

Eugenia. No, ſir; though you were to give me—I cannot tell how much.

Lord C. You are in the right: they are above all value, being gathered by ſo ſweet a little hand.

Eugenia. Fie! ſir, how you talk! no, it is not for that: they ſhould be at your ſervice, were they not intended for (*wiping her eyes*) my dear papa. We have not gathered any for him yet this ſeaſon; and perhaps, theſe are to be the laſt that he will taſte.

Lord C. What, my dear, he is ill then; and you think that he will die?

The Officer. His illneſs, however, it is to be hoped, is not yet quite deſperate, ſince he thinks of eating ſtrawberries.

Eugenia. No, not that. It is true, indeed, he has been troubled with the rheumatiſm, all laſt winter, to a very great degree; and is not yet quite cured. But cured or not, he muſt ſet out to-morrow.

Lord C. And pray why is his departure then ſo needful?

Eugenia. Oh, becauſe his regiment then goes through the village; and he muſt join it on the march.

Lord C. His regiment?

Eugenia. Yes, my Lord Cornwallis's, that is going to America.

Lord C. (*aſide to the officer.*) I would lay you any wager, this is one of Captain Greville's children.

Eugenia, (*overbearing him.*) Yes, that is my papa's name.—Do you know him?

Lord C. Know him? Why, the gentleman and I are both his comrades.

Eugenia. What! and is the regiment ſo near then?—Will it go through the town to-day?

Lord C. No, not till to-morrow. We are come, my dear, before it; and—and—(*aſide to the officer.*) What excuſe can I invent to ſerve my purpoſe?—And a wheel belonging to our carriage being broke hard by, we thought to get a little ſhade here, while it was mending. And now every thing, I fancy, muſt be ſet to rights. This path, I take it, leads directly to the road again.

Eugenia. No, ſir; it takes you to the village.

Lord C. And the village, I ſuppoſe, belongs to your papa?

Eugenia. Belongs to him? I wiſh, indeed, he were ſo rich: he has nothing but a little cottage, with a garden, this ſmall grove, and yonder meadow. When he is not at the regiment, he paſſes all his time here with us.

Lord C. He was ill then, in the winter?

Eugenia. Yes indeed, ſir, to our ſorrow; and he could not move a limb. Beſides, a wound which he received many years ago, below the temple, has broke out afreſh. And now that he is almoſt well, he muſt be forced to go again, to meet with new misfortunes.

Lord C. In ſuch a ſituation, why does not he ſell out? He might procure ſufficient atteſtations from the ſurgeon.

Eugenia. Oh, mama did that in private for him; but her letters never yet were anſwered. Certainly the king refuſes to believe her; or perhaps, *that* Lord Cornwallis who commands the regiment, is ſo cruel——

Lord C. Truly, I believe, my Lord Cornwallis would not like to loſe ſo good an officer as your papa, by whoſe inſtructions

inſtructions I myſelf and all the younger officers may learn ſo much.

Eugenia. And yet, you do not appear ſo very young; but are your papa and mama ſtill living?

Lord C. (*a little diſconcerted.*) Do you doubt it?

Eugenia. Oh, I warrant you, they cried at parting with you. How could they conſent to loſe you? I remember how much grief it cauſed mama and us, when firſt my eldeſt brother went abroad to ſtudy; and that is nothing in compariſon of war.

Lord C. I cannot tell that; for I have left them after many ſeparations; in which caſe it is nothing to leave one another. And beſides, when firſt I went to camp, my father went with me.

Eugenia. Did he? Oh, thoſe fathers that are ſoldiers themſelves, are a little hard, I can tell you; but yet that is not the caſe with my papa. He is ſo indulgent! Why, a child is ſcarce ſo gentle! It is upon the point of honour alone that he can never be perſuaded; ſo that after all, I fancy he himſelf is to blame, and nobody elſe, for his remaining ſtill in the ſervice.

Lord C. Ay indeed? How is that?

Eugenia. Becauſe he never aſked for his diſmiſſion. He is ever ſaying, people would imagine him a coward, ſhould he quit the ſervice during war. He only wiſhes that he may always have but ſtrength enough to ſit on horſeback; and then, he ſays, he will part with every drop of blood he has, to ſerve his country. Well he will have his wiſh one time or other, but we poor children, then, ſhall be without a father.

Lord C. Recollect, your father has been hitherto preſerved from danger; and why ſhould he not continue ſtill as ſafe? It is not every muſquet that hits.

Eugenia. But thoſe that do, commonly kill their man; and in the number, may there not be one that will reach papa?

Lord C. That is true indeed: but what ſweet little lady is this?

Eugenia. My ſiſter Mary Anne.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Eugenia, Lord Cornwallis, the Officer, Mary Anne.

Eugenia. So, Mary Anne, you are come at laſt, I ſee; and where have you been ſtaying?

Mary Anne. Why, mama would make me help her to do up papa's portmanteau.

Eugenia. Where is the baſket? let me have it, ſiſter.

Mary Anne. Have you gathered ſtrawberries enough to fill it?

Eugenia. You ſhall ſee. (*emptying the hat.*) Your pardon, gentlemen.

Lord C. Oh, do not mind us. (*Whiſpering the Officer.*) What lovely children!

Mary Anne, (*whiſpering Eugenia.*) Who may theſe be?

Eugenia, (*whiſpering Mary Anne.*) Officers in Lord Cornwallis's regiment.

Mary Anne. Do they come to fetch papa?

Eugenia. No, no: they are before the regiment, which will not go through the village till to-morrow, as papa expected.

Mary Anne. Ah! would all the officers, together with the regiment, were at Jericho.

Eugenia. Speak lower, Mary Anne. If the gentlemen ſhould hear you?

Mary Anne. Let them hear me, if they like it. What! they come to take away papa, and ſhall not we have leave to make complaint?

Lord C. (*whiſpering the Officer.*) Methinks, we are not looked upon very favourably here.

The Officer. Then my lord why do not you diſcover yourſelf, and mention the good news that you bring their father?

Lord C. No. Their openneſs delights me; and the affection that they evince in favour of their parents, raviſhes my heart.

Eugenia, (*to Mary Anne.*) Poor Douglas is hard at work, while we are chattering here without once thinking of him. I will go and help him. Mary Anne, ſtay you here, and take care how you ſpeak before theſe gentlemen.

Mary Anne. Go, go; I know what is proper.

Eugenia,

Eugenia. This is my ſiſter, Mary Anne: I preſent her to you, gentlemen.

Mary Anne, (*with a little frowardneſs.*) Your ſervant, gentlemen.

Lord C. She has a countenance as reſolute as yours is timid.

Eugenia. She will ſtay here to entertain you, gentlemen; for I muſt run and help my brother to gather ſtrawberries; ſo that all of us may go back the ſooner to papa. Will you permit me to inform him of your viſit?—He will be very happy to receive you.

Mary Anne. No; he will not be very happy to receive you, nor we neither; we ſhould rather be pleaſed were we left alone at preſent.

Eugenia. I hope, your kindneſs will excuſe this little mad-cap.

Mary Anne. Oh yes, to be ſure! Excuſe me? Why theſe gentlemen are ſenſible that little girls, when ſtrangers are at table, muſt not ſpeak a word; and I have twenty thouſand things to tell papa at parting, which will otherwiſe go near to break my heart.

Lord C. Dear children, do not fear any thing: you ſhall not be diſturbed by us in your delightful converſation. (*Eugenia makes a grateful curtſy, and withdraws.*)

Mary Anne. But pray tell me, gentlemen, what reaſon has the king for thus taking away a good papa from us poor children? Does he think that we do not want one to bring us up?

Lord C. No, no; but then do you think that he does not want good ſoldiers, to go abroad and fight?

Mary Anne. And what neceſſity for fighting? Or ſuppoſe that there ſhould be any, ſurely our papa, in ſtaying at home to give his children a good education, would not be uſeleſs to his country.

Lord C. No, indeed; eſpecially, my pretty Mary Anne, if his other little ones improve as much as you do.

Mary Anne. I believe you jeſt. I know that I am thought a little forward in the family; and I have heard it ſaid, that if I had but a cockade, I could not fail to make a tolerable ſoldier.

Lord C. Ha! ha! ha! A little Amazon! You would become a perfect hero!

Mary

Mary Anne. I can tell you, if I had only a ſword, I would not be laughed at.

Lord C. Nay, if that be all, here is mine. I will arm you with it.

Mary Anne. Do. I ſhould be very glad.

Lord C. (*preſenting the ſword, and ſtooping to ſalute her.*) This is the firſt ceremony.

Mary Anne, (*keeping him off.*) Softly! ſoftly! I beſeech you, ſir.

Lord C. (*attempting it again.*) Oh! you are a charming child!

Mary Anne, (*running from him.*) Brother! ſiſter!

Lord C. Mighty well, Miſs Soldier; you are afraid of me then, I ſee!

Mary Anne. I afraid of you! Oh no. But do not, however, come too near, or I ſhall run and fetch papa. Papa is an officer as well as you are, and will not ſuffer any one to hurt his little Mary Anne.

Lord C. Heaven forbid that I ſhould deſign to hurt you! It was only done in joke.

SCENE IV.

Lord Cornwallis, the Officer, Mary Anne, Eugenia, Douglas.

Douglas, (*coming boldly forward*) You cried out juſt now, Mary Anne! I am come to your aſſiſtance.

Lord C. Againſt us, my little friend?

Douglas. Againſt any one that hurts my ſiſter.

Mary Anne. Thank you, brother; but I did not mean to cry out quite ſo loud, and have no need of your aſſiſtance; for, you ſee, I have diſarmed one. However, ſir, (*returning Lord C. his ſword,*) for this once I grant you quarter. But do not come too near in future. I believe you underſtand me.

Lord C. Why, I vow, you are an extraordinary little creature!

Eugenia. I am charmed to hear you talk ſo; but, gentlemen, at laſt we have gathered ſtrawberries enough to ſhare ſome with you. (*Preſenting them the baſket.*) Take a few, let me requeſt you.

Lord

Lord C. No, indeed; we do not intend to touch them; they have a deſtination more reſpectable than that we ſhould think of making free with any.

Eugenia. Thoſe that you take will all be from our ſhare: and there will be no harm done, ſhould we go without. You are in papa's own regiment; and it is fitting that we ſhould treat you with as much reſpect as we are able.

Mary Anne, (*taking a noſegay from her boſom and preſenting it to Lord C.*) Ah! on that account I will beg you to accept this noſegay. I had gathered it for myſelf. Papa and mama already have had one a-piece, or I could not have given you this: but it belongs to me, ſir, and I give it you.

Lord C. And I, my little dear, accept it with the greateſt pleaſure.

Mary Anne. It is ſomewhat faded by the ſun; but if you will ſtay a little, I will go gather you ſome jaſmin, violets and jonquils in my garden.

Eugenia. Mary Anne, you remember, I ſuppoſe, the roſe-buſh juſt before my window? You may gather all the roſes that are blown upon it.

Mary Anne. Well, ſir, ſhall I?

Lord C. Would you have that kindneſs, my dear child? But no, I thank you; for the pleaſure of converſing with you entertains me more than all the roſes in the univerſe.

Mary Anne. A thought ſtrikes me. Poſſibly, you know what way an officer ſhould take to quit the ſervice honourably. Could you not afford us ſome good counſel to procure papa's diſmiſſion?

Eugenia. If you could, we ſhould be very glad to give you every thing in our power.

Douglas, (*who has hitherto amuſed himſelf by playing with the hilt of Lord C.'s ſword, and looking at his uniform.*) O yes! if you could only tell us how to keep papa at home, my drum, ſpontoon, cartouch box, and accoutrements, ſhould all be yours.

Mary Anne, (*with a ſmile.*) And I will give you freely, what you ſought juſt now to take by force.

Lord C. So many charming things at once! Believe me, if I did but know——

Eugenia, (*ſorrowful.*) You did but know! So then we only make things worſe, and grieve you that you cannot be of ſervice to us.

Mary Anne. Oh! I do not give up so soon. My Lord Cornwallis, colonel of the regiment, will very soon pass this way. Well then, we three will go and throw ourselves before him, hang upon his clothes, and not let him go until he has granted our desire.

Eugenia. Yes, sister, he shall see our tears; and we will tell him how extremely ill papa was all the winter; how indifferent he is at present; and how much we should lament his going from us. Do you think, sir, he would be so cruel as to send us from him, and not grant us our request?

Lord C. I cannot think that of him, my good friends; but if he be not come already on his way thus far, there is room to fear that he will delay his setting out from London longer; and you know, in that case, you would lose your pains, as your papa must march to-morrow. Happily, however, there is a gentleman, his friend, who can do every thing, as if he were my lord himself; and he is at present with the regiment, serving as a volunteer.

Douglas. A volunteer?

Lord C. Yes; so they call it; one whose wish is to acquire a knowledge of the art of war, assisted by my lord's instruction. I can answer for it, he will grant whatever your papa may wish for.

Eugenia. And is he your friend?

Lord C. Yes, truly.

Eugenia. Then for heaven's sake, sir, speak to him in papa's behalf, that he may not be parted from his family, who live but by his means; and if he must leave England, do you soften, if you can, his service; and at any time, should he be sick or wounded——

Mary Anne. Wounded? Do not wait, sir, till he is wounded; but if a sabre should be raised against him, run you in and save him from the blow.

Lord C. (*aside.*) How difficult I find it to keep still concealed!—No, generous little souls, fear nothing: I will be answerable for his safety with my life.

Eugenia. We may rely upon you, then. How much you charm us, sir! Yet do not, upon that account, forget to speak about him to the volunteer that you just now mentioned.—I could talk still to you on this subject; but your heart will tell you every thing that I have left unsaid: and

our

our papa, whom we shall lose to-morrow, must be waiting for us.

Lord C. Go, dear children; but first take some trifle from me, as a recompence for the agreeable half-hour that I have spent in conversation with you. Here, my sweet Eugenia, take this ring: it is a little too big, but may soon be fitted to your finger.

Eugenia, (*refusing the ring.*) No, no, sir; mama, perhaps, would be displeased: and so too would papa, whose least reproach I would not deserve for the world, particularly as he must leave us to-morrow.

Lord C. You must absolutely take it. Should he be displeased, I will undertake to reconcile you with him, when he joins the regiment, if I cannot, by my speaking to the volunteer, prevent his leaving England.

Eugenia, (*taking it.*) Well then, he shall bring it you, in that case; and if otherwise, I shall be very happy to remember you, as often as I look upon it.

Mary Anne. Come, come, sister; it is high time that we should be gone.

Lord C. And you, my lovely Mary Anne, I suppose, would not be sorry to remember me? See, here is a copper etric gilt; and at the top, a composition stone; they call it a false diamond.

Mary Anne, (*looking at it.*) Yes, I understand you: but there is nothing false about it, except your words. It is gold, I am certain, and a real diamond. I will not have it. You have been a plundering for it. My papa is a captain, sir, as well as you, but cannot make such presents; for he never went a plundering in his life.

Lord C. Take, take it: there is no plundering in the case. It would be useless to me in the field; and therefore, if you will not have it as a present, keep it for me, till such time as I return.

Mary Anne. O! that I will, with all my heart.

Lord C. And now, perhaps, you have a kiss to give me for security.

Mary Anne. No, no; I have told you the conditions.

Lord C. Well, then, I will do what I can to obtain them.

Mary Anne. And I will keep the *you know what*, sir, till that time.—Come, brother.

Douglas. Go you first: I shall follow you immediately. I have something to say in private to the gentleman.

Lord

Lord C. I will ſpeak with you this moment.

(*The Officer, who ſome little time before had withdrawn, returns, and gives my Lord a pocket-book: they whiſper one another.*)

Mary Anne, (*whiſpering Douglas.*) What! and ſhould *you* like a preſent too?

Eugenia, (*in a whiſper likewiſe.*) Fie, fie, brother! I ſhould never have ſuſpected you of ſo much meanneſs.

Douglas. And fie *you* too, ſiſters, that can entertain ſo mean a notion of your brother! I have ſomething very different, and much more important alſo, that I ſhould like to aſk.

Mary Anne. Well now, if I were in a merry mood, I could not but burſt out a laughing, at the gravity with which you ſpeak of your important ſomething!

Douglas. Ay, and were you not my ſiſter, I would make you ſqueak, Miſs Saucebox, for ſuſpecting me.

Mary Anne, (*going out with Eugenia.*) Well, manage your important ſomething properly.

SCENE V.

Lord Cornwallis, the Officer, Douglas.

Lord C. I am glad, dear Douglas, that you deſire to ſtay. We were not quite acquainted: but at preſent, and particularly as my friend here tells me that my chaiſe is not ſet to rights yet, we ſhall have ſome more minutes to ſtand talking with each other.

Douglas. So we ſhall: but do not imagine that I remain here to get ſomething from you.

Lord C. How?

Douglas. Becauſe you gave my ſiſters each a preſent, you might fancy that I want one: but I proteſt, ſir, I ſhall not take any thing.

Lord C. Unluckily for me, too, I have nothing I can offer you.

Douglas. Unluckily? I am glad that you have not; for now, neither can be tempted.

Lord C. (*aſide to the Officer.*) I am charmed with his diſintereſtedneſs, and never ſaw a lovelier figure!

Douglas. I have but one queſtion, ſir, to aſk you.

Lord C. And what is that, my friend?

Douglas. You told my ſiſter, ſuch a gentleman was with the army as a volunteer. Pray what is a volunteer?

Lord C. A volunteer is a ſoldier who may fight, or not fight, as he chuſes.

Douglas. Oh! if I were to turn ſoldier, it ſhould be to fight; and I would gladly be a volunteer on that condition.

Lord C. But a volunteer muſt have a deal of money: have you?

Douglas. No; but then the king has; and pray, is not he obliged to keep his ſoldiers?

Lord C. No; for as a volunteer is not obliged to fight, it is but juſt that he ſhould ſubſiſt himſelf.

Douglas. I am ſorry to hear this; but if I wanted only bread and water, or ſhould beg the regiment to receive me, ſir, inſtead of my papa;—what then?

Lord C. Poor child! and what ſort of a figure would you cut before a company?—You ought to have experience and authority.

Douglas. If I have not enough of either to command, I muſt have, ſurely, to obey. Let me be any thing, provided I may ſerve.

Lord C. Would you be barely capable of following in the march?

Douglas. I will go as far as I am able; and when tired, let me be lifted up among the baggage; or I will ride upon the cannon. Are you fearful that I ſhould lag behind?

Lord C. But if you were to ſerve inſtead of your papa, you do not remember that you muſt part with him, as much as if he went himſelf.

Douglas. And do not you think that I ſhould rejoice to be the means of keeping him at home here, with mama and ſiſters? You would hardly loſe by ſuch a change. Unhappily, my dear papa will not be able to ſerve long; and I ſhall very ſoon be what he was. I love a ſoldier's buſineſs at my heart. I know a number of marches, and can play them on my fife. Look, here is a book of ſongs: it is called the *Grenadier's Delight*. I will give it you. I know the whole by heart.

Lord C. (*aſide to the Officer.*) I have a thought. (*To Douglas,*) I would not with a better preſent: and in turn, I will give you, not indeed a book of ſongs, my little Douglas, but a ſingle ſong.

Douglas.

Douglas. A ſong, indeed, I may accept.

Lord C. (*feeling in his pocket.*) Hold, here is, in the firſt place, one that you will give your father.

Douglas. Oh! he never ſings, ſir, now; and likes no muſic but the cannon's.

Lord C. That does not ſignify. I am ſure, you will both be pleaſed with this—if you do but read it. And here (*taking a paper out of his pocket-book*) is one for you.

Douglas, (*jumping for joy.*) Oh, thank you! Let me ſee now, if I know it.

Lord C. No, no, Douglas, you ſhall read them after we have left you. (*He puts the two papers together, and thruſts them into Douglas's pocket.*) Let me put them in your pocket: and do you take care not to loſe either.—Now farewel, my little friend; and ſince you love a ſoldier's life, I will have you for my comrade.

Douglas, (*jumping up into his arms.*) Yes, I will be ſo, I will always love you; and the firſt engagement that I enter, I will be all the while at your ſide.

The Officer. We will go, and let the regiment know that you are coming.

Douglas. Do: and pray, ſir, give me a good word.

Lord C. (*retiring with the Officer.*) I feel how much the father's heart muſt bleed to quit ſuch lovely children: and rejoice on that account to be the bearer of ſuch welcome tidings as the paper, now in Douglas's pocket, will inform him of. Let us withdraw a little to ſome corner, where we may, unſeen, remark him. (*They get among the trees, and Douglas has his eye upon them till they are out of ſight.*)

Douglas, (*alone, and ſitting for a little while profoundly thoughtful on the trunk: then getting up, and walking to and fro.*) Why ſhould they deſire to ſet papa a ſinging? (*Taking out the papers.*) Ha! this paper is ſealed!—there is ſomething funny in it, I ſuppoſe. So let me ſee my own. (*Opening it.*) Is this a ſong? It does not look like one. The words go after one another, all along the line. (*Reading.*) "I promiſe to pay to Mr. Abraham Newland, or bearer, on demand, the ſum of fifty pounds." I do not know any tune that will ſuit theſe words. (*Reading again.*) "London, December 1, 1786. For the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. John Larkin."—He meant to make a fool of me, I fancy, when he called this a ſong. It is all concerning money!—Ho! Captain! Captain! (*going out after them.*)

SCENE VI.

Douglas, Capt. Greville (pale and feeble,) Mrs. Greville, Mary Anne, Eugenia.

Capt. Greville. Where, where is he? (*Perceiving Douglas.*) Douglas, where is my Lord?

Douglas, (*looking about him.*) My Lord! I have not seen the leaſt bit of a Lord, not I.

Mary Anne. That handſome gentleman that talked with us?

Eugenia. He that gave me this fine ring. Papa ſays, no one but a Lord could make ſo rich a preſent.

Douglas, (*vexed*) Blockhead that I was, not to diſcover him!

Eugenia. Oh! what a fine, fine gentleman!

Mary Anne. So good and ſo familiar! Oh, my ſweet etui! I will keep you all my life-time, now.

Capt. Greville. How long has he been gone?

Douglas. This moment I was running after him.

Capt. Greville. To-morrow, fortunately, I ſhall join his lordſhip; for it muſt be Lord Cornwallis; it is his cypher that is engraved on the etui: and I can tell him then, how much my children are obliged to his benevolence. I am ſorry, however, that I had not an opportunity of aſking him to lodge for one night with us. Should you not have been rejoiced to entertain him, children?

Douglas. Oh! yes, yes, papa. He called me comrade, when he took his leave.

Mary Anne. For my part, though I like him, yet I am glad that he is gone; for had he ſtaid, we ſhould not have been able then to talk as if we loved you.

Capt. Greville. Mary Anne is in the right. I ſhould not have been free to mix my tears with yours, dear children, in his preſence.

Mrs. Greville. And, on that account, I could wiſh to have had his company. The violence that you muſt have done your ſorrows, would, in that caſe, have enabled me to keep down mine; and ſince to-morrow we muſt loſe you——

Eugenia. Oh! do not ſpeak of that, mama.

Capt.

Capt. Greville. Dear children, poſſibly I ſhall not leave you long. Peace cannot be far off: it is the wiſh of every one in England; and no ſooner ſhall that wiſh be gratified, but I will inſtantly come back, and never part with you again.

Mrs. Greville. But yet, till things are ſettled, you muſt unavoidably be from us; and what comfort ſhall we have, as long as you are abſent?

Eugenia. With what pleaſure would I give him back his ring, if he would leave you with us!

Mary Anne. And I likewiſe his etui!

Douglas. And I too, his new-faſhioned ſong. See, ſee, papa, what he has put into my hand here. Was there ever ſuch a ſong before?

Capt. Greville. Let us ſee. (*Having read a little.*) What bounty is in this nobleman! and what a charming way he has of obliging! He has given you, here, an order for receiving a whole pocket-full of gold!

Douglas. What, has he tricked me? When you ſee him, give him back his money: I will not have it. But there is ſomething elſe; and he has given me likewiſe here a ſong for you.

Capt. Greville. A ſong for me, my little fellow? You are dreaming!

Douglas, (*drawing the ſealed paper out of his pocket.*) No, no: here it is.

The children, (*ſmiling at each other, and approaching their father with looks of curioſity.*) A ſong! a ſong!

Capt. Greville. Good heavens! what is this?—The king's coat of arms! (*He opens the packet with a trembling hand, and looking at the ſignature, cries out*) and ſignet! (*Then caſting his eyes over the three or four firſt lines, breaks forth again.*) Is it poſſible?—Dear wife, and little ones,—rejoice! rejoice!

Mrs. Greville. If you ſtay with us.

Capt. Greville. Let me read the letter out. (*They all come round him, and ſtand ſilent while he reads.*) Oh! unexpected joy! (*Continues reading.*) No, no; it muſt be all a dream, in which my pleaſed imagination forms the moſt brilliant chimeras!—And yet, ſtay; for I am awake, and every thing is real, though I never could have hoped for ſo much happineſs.

Mrs. Greville. I am dying with impatience to know every thing.
Eugenia. Well, well; what is it, dear papa?
Mary Anne. You keep us all in pain!
Douglas. Let me ſee your ſong.
All ſpeaking at once.

Capt. Greville, (*embracing his wife and children.*) I am to ſtay with you, my life!—We are not to be ſeparated, my dear children!—(*Giving Mrs. Greville the letter.*) Yes, yes; read yourſelf.

Mrs. Greville. I tremble every limb, and cannot.

The Children, (*unable to contain themſelves for joy.*) Our papa ſtays with us! Our papa ſtays with us!

Capt. Greville. Yes, yes, children, I ſhall not go to America, or leave you, and yet ſtill continue in the ſervice, in a way ſo honourable!

Mrs. Greville, (*coming to herſelf.*) And how? how, my life?

Capt. Greville. The king, informed (but by what means I know not) of my illneſs, and touched with my ſituation, permits my ſtaying here in England; but, to recompenſe my ſervices, (theſe are his own words,) he confers upon me the command of Upnor Caſtle, with the rank of colonel.

Mrs. Greville. What, my dear?

Eugenia. Joy! joy!

Mary Anne. So then, papa, there is not a greater man in all the army?

Douglas. And you are colonel? are you?

Capt. Greville. Yes; and, for the firſt time in my life, entirely happy. But, my deareſt life, (*to Mrs. Greville,*) ſhall I be pardoned, when I tell you ſuch an honour is not on account of any ſtep that I took to get it?—It has come I cannot tell how.

Mrs. Greville. Yes, yes; I know that very well. I did every thing in my power, though what I did was never meant for ſuch an honour, joined to ſo much happineſs. They muſt be both, however, placed to the account of my ſolicitation.

Mary Anne. Ah! the naughty man, ſay I; but that mama took greater care of us than he did.

Eugenia. So, papa, then you deceived us?

Capt. Greville. Yes, my little deary: but ſtill, what could I have done? I have only this excuſe to offer, that falſe

falſe modeſty reſtrained me from requeſting my diſmiſſion, even though I ſhould have thought myſelf unable to be of any real ſervice to my country. I was not, however, then quite ſenſible of my condition, but now I feel it: yes, I feel within me, that my conſtitution is no longer fit for the fatigue of arms.

Mrs. Greville. And this falſe modeſty would have been death to me, and have left theſe innocents without a father, but that Providence has ordered your affairs much better. Every thing, however, now, is to be pardoned. All my wiſh is, that we had here the generous nobleman who brought us this glad news, that we might thank him for his kindneſs to our little ones, and alſo for his meſſage, which, if the truth were known, I dare engage he has in ſome degree been inſtrumental in procuring; for what likelihood is there that I, an unknown woman, ſhould by myſelf have ſo far ſucceeded beyond every thing that I could ever have wiſhed?

Capt. Greville. At leaſt, if we had but been able to afford him the hoſpitality of one night's lodging with us.

Douglas. Let us run different ways, and overtake him if we can.

Capt. Greville. Go, go. It grieves me that I cannot follow you.

Mary Anne. If we can meet with him, and he will but accompany us back, he ſhall have then, inſtead of *one*, three kiſſes.

SCENE VII.

Douglas, Capt. Greville, Mrs. Greville, Eugenia, Mary Anne, Lord Cornwallis, the Officer.

Lord C. (*running from his hiding-place, and laying hold of Mary Anne.*) Shall I?—A match, my little maid. (*He kiſſes her three times.*)

Eugenia and Douglas. My lord! my lord!

Mary Anne, (*a little out of countenance.*) You have almoſt frightened me with your kiſſes!

Capt. Greville. O, my worthy general! what words will ſhew you half my gratitude?

Mrs. Greville. How can my children and myſelf expreſs our obligations? To whom we are indebted for ſuch a bleſſing, we at preſent know not; but your lordſhip is the

bearer of a paper, which to me reſtores a huſband, and a father to my children.

Lord C. For this bleſſing, you and they are debtors to the king. I have done nothing but ſolicited his bounty, wiſhing that I might prove the channel through which it ſhould flow. Hearing accidentally, dear madam, of your application, I determined to ſupport it with my little intereſt, and, if poſſible, to get more than was ſolicited. You owe this interference to my knowledge of the captain's merit; being, as I was, convinced how much he had inſtructed his inferior officers, and been of benefit to thoſe above him. Upon this account, I did not think it reaſonable that he ſhould ſtill be forced to ſerve among us, when his infirmity made ſervice painful to him. And ſtill more, to ſhew how heartily I proſecuted this affair, with pleaſure I took advantage of our march ſo near his habitation, to bring down myſelf the news of my ſucceſs, and glad the boſom of his ſpouſe and children with it. This, believe me, is a joy, that I ſhall never forget. (*He holds out his hand to Capt. Greville, who claſps it with tranſport.*)

Capt. Greville. And is it poſſible that I ſhould have met with ſuch a generous friend, who, of his own accord, has ſeconded an application which the affection of a valuable wife was making for me, but without my knowledge. No one, who had leſs than your benevolence, my lord, could have ſo heartily endeavoured to promote the happineſs of an afflicted family.

Mrs. Greville. Then, likewiſe, you have made ſuch princely preſents to my children!

Eugenia. I am now aſhamed that I took this ring. I did not think it to be of ſo much value.

Lord C. I muſt own it is pretty, but much more ſo on your charming hand. It is indeed ſo altered, I no longer know it.

Mary Anne. Neither would you, I ſuppoſe, ſir, your etui; and therefore I will not ſpeak a word about it.

Douglas. As for me, I give you back your ſong. It is not what you meant to let me have.

Lord C. Then be it a miſtake, and, ſince I have already made it, pardon me; to which I hope your good papa will add another favour; that his Douglas may be made an enſign. I will give order for it, if he chuſes.

Capt.

Capt. Greville. If I chuſe, my lord! You are the guardian angel ſent to ſuccour us!

Douglas. But is it in your regiment?

Lord C. Yes, my little friend.

Douglas. Ah! how rejoiced I am! I will go this moment with you, and the name of my papa ſhall not ſo quickly be forgotten in the army.

Capt. Greville. You have conferred ſo many favours on me!—would you vouchſafe me, now, one more that I am about to aſk?

Lord C. I apprehend your meaning, and ſo far from not vouchſafing, beg you to beſtow it; namely, an aſylum in your houſe for one night, for my companion and myſelf. (*Capt. and Mrs. Greville bow reſpectfully.*) Provided, however, that Miſs Mary Anne conſents.

Mary Anne. Oh! ſince my papa is to remain among us, ſtay as long as you think proper.

Eugenia. I may hope now, my lord, that you will conſent to eat a few more ſtrawberries?

Mary Anne. You will make them no leſs ſweet to us, than I imagined your arrival would have made them bitter.

Douglas. Yes, my lord, come in, and honour my papa by eating with us; and hereafter I will do every thing in my power to deſerve a ſecond honour like it—in your lordſhip's tent.

GEORGE AND CECILIA.

LITTLE George, an orphan, had been brought up from his infancy by Lady Euſtace, who, together with Lord Euſtace, were retired from London, and reſided in a ſmall country town. From the tenderneſs with which they treated him, a ſtranger in the family would have imagined him to be really their ſon. This worthy couple had but one child left them, and that a girl, named Cecilia, who was nearly of an age with George: and Lady Euſtace had the ſatisfaction to behold a more than common mutual fondneſs ſubſiſt between the children.

One delightful morning, towards the end of Auguſt, George and Cecilia, with their little friend Lucinda, whoſe parents lived that ſummer in the neighbourhood, were out a ſauntering in the orchard. The two little girls, of which the youngeſt (namely Cecilia) was not yet quite eight years old, were arm in arm; and walking with that lovely negligence and thoſe unſtudied graces ſo peculiar to a ſtate of childhood, they hummed over a delightful roundelay, then faſhionable in the mouth of every ſongſter in the village, while little George preceded them at leiſure, piping on an Engliſh flute, to harmonize their diſcords.

What a ſeries of delightful gambols entertained them in the orchard! But at laſt, our Cecilia and Lucinda both caſt a longing look upon the fruit-trees round about them. In particular, an apple-tree attracted their attention. All the apples had been gathered ſeveral days before; but ſtill, a few that had been overlooked, were here and there diſcovered hanging, and the deep vermillion that tinged them, and which the leaves could not entirely hide, invited, as it were, the hand to come and take them. George ſprung forward, climbed the tree which they were admiring, and threw down as many apples as his hand could reach, while the children held their aprons open to receive them.

Chance ſo ordered it, that two or three of what were thought the fineſt fell into Lucinda's, who piqued herſelf upon this accidental diſtribution, as ſhe might have done with reaſon, had it been a pre-determined preference, ſince George was in reality the prettieſt and politeſt little fellow in the place.

Lucinda, with a joy and triumph in her eyes, that looked like inſult, thus addreſſed herſelf to Cecilia: "Do but ſee how fine and large my apples are, while yours are hardly half ſo handſome!" Cecilia, at theſe words, hung down her head, and putting on a ſerious countenance, kept ſilence during the remainder of their walk. It was in vain that George ſtudied, by a hundred aſſiduities, to bring the little maiden back to reaſon, to ſpread a ſmile again upon her clouded countenance, and to make thoſe lips pronounce a ſyllable, whoſe prattle had till then been ſo agreeable.

Not long after this, Lucinda took leave when they had got upon the terrace, and were near home. Before they entered, George addreſſed his ſiſter, as he always called her, aſking why ſhe ſeemed ſo angry with him? Certainly you cannot be offended, ſaid he, that Lucinda had her ſhare of the apples? You know very well, I have always loved you moſt, and would have ſhewn it in the tree, by throwing you the fineſt apples; but I know not how it chanced, my dear, they fell into Miſs Lucinda's apron. Could I take them from her? Aſk yourſelf that queſtion. And beſides, I thought you far more generous than to take offence at ſuch a trifle! You ſhall ſee, the very firſt occaſion that preſents itſelf of ſhowing you my real ſentiments, it was not my deſign to vex you.

Hey-dey, Mr. George! ſaid Cecilia, and who told you that I was vexed? Suppoſe Miſs Lucinda's apples had been even ten times finer than what I had, is that any thing to me? I am no glutton, and you know that very well, ſir; neither ſhould I in the leaſt have minded it, but for the ſaucy little creature's looks. I'll not endure them, that I won't; and as for you, fall down upon your knees this inſtant, or I will never, while I live, forgive you.

O! I cannot do that by any means, ſaid George, (bending half his body backwards as he ſpoke) for by doing ſo, I ſhould confeſs a fault with which you have no right to charge me. I am no ſtory-teller, and muſt ſay, it is very wrong in you, Miſs Cecilia, if you will not believe that I did not mean to vex you.

Very wrong in me! replied the other. Very wrong in me! What do you mean, ſir? But I ſee why you affront me thus; it is becauſe Miſs Lucinda is your favourite. And ſo ſaying, and beſtowing a contemptuous curtſy on him, while ſhe looked another way, ſhe went into the houſe in a pet.

As dinner was now ready, they ſat down, but pouted at each other all the time it laſted. Cecilia did not drink even once, becauſe ſhe muſt have ſaid, *Your good health, George.* And George, on his part, was ſo piqued at her injuſtice, that he alſo thought proper to preſerve his dignity. And yet, the little lady would ſteal a glance ſlily every now and then at George, and from a corner of her eye, conſider all his motions. As it happened, one of

theſe ſly glances met with one of George's, who was no leſs ſlily ſtudying Cecilia's motions. Being thus ſurpriſed, ſhe turned immediately towards another object; and as George took this to proceed from diſdain, though in reality it did not, he affected great indifference, and went on eating, juſt as if he did not care a farthing for her.

When the cloth was removed, and the wine and fruit brought in, unluckily poor Cecilia, mortified as ſhe was at George's whole behaviour, replied a little diſreſpectfully to her mama, (who had beſides been obliged to aſk her the queſtion twice over,) and ſhe was therefore ordered inſtantly from table. She obeyed, and burſting out into a flood of tears, withdrew, as if ſhe knew not whither ſhe was going. As the door was open that conducted to the garden, ſhe paſſed out that way, and, as it were by inſtinct, went to hide her ſorrow in an arbour at the bottom of it. There, while ſhe burſt out again into a flood of tears, and ſighed moſt lamentably, ſhe repented of the quarrel that ſhe had picked with George, who always uſed, upon ſuch ſad occaſions, to alleviate her diſtreſs by weeping with her.

George, remaining at the table, could not think of Cecilia in diſgrace, and not feel greatly for her ſituation. They had hardly let him take two peaches, before he ſet about contriving means to convey them into his pocket for poor Cecilia, whom he deſigned afterwards to viſit in the garden, upon ſome pretence or other, which he did not doubt but he ſhould be able to invent, and yet he greatly apprehended that his intention would be diſcovered. He puſhed back his chair, and afterwards brought it forward, more than twenty times, and was continually looking down for ſomething on the carpet. Then all of a ſudden; Look at pretty Laura! look at Rover! cried he, ſeeming to take notice of two dogs in the apartment; and at the ſame time he had got a peach ready to ſlip into his pocket, if he could but fix my lord's and lady's obſervation upon ſomething at a diſtance from him.

See, papa, mama, how prettily they are playing! Do but turn about; they will make you die with laughing.

Oh! replied my lord, they will not eat one another, that I will anſwer for; and having juſt glanced at them, put himſelf ſo ſoon into his firſt poſition, that poor George, who

who thought himſelf that moment ſure of pocketing the peach, was diſconcerted, and obliged to put it down again upon the table.

Lady Euſtace had obſerved him, and conjectured his intention; therefore, having for a while enjoyed the little boy's embarraſſment, ſhe made his lordſhip privy to the affair, as well as ſhe was able, and in dumb ſhow bade him turn his head on one ſide; which he did accordingly, but could not hide a ſmile, that notwithſtanding all his gravity eſcaped him.

However, George, who thought himſelf as yet quite undiſcovered, but was fearful leſt this device again repeated might betray him, inſtantly reſorted to another ſtratagem. He took one peach, and placed it in the hollow of his hands put both together, after which he lifted it to his mouth, and made as if he had really been eating, by an imitation of the noiſe and motion which people make when they are chewing. Then, while with his left-hand he luckily found means to clap his peach into a cavity that he had hollowed beforehand in the napkin on his knees, he put his right-hand out to take the other, which he ſerved exactly in the ſame manner.

Some few minutes had now paſſed, and, as it happened, my lord and lady had quite forgot little George, and were converſing with each other in their uſual manner; ſo that George, ſuppoſing this a proper opportunity to get away, roſe up from table, with both peaches in the napkin, and began to imitate the mewing of a cat, which a young ſhepherd boy had lately taught him; and his view in this was to engage the attention both of Pompey and Rover, which he did, and put them into motion. Lady Euſtace, ſomewhat angry at theſe mewings, interrupted him. "What now!" ſaid ſhe; and added, "Well, but George, if our diſcourſe diſpleaſes you, I fancy, you may go and mew a little in the garden." George put on a feigned embarraſſment at this reproof, which was another thing that he wanted. He runs up therefore to Laura, ſaying, "See, mama, ſhe wants to bite poor Rover!" and in turning, he dexterouſly whipped the napkin all at once into his pocket, and pretended to run after Laura, with an intent to puniſh her. Laura ſcampered towards the door which Cecilia had left open,

open, when she went into the garden, and away went Master George, pursuing him.

"George! George! said Lady Eustace; pray, where are you going?" George stopped short. "My dear mama, said he, I will take a turn, if you please, in the garden. Won't you let me? I am sure you will give me leave." But afterwards, as her ladyship returned no answer, he lowered his voice, and in a suppliant manner added, "Pray, my dear mama, do let me! You shall see how well I will behave myself." "In that case, answered she, I will give you leave. Go."

What words can express the greatness of his joy! He was so joyful, that not minding how he ran, his foot slipped and he fell down. By great good luck, the peaches were not damaged in the fall. He got up again instantly, and ran to seek his sister in every nook and corner of the garden.

George was got by this time to the arbour, where he saw poor Cecilia wonderfully changed, and in an attitude of sorrow and repentance. She was now exceedingly unhappy. She had grieved the three best friends that she had; her worthy parents, and her own dear George.

"My sweetest Cecilia!" said George, and fell down on his knees before her. "Let us be friends: I would freely ask forgiveness for my fault, if I had really intended to displease you. Yet, if you will ask my pardon, I will ask yours also. Will you? Come, forgive, Cecilia; let us be friends again. Here, here are two nice peaches: I could not think of tasting them, as you were not to have your share."

"Ah! my dearest George! (said Cecilia, squeezing his hand while she spoke, and weeping on his shoulder,) what a good, sweet-tempered little fellow I have always found you! Certainly, (continued she, and sobbed while she spoke,) certainly a friend in one's misfortunes is a real friend indeed. But I will not take your peaches. It would have been pitiful behaviour in me, had I been vexed this morning for the loss of half a dozen apples. You do not think that I was, George, do you! No, it was the insulting look with which that pert Miss Lucinda viewed me; but I will not think about her now. Will you forgive me? added she; and with her handkerchief wiped off the tears that she had let fall on George's hand. I know,

know, I ſometimes love to plague you; but keep your peaches now, I will not eat them."

"Well, then, ſiſter, anſwered George, whenever the fancy comes into your head, e'en plague me juſt as long as you think proper. Yet I will never let another do ſo. You underſtand me? But as to theſe two peaches, I cannot eat them. I have told you ſo already, and was never guilty of a ſtory."

"No, nor I, (ſaid Cecilia, and that moment flung them both away into the public road.) I cannot endure the thoughts of having made a quarrel up for intereſted reaſons.—But as we are now cloſe friends again, how happy would it make me, if I could but get mama's permiſſion to appear, and aſk her pardon!"

"Oh! I will fly and get it for you, anſwered George; and hardly had pronounced the words, when he was got a good way from the arbour. I will inform mama, continued he, that it was I who made you anger her, by having vexed you in the morning."

In effect, he ſucceeded ſooner than he expected.—Indeed, what errors would not any reaſonable woman overlook, in favour of a friendſhip ſo affectionate and generous!

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION.

Mrs. Cranfield, Helen, her daughter.

Helen. NO, mama: I had much rather finiſh this purſe.

Mrs. Cranfield. But then, Helen, Caroline would certainly be a great deal better pleaſed with the work-bag. Do not you recollect, ſhe ſeemed delighted when you ſhowed her yours? and the bag that you have above ſtairs is made exactly like it.

Helen. Notwithſtanding that, mama, I know ſhe would like the purſe a great deal better.

Mrs. Cranfield. Be it ſo; but will the purſe be finiſhed? There are ſtill at leaſt a dozen rows to do; whereas, the work-bag only wants a ribband to compleat it. Sure you would

would not pay a visit to your cousin, on her birth-day, and go there without some present for her?

Helen. O, mama, you know, I should not like to do so; but believe me, you shall see the purse very soon finished.

Mrs. Cranfield. Think before you come to any resolution in the affair. Your father, I suppose you know, sets out at four o'clock exactly, and if any one among you has not finished what she had to do, that one will not go with him.

Helen. He sets out at five o'clock, mama, not four.

Mrs. Cranfield. Helen, will you never be rid of this shocking trick? Will you always be determined to assert the absolute reverse of every thing that your hear?

Helen. But if I am sure that papa sets out at five, and not before?

Mrs. Cranfield. Well, well, Helen; it will very soon be seen which is in the right. But I advise you, as a friend, to be prepared against the hour that *I* mention.

Helen. O, if that be all, mama, you may be sure to find me ready, even at four: for look ye, it is, as one may say, quite finished. I should gain a quarter of a hour beside, were I to run and work below there, in the garden.

Mrs. Cranfield. Why so, pray?

Helen. Because it is so much lighter there.

Mrs. Cranfield. But sure, you will lose a deal of time in going thither and returning?

Helen. O! do not fear but I shall recover it again. My work will go on ten times the better for it.

Mrs. Cranfield. As you please, Helen; but remember, I have forewarned you what may be the case.

Helen. I will take the consequence upon myself, and run as fast as possible.

In fact, she did run thither very fast; so fast that she arrived quite out of breath. She wanted more than half a dozen minutes to recover; and at last, when she was set at work, her hands were in a tremble, owing to her flurry; so that she frequently took up one stitch for another. In the end, when she was quite recovered, one must own, she pushed her work on very fast. And yet, in spite of all her diligence, it seemed to grow beneath her fingers. Mrs. Cranfield, who was really uneasy, came to find her.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cranfield. Well, Helen, how goes buſineſs forward? Have you finiſhed?

Helen. No, not yet, mama; nor is it five o'clock yet.

Mrs. Cranfield. Right, Helen; but it is four: the clock has juſt ſtruck.

Helen. Not ſtruck, mama. I have been liſtening; ſo I am ſure of that.

Mrs. Cranfield. I do not know how it came about then that I heard it; and your father muſt have heard it likewiſe, for you will find that he is ſetting out.

Helen. O! now, I am ſure, you are joking: that can never be.

Mrs. Cranfield. However, Dick has put the horſes to, and here are your brother and your ſiſters coming. They are ready.

Helen. O, dear me! You do not ſay ſo, mama!

The Brother, (*coming forward.*) Where are you, Helen? We are waiting now for none but you.

Helen. One moment, brother.

The Brother. Four o'clock has ſtruck, and you remember, papa at dinner told us that he ſhould go preciſely to a minute; having an appointment here, at half paſt five.

Mrs. Cranfield. Well now, Helen, you remember what I told you.

Helen. But, mama—

(*Helen's three ſiſters enter, crying out,*) Helen! come, come, come!

Helen, (*vexed.*) Do not be in a hurry children.

The Brother. How, Helen, have you not done your purſe yet? See here the little landſcape that I ſhall give my couſin.

Firſt Siſter. And this bow-pot, which will be my preſent.

Second Siſter. And this houſewife of my making for her.

Third Siſter. And theſe garters that I have knit her.—But here comes papa.

Mr. Cranfield, (*coming in.*) Well, we are ſetting out. You know, Helen, I never make any one wait for me, therefore never do I ſtay for others. If you are ready, come along; but if not, remain behind.

Helen.

Helen. My purſe is not done yet: I have but two ſhort rows to finiſh.

Mr. Cranfield, (*beckoning the other children to follow.*) Well, good bye, Helen: I will give your love to Caroline, and ſay that you wiſh her well and happy, on her birth-day. (*They go out.*)

Helen, (*crying.*) They are ſetting out, and I muſt ſtay at home quite melancholy! I that waited with ſo much impatience for this day! Caroline will have a preſent from every one of them, and I, the eldeſt, am not of the party! What will ſhe think of me?

Mrs. Cranfield. In reality, the caſe is pitiable, I muſt own; and more particularly ſo, as it depended on yourſelf alone, to ſhun this mortifying ſituation. I forewarned you what would be the caſe, in proper time; and if, inſtead of being obſtinately bent to go on with your purſe, you had but put a ribband to your work-bag; if you had not loſt ſo many minutes as you did in running hither; if you had not taken it into your head, from the firſt, that your father was not to ſet out till five, you would have ſaved yourſelf all this vexation. The misfortune is now come, and you have only to ſupport it, as you ought, with patience.

Helen. But my aunt and uncle, what will they think of me? They will imagine that I am in diſgrace, or elſe that I do not love my couſin.

Mrs. Cranfield. You muſt own, Helen, they will have ſome reaſon to ſuſpect as much.

Helen. Ah, dear mama! inſtead of leſſening, you increaſe my ſorrow!

Mrs. Cranfield. No, Helen, I am no leſs ſorrowful than you; but then, if you think proper, I can end your ſorrow.

Helen. Ah now, you are quite good! Yes, yes; I will make an end as ſoon as poſſible, and then we two will take the purſe. My uncle, aunt, and couſin too, will be agreeably ſurprized, and ſee that my coming ſo late was not my fault. I ſuppoſe then, you will ſend out to fetch a coach, and in the mean time I ſhall finiſh.

Mrs. Cranfield. No, Helen, that would be to diſobey your father, and deprive you of the benefit accruing from a uſeful leſſon. You ſhall not, at leaſt to-day, go ſee your couſin; but may have it in your power to be as happy

as

as you would have been by going. I have a certain method to propoſe to you for that purpoſe.

Helen. And what is it, pray, mama?

Mrs. Cranfield. To form, from this time forward, a determined reſolution not to ſettle matters juſt as you yourſelf think proper; to renounce particularly that intolerable trick that you have of contradicting everlaſtingly whatever you hear ſaid; and to rid yourſelf of the vile habit of oppoſing your own ridiculous ideas to the counſels of ſuch people as you know to be wiſer than yourſelf. I am perſuaded, you have ſufficient courage to take up any reſolution, and to ſupport it.

Helen. Yes, indeed, mama, I will, I will ſo.

Mrs. Cranfield. I expected nothing leſs from you, Helen; and if during the remainder of the week I ſee you perſevere in your laudable reſolution, we will go next Saturday and ſee your couſin. We ſhall then carry her the purſe and the work-bag alſo, which will make her think that you have delayed your preſent with a view of complimenting her with ſomething worthier of herſelf, and more expreſſive of your generoſity.

Helen, (*embracing her mama.*) Oh! dear mama, once more you make me happy!

Mrs. Cranfield. You, Helen, make me no leſs happy. Poſſibly this very moment you are laying the foundation of your whole future happineſs.

CÆSAR AND POMPEY.

MR. Saunders had brought up two handſome dogs, one Cæſar and the other Pompey. He had named them ſo, not with the wiſh or expectation that they ſhould one day become rivals, like the two illuſtrious commanders whoſe names they bore, but though both were littered at a birth, had always fed together, and been treated with an abſolute equality, yet it was not long before they manifeſted very different tempers.

Cæſar was extremely meek and docile; Pompey rough and quarrelſome.

The generous Cæſar jumped for joy, when any one careſſed him, and never took it ill that his brother ſhould

be

be fondled in the ſame manner; but the ſurly Pompey, on the other hand, whenever Mr. Saunders had him in his lap, would growl if Cæſar met with the leaſt notice, the leaſt ſmile, or token of affection.

When the friends of Mr. Saunders, coming on a viſit, brought their dogs, our Cæſar would immediately get in among them, and endeavour to amuſe his company; and, as his nature was extremely pliant and inſinuating, and his manners very winning, they were always at their eaſe whenever it was his part to entertain them. They would play and friſk about the apartments, juſt as if they had been all at ſchool with one another. The good Cæſar did his utmoſt to ſet off their beauty and activity, that Mr. Saunders might be pleaſed with their appearance, and induced to do them ſome good turn or other.

What did Pompey do in the mean time? He would get into a corner, and be all day barking at the ſtrangers. If unhappily they drew too near him, he would then be ſure to grin and ſnarl, and often bite their tails or ears. And if his maſter noticed any one among them for his breeding and good parts, he would howl with all his might, as if the houſe was robbing.

Mr. Saunders had remarked this odious temper ſometime paſt in Pompey, and begun already to neglect him. Cæſar, on the other hand, gained ſomething every day on his affection.

On a certain day, as he was ſet at table, he reſolved to try their diſpoſitions more than he ever yet had done. They were both attending at the table, Pompey being neareſt; for the honeſt Cæſar, to avoid diſſenſion, always gave him up with pleaſure the foremoſt place: and Mr. Saunders held out Pompey a nice piece of juicy meat, which he immediately fell a chewing. Cæſar was not diſcontented in the leaſt at this, but waited with the greateſt good humour till his turn ſhould come. His turn ſoon came; but Mr. Saunders threw him nothing but a hard dry bone. He took it without any ſign of diſcontent; but hardly had the churliſh Pompey obſerved Cæſar buſy with his ſhare, though much inferior to his own, than he rejected with diſdain the bit between his teeth, and fell on Cæſar to obtain his bone. The gentle Cæſar made no manner of reſiſtance, but, imagining that it might pleaſe the fickle taſte of Pompey, yielded it at once.

Do

Do not think, my friends, that this condescension on the part of Cæsar was the effect of cowardice, or even weakness in him. He had given ample testimony of his strength and resolution very lately, in a contest where he had been engaged on account of Pompey, whose intolerable surliness had drawn down upon him the resentment of a dog that lived in the neighbourhood. He had not fought above five minutes, though it was he himself who had previously provoked the fight, before he ran away; while Cæsar, though without a friend to take his part, continued the engagement like a hero, and acquired at last such glory, as to make his adversary bite the dust.

This anecdote his master knew; and as his character for courage was so thoroughly confirmed, he made him take the bit of juicy meat that he had before thrown to Pompey, but which Pompey had rejected. "Cæsar, my good fellow, said his master, it is but just that you should enjoy your brother's portion, since he first took yours; and therefore eat it."

Pompey scowled at Cæsar, seeing the affection that accompanied these words in Mr. Saunders's countenance; and Mr. Saunders added, "Since you have shewn yourself thus complaisant and generous towards him who treats you with such jealousy and envy, you shall be in future my own dog, and range about the house as you think proper; but your brother shall be tied up in the yard: so quick, a chain for Pompey! and let some one bid the carpenter this moment knock up a kennel for him." Accordingly this last was instantly conducted to his station, while the other had his liberty to walk about the apartments.

Pompey would very probably have enjoyed with insolence so great a mark of favour, had *he* gained the advantage in his master's judgment; but the heart of Cæsar bled at the idea of his brother's sentence, and he essayed all means to soften his condition. When the servants gave him any thing, he would be sure to carry it to Pompey, wag his tail with pleasure, and invite him to regale upon it; and at night he would not fail to visit Pompey in his house, amusing him in the midst of his sufferings by all possible means, and for hours together warming his benumbed limbs.

But

But Pompey, far from being ſoftened by ſuch kind actions, never welcomed Cæſar to his kennel, nor received him otherwiſe than with continual howlings; ſo that very quickly after, rage inflamed his blood, his heart was ulcerated, and his entrails perfectly dried up.

You, children, who read this, if there be any one among you of a diſpoſition ſuch as Pompey had, conſider what a miſerable lot awaits you, and reflect upon his puniſhment. You will otherwiſe lead a life of ſorrow and humiliation, and expire in horror.

THE LITTLE GIRL WITH WHISKERS.

"WON'T you do what I bid you then, Mr. Obſtanacy? Come, ſir, obey; or elſe you will be the worſe off for it, I can tell you." Thus Camilla, a pert little vixen of whom we are now going to give an account, was perpetually rating and commanding her poor brother.

Might her word be taken for it, he did every thing amiſs: on the contrary, whatever ſhe thought of doing, was a maſter piece of reaſon and reflexion. The diverſions that he propoſed were always dull and heavy in her judgment; but forgetting this deciſion, when the next day came, ſhe would moſt probably chuſe them herſelf, as the livelieſt and moſt entertaining. Her unhappy brother was obliged, on pain of being ſoundly lectured, to obey her whims and fancies. If he durſt attempt to ſhew her the unreaſonableneſs of her procedure, ſhe would be that moment in her airs; his play things then were ſure to go to ruin, and himſelf was forced to mope, without amuſement, in a corner of the room.

Camilla's parents had a hundred times endeavoured to break her of this fault. Her mother in particular, was always telling her that people never gained the love of others, if they were not complaiſant and gentle; that a little girl, who would on all occaſions ſet up her own will by way of law for others, would be found the moſt intolerable creature in the univerſe. Theſe prudent leſſons, or inſtructions, made no manner of impreſſion on her heart. Her brother, ſick of ſo much tyranny, began already to

loſe ſomething of his love and kindneſs for her; and Camilla was ſo far from ſhaking off her domineering diſpoſition on that account, that ſhe became a hundred times more arbitrary and inſulting.

As it chanced, a gentleman of underſtanding, and who was always remarkably ſincere and open in his ſpeech and conduct, dined one day, upon an invitation, with Camilla's parents. He obſerved with what a haughty air ſhe treated her poor little brother, nay, and every body in the room. At firſt through mere politeneſs, he kept ſilence; but, tired out ere long with her impertinence, he began, addreſſing his diſcourſe to Mrs. Fleming, her mama, as follows: "Had I ſuch a little girl as yours, I know what I would do."

What, ſir? ſaid Mrs. Fleming.

You ſhall hear, replied the gentleman. I am lately come from France, and, as I liked to ſee the ſoldiers exerciſe, I amuſed myſelf, by viſiting the grand parade where the ſoldiers are drawn up, as frequently as I had leiſure. Among the ſoldiers, there were many that I obſerved with whiſkers; and, one cannot but acknowledge, they looked very fierce, as ſoldiers ſhould. Now, had I a child like your Camilla, I would give her inſtantly a ſoldier's uniform, and I would clap a pair of whiſkers on her, and make her a Swiſs Corporal, ſo that ſhe might completely ſatisfy her paſſion for commanding.

Hearing this, Camilla ſtood confounded. She could not refrain from bluſhing, and even wept.

From that time forward, ſhe was ſenſible how much a tyranizing diſpoſition miſbecame her, and reſolved to ſhun the mortifying conſequences which it would ſoon or late bring down upon her. This reſolution, aſſiſted by the prudent counſels of her mother, quickly proved ſucceſsful.

Such a change was doubtleſs very prudent on her part. It were however to be wiſhed, for all young ladies labouring under ſuch a fault, that they would yield obedience to the kind inſtruction of their parents on this ſubject; and not wait till ſuch time as a man of underſtanding tells them, to their face, that they would look better in a ſurly ſoldier's uniform, with whiſkers, than ſet off with nice white cambrick frocks, like all good-natured little ladies.

THE

THE SCAR.

FERDINAND, from nature, had received a ſoul endued with elevated thoughts and generous notions. He poſſeſſed a lively turn of mind, a ſtrong and quick imagination, with a chearful temper. His whole perſon in a word, and his polite behaviour, won him every heart.

However, with ſo many amiable qualities, he had a certain great defect, extremely inconvenient to his friends, of giving way to every ſlight impreſſion, and yielding up his ſoul to the emotions which any accidental circumſtance might raiſe within him.

When he ſought amuſement in the circle of his playmates, trifling contradictions ruffled his impatient diſpoſition, and they ſaw the fire of rage in a moment inflame his whole countenance; he ſtamped upon the ground, cried out, and was beſide himſelf with paſſion.

Once upon a time, as he was walking in his chamber to and fro, and meditating on the neceſſary preparations for a treat which his father had permitted him to give his ſiſter, Marcian, his dear friend and favourite, intended to communicate his notions on the ſubject. Buried as he was in thought, he ſaw not Marcian. Marcian, therefore, having called out to him, but in vain, drew nearer, and began to pull him by the ſleeve; but Ferdinand, diſturbed and out of patience with theſe interruptions, unexpectedly turned round, with ſo much rudeneſs, that he ſent poor Marcian quite acroſs the apartment to fall down beſide the wainſcot.

Marcian, after he dropped, lay ſtill without the leaſt appearance of life. To which I am to add, that, in falling, he had ſtruck his head againſt the moulding of a book-caſe, and received a wound, as Ferdinand then fancied, in the temple, whence there came a deal of blood.

Heavens! reader, what a ſhocking proſpect was this for Ferdinand! who never had intended any harm to Marcian; and for whom he would have even loſt his life, if there had been occaſion.

Ferdinand fell down beſide him, lamentably crying out, He is dead, he is dead! I have killed my friend! Inſtead of

of trying any means for his recovery, he remained ſtretched all along, uttering diſmal groans. Happily, his father heard him; he came running up, took Marcian in his arms, and having laid him on a bed, called out for ſalts, and threw cold water in his face, which recovered him a little.

The return of Marcian to new life, tranſported Ferdinand with joy; but, as he might relapſe, it was not great enough to take away entirely his anxiety.

A ſurgeon, being ſent for, probed the wound. He found it to be not in the temple, but ſo very near it, that the difference of a hair's breadth in its poſition would have made it dangerous indeed, if not quite mortal. Being carried home, he ſoon became delirious.

Ferdinand could by no means be perſuaded to leave Marcian. He took up his ſtation by his dear friend's pillow, and maintained the profoundeſt ſilence; Marcian frequently pronounced the name of Ferdinand, while his delirium laſted. My dear Ferdinand, he would ſay, in what had I offended you, that I ſhould be treated thus? Yet, it is quite impoſſible that you ſhould be leſs afflicted than myſelf, for having wounded me, without the leaſt degree of provocation. Let it not, however, grieve your generous nature. I forgive you, and do you forgive me likewiſe, Ferdinand, for having put you, as I muſt have done, into a paſſion. It was not my wiſh to vex you.

This diſcourſe which Marcian thus addreſſed to Ferdinand, without obſerving him, though preſent, and even holding him continually by the hand, redoubled his affliction. Every word proceeding from the lips of Marcian, as it ſerved but to proclaim the greatneſs of his friendſhip, was a poignard to the heart of Ferdinand.

At laſt, however, it pleaſed God, for Ferdinand's great conſolation, to aſſuage the violence of the fever. In ten days time the patient was enabled to get up.

What tongue can repreſent the joy of Ferdinand! It is not to be comprehended certainly by any one, unleſs he himſelf has felt beforehand, the ſorrow which Ferdinand experienced all the while that he was a witneſs of his friend's diſtreſsful ſituation.

Marcian being at laſt thoroughly recovered, Ferdinand reſumed his former chearful humour, and not needing any other leſſon than the ſorrowful event that had ſo lately

happened, he laboured hard to overcome the vehemence of temper to which he had been a ſlave.

Marcian in a very little time had no mark of the accident remaining, but a trifling ſcar, as juſt now mentioned, near the temple. Ferdinand could never ſee this ſcar without emotion, even when they were both come to years of manhood. It became, in ſhort, the ſeal of that much cloſer friendſhip in which they were ever afterwards mutually united.

THE SILK SLIP.

LITTLE Matilda had worn nothing but a plain white frock, till ſhe was eight years old. Neat red Morocco ſhoes, with ſilver buckles, ſet off her ſmall feet; her ebon hair, which had never yet felt the torturing iron, floated in large curls upon her ſhoulders.

She had been one day in the company of certain little girls, who, though not older than herſelf, were dreſſed already like great ladies; and the richneſs of their cloaths awakened in her heart the firſt vain notions that ſhe had ever had within it.

Dear mama, ſaid ſhe, returning from the houſe where ſhe had met with theſe fine ladies, I have ſeen this afternoon the three Miſs Flowerdales. I ſuppoſe, you know them. The eldeſt of them muſt be younger than myſelf. O dear mama, how ſweetly they were dreſſed! Their parents, ſure, muſt have a deal of pleaſure, ſeeing them ſo fine! I dare ſay, they are not ſo rich as you; ſo give me, if you pleaſe, a fine ſilk ſlip, with ſuch embroidered ſhoes as they had on; and let my hair be dreſſed by Mr. Frizzle, who, they tell me, is extremely clever.

The Mother. I deſire no better, if to do ſo will contribute to your ſatisfaction; but I fear, with all this elegance, you will find yourſelf not quite ſo happy as you have been hitherto, in the ſimplicity of ſuch plain things as you generally wore.

Matilda. And why ſo mama?

The Mother. Becauſe you will be eternally afraid of ſpotting, and even of rumpling what you wear. A dreſs ſo elegant

elegant as that of the Miſs Flowerdale's will require the greateſt care and attention in the wear, that it may do you honour. If it gets one ſpot, the beauty will be loſt for ever, as one cannot put it in the waſh-tub to recover its firſt luſtre; and however rich you may ſuppoſe me, I ſhall not be rich enough to let you have a new ſilk ſlip whenever you may want one.

Matilda. Oh! if that be all mama, do not make yourſelf uneaſy. I will be very careful of it.

The Mother. Will you? Well then, I muſt give you ſuch a dreſs; but ſtill, remember that I have hinted what uneaſineſs your vanity may cauſe you.

Unperſuaded by the wiſdom of this counſel, Matilda did not loſe a moment in deſtroying all the pleaſure and enjoyment of her infancy. Her hair, which had till then hung down at liberty, was now to be confined in paper, and ſqueezed cloſe between a burning hot pair of tongs; and that fine jet, which had till now ſo happily ſet off the whiteneſs of her forehead, was to diſappear beneath a clot of powder and pomatum.

Two days after, Matilda had a handſome ſlip brought home, of pea-green taffety with fine pink trimmings, and a pair of ſtraw-worked ſhoes to match them. The taſte that appeared in her cloaths, their vivid colour and elegance of make—charmed the eye; but when ſhe had them on, it was evident that her limbs were under great conſtraint; her motions had no longer their accuſtomed eaſe and freedom; and her infant countenance, amidſt ſo vaſt a quantity of flowers, ſilk, gauze, and ribbands, loſt entirely every trace of ingenuous ſimplicity.

She was, notwithſtanding, quite enchanted at her metamorphoſis. Her eyes, with mighty ſatisfaction, wandered over her whole little perſon, and were never taken off, except when ſhe looked round about her, to find out ſome glaſs in the apartment that might repreſent before her, at full length, the idol which ſhe then worſhipped.

She had wrought on her mama to ſend out cards of invitation to her little friends, that when they came to viſit her ſhe might enjoy a feaſt, in viewing their ſurpriſe and admiration. When they had all met together, ſhe walked to and fro before them, like a peacock; and from her behaviour, any one would have imagined that ſhe

ſuppoſed herſelf an empreſs, and conſidered thoſe about her as ſubjected to her empire. But, alas! this triumph was but of a very ſhort duration, and a multitude of mortifying circumſtances followed it.

The children were permitted to go out a walking in the fields, near that part of the town where ſhe lived. Matilda therefore led the way, and they reached, in ten or fifteen minutes, a delightful country.

A luxuriant meadow firſt of all attracted their attention. It was every where enamelled with a vaſt variety of charming flowers, and butterflies whoſe wings were of a thouſand mingled colours, hovered in each quarter of it. The gay little ladies hunted theſe fine butterflies; they dexterouſly caught, but did not hurt them; and when once they had examined all their beauty, let them go, and with their eyes purſued the little creatures as they fluttered to and fro. They employed themſelves in making noſegays likewiſe of the flowers that ſprung up in the meadow, which they gathered for that purpoſe.

Matilda, who from pride had firſt of all diſdained theſe mean amuſements, wanted very ſoon to ſhare the entertainment that they afforded; but the ground, they told her, might be damp, in which caſe ſhe would ſtain her ſhoes, and damage her fine ſlip; for they had now diſcovered that her intention, in thus bringing them together, was to vex them only with a ſight of her fine clothes, and they reſolved to mortify her in their turn.

She was of courſe obliged to be ſolitary, and ſit ſtill; while ſhe obſerved the ſprightly chearfulneſs of her companions who ſported round about her. The delight of contemplating on her pea-green ſlip was, compared thereto, a very ſorry kind of entertainment.

At the corner of the meadow there was a ſort of little grove, in which was to be heard the muſic of a thouſand birds, that ſeemed as if inviting every perſon who went through the meadow, to go thither, and enjoy the coolneſs of the ſhade. This grove our children entered, jumping as they went along with joy. Poor Matilda would have followed them, but ſhe was told that the buſhes would tear all her finery to pieces. She obſerved her friends to divert themſelves at *puſſey in the corner*, and purſue each other through the trees. The more ſhe heard them

them ſhout with joy, the more, as any one might have expected, ſhe was peeviſh and ill-humoured.

But the youngeſt of her viſitors had ſome ſort of compaſſion on her. She had juſt found out a corner where there grew a quantity of fine wild ſtrawberries, and therefore beckoned to her to come and eat part of them. She would willingly have done ſo, but had ſcarcely got into the grove, when unexpectedly a loud cry was heard. The children gathered to the ſpot, and found poor Matilda faſtened by the gauze upon her hat and ribbands, to a branch of white thorn from which ſhe could not by any means diſengage herſelf. They made haſte to looſe the pins that held her hat on; but to add to her affliction, as her hair, which had been friſzed with ſo much labour, was likewiſe entangled with the branch of white thorn, it coſt her almoſt a whole lock before ſhe could be ſet at liberty; and thus all at once the charming ſuperſtructure of her head-dreſs was abſolutely pulled to pieces.

'Tis not difficult to gueſs how little this misfortune thus befalling Matilda touched her play-mates, when they found, as we have ſaid already, why ſhe had invited them. Inſtead of conſolation, which ſhe needed, and perhaps expected, they could hardly keep from laughing at her comical appearance, and did actually jeer her with a hundred wicked witticiſms. After having ſmoothed her down a little, they ran off in ſearch of freſh amuſement, towards a hill that they ſaw at ſome ſmall diſtance from them.

Matilda however could not, without very great difficulty, reach this hill. Her ſtrait ſhoes, which had been made ſo to ſet off her little feet the better, were a great obſtruction to her ſpeed; nor was this all the miſchief, for her ſtays were drawn ſo cloſe that ſhe could not eaſily fetch breath. She would have now been happy to go home and change her dreſs, in order to be at eaſe; but then ſhe knew that her little friends would never have conſented, upon her account, to be deprived of their amuſement.

They had got by this time to the ſummit of the hill, and were enjoying the fine view which a ſpacious horizon preſented them on every ſide. They ſaw on one hand verdant meadows; on the other, yellow harveſts; before

them rivulets meandering through the country; and by way of termination to the landſcape, a large river, on whoſe banks were many pleaſant country houſes. So magnificent a proſpect charmed them. They even danced about with joy, while Matilda at the bottom of the hill, (for ſhe was abſolutely out of breath, and could not poſſibly get further,) was devoured with ſorrow.

She had time and opportunity enough, in ſuch a ſituation, to make many ſad reflexions. To what purpoſe, ſaid ſhe to herſelf, are theſe fine clothes! how much pleaſure do they not prevent me from enjoying! and what pain do I not ſuffer, merely from having put them on!

She was giving up her mind to theſe afflicting thoughts, when ſuddenly ſhe heard her friends come running down the hill, and all cry out together, as they paſſed her, Run, run, Matilda, there is a dreadful ſtorm behind the hill; it is coming towards us! if you do not make haſte, your ſlip will ſoon be wet quite through!

Matilda felt her ſtrength returning, at the fear of ſuch a great misfortune as her play-mates threatened. She forgot her wearineſs, her pinched feet, and her tight lacing, and made tolerable haſte to reach ſome place of ſhelter. But in ſpite of all her efforts to ſhun ſo grievous a misfortune as the ſpoiling of her clothes, ſhe could not run ſo faſt as her companions, who were lightly dreſſed. Then, too, every moment ſhe was ſtopped, at one time, by her hoop and flounces in the narrow paths by which ſhe was obliged to go; at another, by her train which was frequently caught faſt by the furze; and at others by the fine ſcaffold work about her head, on which the wind bent down the branches of thoſe trees, under which ſhe was forced to paſs in her way homeward.

At that moment too the ſtorm burſt forth in all its fury; and there fell a ſhower of hail and rain mixed together, after all but Matilda had regained their ſeveral habitations.

In the end, however, Matilda got home likewiſe, but wet through and through. She had beſides left one of her fine ſhoes behind her in a heap of dung, which as ſhe hurried homeward, ſhe had ſcrambled over without ſeeing it; and to increaſe the liſt of her diſaſters, ſhe had not quite

quite cleared the meadow, when a guſt of wind blew off her hat into the middle of a dirty pool of water.

They had all the trouble that one can poſſibly imagine to undreſs her; ſo much had the ſweat and rain even glued her ſhift and other garments to her body; ſo that her whole dreſs was ſpoiled, and abſolutely good for nothing.

Shall I have another ſlip, my dear, made up for you againſt to-morrow? ſaid her mother drily, ſeeing her in tears.

O no, mama, ſaid Matilda, kiſſing her: I am convinced, fine clothes can never make the wearer of them happy. Let me take up with my nice white frock again; and have no more pomatum in my hair, till I am eight or ten years older than at preſent; and forgive my folly.

Matilda, with the dreſs of childhood, came again into the full poſſeſſion of her liberty, and ſeemed as modeſt and as charming as ſhe had ever been. Neither did her dear mama regret the loſs that ſhe had experienced in the purchaſe of this fine ſilk ſlip, &c. ſince it proved the means of reinſtating her beloved daughter in the happineſs which her vanity and folly would have taken from her, had it not been for this uſeful leſſon.

THE FIRE.

A Drama, in One Act.

Characters.

Mr. and Mrs. Creswell.	
Adrian, Julia,	their Children.
Trueman, - -	a Farmer.
Jane, - - -	his Wife.
Lubbin, Sukey,	their Children.
Gilbert, - -	Mr. Creſwell's Groom.

Scene, *The entrance of a village, in the environs of London, in a part of which, contiguous to the fields, appears a fire. On one ſide is a farm-houſe with a pump, and on the other ſide a hill.*

SCENE I.

Adrian, (running by a path that conducts round the hill. His clothes and hair out of order. He looks back and ſees the fire burſt forth with double fury.)

O Heaven! O Heaven! all burning ſtill! What volumes of thick ſmoke and flame! What is now become of my papa, mama and ſiſter? Am I an unhappy orphan? Heaven take pity on me, and let them be ſafe; for they are more to me than all the world beſide—Without them what ſhould I do? (*Oppreſſed with grief and wearineſs, he leans againſt a tree. The farm-houſe door now opens, and the little peaſant Lubbin, who has his breakfaſt in his hand, comes out.*)

Lubbin, (without obſerving Adrian.) So it does not finiſh then, this fire? What could poſſeſs my father to go poking with his horſes, juſt into the middle of it! But the ſun is now riſing. He will ſoon be back. I will ſit down here, and wait till he returns.

(*He goes to ſit down by the tree, and ſees little Adrian.*) Hey! hey! who is here? a fine young gentleman! what brings you out ſo early, my pretty maſter?

Adrian.

Adrian. Ah! my little friend, I neither know at preſent where I am, nor whither I am going.

Lubbin. How! mayhap you live in town? and very likely where the fire is?

Adrian. Yes, indeed, I have eſcaped I cannot well tell you in what manner.

Lubbin. Is your houſe on fire?

Adrian. It was in our ſtreet that the fire broke out. I was in bed, and ſleeping very ſoundly. My papa ran up to ſnatch me out of bed: the ſervants dreſſed me in a hurry, and one carried me directly through the fire, which blazed all round us as we went forward.

Lubbin. Poor dear little fellow!

(*Somebody from the houſe cries out,* Lubbin! Lubbin! *But Lubbin is liſtening to little Adrian, with ſo much attention, that he does not hear it.*)

SCENE II.

Adrian, Lubbin, Jane, Sukey.

Jane, (*to Sukey, at the entrance.*) I hope, he is not gone away, to ſee the fire: I think, it is enough to tremble for his father's danger.

Sukey. No, no, mother: here he is. Ah! ha! he is ſpeaking to a little gentleman.

Jane, (*to Lubbin*) Why did not you anſwer, when I called you?

Lubbin. Have you been calling me? I did not hear you. I was liſtening to this poor boy here.

Sukey. Poor! What has happened to him?

Lubbin. He was like to have been burnt alive. His houſe was all in flames, he tells me, when they got him out.

Jane. How pale the poor child is! And how did they contrive to ſave you, my little maſter?

Adrian. Our helper was bid to take me to the village where I had been nurſed; ſo he put me on his ſhoulders; but they ſtopped him in the ſtreet, wanting hands to work. I fell a crying, when I ſaw myſelf alone; at which, a good old woman took me by the hand, and brought me out of town, directing me to walk ſtrait

forward, till I saw a village; so I followed her advice, and here I am.

Jane. And can you tell me what your nurse's name was?

Adrian. No, not now; but I can recollect I used to call my little foster-sister, Sukey.

Sukey, (*earnestly.*) If this little boy were Adrian, mother!

Adrian. Yes! yes! that is my name!

Jane. What, Adrian, Mr. Creswell's son?

Adrian. O, my good dear nurse! I recollect you now. And this is Sukey, and this, Lubbin. (*They embrace each other.*)

Jane, (*kissing Adrian.*) How happy am I now! I thought of nothing but my poor dear little Adrian, since this fire began. My husband is gone to give you all the assistance that he can.—But how tall he is grown! should you have recollected him! I think not, Sukey.

Sukey. Not immediately, indeed; but when I saw him first, methought I felt my heart beat towards him. It is a long time now since we were last together.

Adrian. I have been a great way off, at school, and came home only three days since, for the holidays. Had I remained at school, I should, at least at present, have known nothing of this day's misfortune. O, papa! mama! O sister!

Jane. Poor dear child! there is no cause to make yourself uneasy. On the first alarm of fire, so near your quarter of the town, my husband instantly set out, to see if he could be of any use. I know him. Your papa, mama, and sister, will be safe, if mortal man can save them. But, my lovely Adrian, you have been up and running these two hours at least, and must be hungry. Will you eat a little?

Lubbin. Look ye, master, here is a Yorkshire cake and butter. Take it!

Adrian. Master! You were used to call me Adrian, and not master.

Lubbin, (*embracing him.*) Well then, Adrian, take my breakfast.

Sukey. Or stay, Adrian, you must certainly be dry as well as hungry. I will go fetch my milk-pottage. I was putting in the bread—

Adrian.

Adrian. No, no, my good friends. I cannot have any appetite, till I ſee my dear papa, mama, and ſiſter. I will return and ſeek them.

Jane. Do you think of what you are ſaying? Run into the flames!

Adrian. I left them in the flames; but it was againſt my will. I did not like to part with them, but my papa would have it ſo: he threatened me, and in an angry tone bid Gilbert pay no heed to my reſiſtance. I was forced at laſt to yield, for fear of putting him into a greater paſſion. I cannot hold out any longer, but, whatever be the danger, I muſt go back to find if they are in ſafety.

Jane. I cannot let you go, that is certain. Come into the houſe with us.

Adrian. You have a houſe then. Alas! I have none.

Jane. And is not our houſe your's? I fed you with my milk, and ſurely then I cannot deny you bread. (*She forces him in, and ſays to Lubbin*) Take care, and ſtay you here, that you may ſee your father the ſooner, and let us know of his coming.—But do not run to ſee the fire. Remember, I forbid you that.

Lubbin, (*alone.*) And yet I have half a mind to do ſo. What a charming bonfire it muſt make! I do not ſee clearly, but I think that ſteeple is down, that had the golden dragon on the top. There is many a poor ſoul, by this, burnt out of houſe and home! I pity them, and yet they muſt not hinder me from finiſhing my breakfaſt. —(*To Sukey, who re-enters with a tumbler.*) Well now, ſiſter, you are a dear good girl, indeed, to bring me drink ſo kindly.

Sukey. Oh! it is not for you. I am come to get a glaſs of water for poor Adrian. He will have neither milk, nor ale, nor wine. "My dear papa, (ſays he,) mama, and ſiſter, very likely, are at preſent dry and hungry, and ſhall I have ſuch nice things? No, no, indeed: let me have therefore nothing but a little water; that will ſerve me well enough, eſpecially as I am ſo thirſty."

Lubbin. One muſt own, however, it is ſomething comical, that Adrian ſhould refuſe a drop of any thing that is good, becauſe he cannot get tidings of his parents.

Sukey. Oh! I know you well enough! Your ſiſter might be burnt alive, and you not eat a mouthful leſs on that

account. For my part, I ſhould be like Adrian: I ſhould hardly think of eating, if our houſe were ſet on fire, and no one could inform me what had happened to my father, mother, or even brother.

Lubbin. No, nor I—provided I were not hungry.

Sukey. Can one then be hungry in ſuch a caſe? Look ye, Lubbin, I have not the leaſt degree of appetite. To ſee poor Adrian weep, and take on ſo, has made me quite forget my hunger.

Lubbin. So you won't eat your milk-pottage this morning?

Sukey. What, you want it, after having ſwallowed your own breakfaſt, with Yorkſhire cake into the bargain?

Lubbin. No; I would only take your breakfaſt, that, if neither you nor Adrian wiſhed to have it, nothing might be loſt; that is all. But let me have the tumbler: I have not drunk any thing yet.

Sukey, (*giving him the tumbler.*) Make haſte then! Adrian is very dry.

Lubbin, (*after drinking.*) Stay, ſtay, I will fill it for him.

Sukey. Without rincing it?

Lubbin. Do you ſuppoſe then that I have poiſon in my mouth?

Sukey. Very proper, truly, with the crumbs about the rim! I will rince it out myſelf. Young gentlemen are uſed to cleanlineſs, and I ſhould wiſh to let him ſee as much propriety and neatneſs in our cottage, as at home. (*She rinces the tumbler, fills it up, and then goes out.*)

Lubbin, (*alone.*) So, there is my breakfaſt donè. Suppoſe now that I ſhould run to town, and ſee the fire. I ſhall not be miſſed if I ſet out, ſtay there but half an hour or ſo, and then come back: it is nothing but a good ſound ſcolding from my mother. However, I will go a little way, and then determine. It is not more than twelve or thirteen minutes' walk before I am there.—Come, come; faint heart, the proverb tells us, never won fair lady. (*He ſets off, but meets his father.*)

SCENE

SCENE III.

Lubbin, Trueman (with a cheſt upon his ſhoulders, tired and out of breath.)

Lubbin. What you are come back, father? I was going on a little way to meet you.

Trueman, (*with anxiety.*) Were you? And is Adrian here?

Lubbin. Yes, yes; not long ago arrived.

Trueman, (*putting down the cheſt.*) Thank God! then the whole family are ſafe. (*He ſits down upon the cheſt.*) Let me take breath a little.

Lubbin. Won't you come in, father?

Trueman. No, no; I will remain here in the open air, till I am recovered from my hurry. Go, and tell your mother that I am returned.

Trueman (*alone, wiping his face.*) I ſhall not die then, without having, in my turn, obliged my benefactor.

SCENE IV.

Trueman, Jane, Adrian, Lubbin, Sukey.

Jane. (*running from the farm-houſe, and embracing Trueman.*) Ah, my dear! what joy to ſee you come back ſafe!

Trueman, (*embracing Jane in return.*) My life! But Adrian, where is he, pray? Let me ſee him.

Adrian, (*running up.*) Here I am. Here, here, father! (*Looking round about him*) But what, are you alone? Where is my papa, mama, and little ſiſter?

Trueman. Safe, my child; quite ſafe.—Embrace me!

Adrian, (*jumping up into his arms.*) O what joy!

Jane. We have been all in very great perplexity. Our neighbours are come back already.

Trueman. They had not their benefactor to preſerve, as I had.

Jane. But the fire, dear Thomas, is it out, and all the miſchief over?

Trueman. Over, Jane! the whole ſtreet is in flames. If you could only ſee the ruins, and the multitude of people! Women with their hair about their ears, all running

ning to and fro, and calling out to find their husbands and poor children; to which add the sound of bells, the noise of carts and engines, with the crush of houses when the timbers are burnt through, the frightened horses, and the throng of people driving full against you. I cannot tell you how I made my way amidst the flames that crossed before me, and the burning beams that seemed ready every moment to fall down and crush me.

Jane. Bless us! you make my blood run cold.

Sukey. See, see, mother, how his hair and eye-brows are all singed!

Trueman. And see my arm too. But why should I complain? Could I have only got away with life, I should not have mattered losing a limb for Mr. Creswell.

Jane. How, my dear, a limb?

Trueman. What, wife, to save our benefactor! Was it not through his means that we both came together? Are we not indebted to his generosity, not only for this farm, but for every thing? And what is still more, my jewel, was it not your milk that reared his weakly child, now so strong and hearty? (*Adrian clings to Jane.*) Did I say that I should not have mattered losing a limb for Mr. Creswell? —I say more: I would have given my life to save him.

Jane. Then you have been able to assist him?

Trueman. Yes, I have that happiness to boast. He himself, his lady, and his daughter, had scarce got out of their house, as they supposed in safety, when a half-burnt beam fell down into the street before them. Happily, I was not ten yards off: the people fancied that they were crushed beneath its weight, and ran away. I heard their cries, came back, and rushing through the burning ruins, brought them off. I had already saved this chest that you see here, and my cart, besides, is loaded with the greatest part of their most valuable furniture.

Adrian. Be sure, my father will most richly recompense you.

Trueman. I am recompensed already, my dear little friend! Your father did not perhaps expect such a service at my hands, and I have saved him. In that thought, I am much better paid than in receiving any recompense. But this is not the whole: I dare say he will be here presently, and all his family and people.

Adrian. What then, shall I see them soon?

Trueman.

Trueman. Yes, my Adrian. But run, wife, and make a little preparation to receive them: let ſome ale be drawn, and have the cows milked inſtantly. Air ſheets to put on all our beds; and as for us, we will take up our lodging in the ſtable.

Jane. Be it ſo. I will play my part, I warrant you.

SCENE V.

Trueman, Adrian, Lubbin, Sukey.

Trueman. And I will go put the hay up in ſome kind of order in the barn, and make a little room for thoſe who may come hither requiring ſome ſhelter. All the fields, alas! are covered with them. I imagine, I ſtill ſee them! ſome ſtruck ſpeechleſs, gaze with abſolute inſenſibility, while they behold their houſes burning, or elſe fall down on the ground, fatigued and frightened! others run along like madmen, wring their hands, or pull their hair up by the roots, and uttering fearful cries, attempt to force their paſſage through a line of ſoldiers, who with bayonets keep them off, that they may ſave the property of the ſufferers from being plundered.

Sukey. O my poor dear Adrian! had you been there, they would have trod you under foot.

Trueman. As ſoon as they bring back my horſes, I will go out again, and take up all the children, women, and old men that I meet. Had I been the pooreſt perſon in the village, this misfortune would have rendered me the richeſt; ſince the unhappy whom I ſhall ſuccour will belong to me. (*He ſtoops to take the cheſt up.*)

Lubbin. Dear father, let me help you.

Trueman. No, no: have a care! it is far too heavy for your ſtrength. Go rather, and bid Humphry heat the oven, and put all our kitchen things in order; and let Carter know that I want ſome flour ſent in: theſe miſerable people who are burnt out of their habitations ſhall at leaſt find wherewithal to ſatisfy their wants! Thank God! I am not ſo poor, that any one applying to my charity ſhould die for want of food. If I had nothing elſe, I would give them my laſt bit of bread. (*He and Lubbin go out.*)

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Adrian, Sukey.

Sukey. Oh! *that* I would ſhare with you too, Adrian. Who, alas! would have ſuppoſed that I ſhould have ever ſeen you in your preſent ſituation?

Adrian. Who indeed, my deareſt Sukey? for it is very hard in one night to loſe every thing.

Sukey. Be comforted, however, my dear friend! for do not you recollect how happy we were once together here, when we were leſs a great deal than at preſent. Well, we will be as happy with each other again. Do you fear that you can want any thing, as long as I have any thing to give you?

Adrian, (*taking Sukey by the hand.*) No, I do not indeed: but then, I thought, it would have been my part to make you happy, to get you a good huſband, as papa has often ſaid in joke, and to take care of your children, like my own.

Sukey. Well, now I muſt contrive to do all this myſelf; and when we love each other, it is exactly the ſame thing. I will get you all the fineſt flowers that I can make free to pull in our garden, and whatever fruit they will let me gather. You ſhall alſo have my bed, and I will ſleep all night long upon the ground beſide you.

Adrian, (*embracing her.*) O my dear, dear Sukey! how I ought to love you!

Sukey. You ſhall ſee likewiſe what care I will take of Julia. I will be always with you both. We drank, you know, the ſame milk; and is not that all the ſame as if you were my brother, pray, and I your ſiſter?

Adrian. Yes, and you ſhall always be my ſiſter, and I do not know which of the two I ſhall love beſt for the future, you or Julia. I will preſent you alſo to papa, that you may be his daughter: but when, think you, will he come?

Sukey. Why make yourſelf uneaſy? You have been told that he is ſafe.

Adrian. But my father is juſt like yours; and who can tell but he will go back again into the flames to ſave ſome friend

friend or other. I muſt therefore be uneaſy till I ſee him once again. But hark ye! do not I hear a tread on the other ſide of the hill? Oh! if it were he!

SCENE VII.

Adrian, Sukey, Gilbert.

Adrian. Ah, Gilbert!

Gilbert. Ah, my little maſter! you are ſafe then?

Adrian. Truly, there is great need to talk about my ſafety! Where is papa, mama, and Julia? are they with you?

Gilbert, (*not knowing what to ſay.*) With me?

Adrian. Yes; you have not left them behind, ſure?

Gilbert. Behind? (*Turning about.*) They are not behind me.

Adrian. They are not come with you, then?

Gilbert. Unleſs they be here, I do not know where they are.

Adrian, (*impatintly.*) You do not come here to ſeek them? do you?

Gilbert, (*in confuſion.*) Do not be frightened, my dear little maſter!—Are they not come hither?

Sukey. None but Adrian.

Adrian. He is confounded, and has ſome bad news to tell me!—They are loſt, even after all the pains that honeſt Trueman took to ſave them!

Gilbert. Hear me.—There is no cauſe, at leaſt I hope not, to alarm yourſelf. About an hour or forty minutes after they had forced me from you to aſſiſt the ſufferers, I found means to get into the crowd.—Dear Maſter Adrian, do not be frightened; but ſo it is indeed.—I ran about the ruins to diſcover where my maſter was, but could not come at any tidings of him; no, nor of my miſtreſs, nor Miſs Julia. I enquired of every one that I met, if they had heard of ſuch a family? but conſtantly was anſwered, No.

Adrian. O Heaven! take pity on me! Dear papa, mama, and Julia, where, where are you? Periſhed doubtleſs!

Gilbert.

Gilbert. I have not told you all yet; but pray do not be frightened.—The worſt part of the affair comes now.

Adrian. What is it then? Why do not you tell me, Gilbert?

Gilbert. How, in Heaven's name, would you have me tell you, if you let yourſelf be frightened in this manner?

Adrian. Speak! pray Gilbert ſpeak!

Gilbert. Well then, the rumour was as follows: that a gentleman, a lady, and a little girl, were cruſhed to death, when they were juſt got out of doors, and thought themſelves in ſafety. (*Adrian ſwoons away.*)

Sukey. Help! help! help! Come here to our aſſiſtance, ſome one! Adrian is dying. (*She falls down by him.*)

Gilbert. Why, what ails him? I mentioned this but as a report; and beſides, they could not tell me who it was. It may be nothing, after all.

Sukey. Why, how you talk! His fright at what you mentioned overcame him, and he quite forgot that my father had preſerved them.

Gilbert, (*feeling Adrian's cheek.*) O my poor dear little Adrian! he is as cold as any ice!

Sukey, (*half getting up.*) And what could bring you here? It is you that have killed him!

Gilbert. I?—And yet, I am ſure, you heard me bid him not be frightened. (*He raiſes him a little.*) Maſter Adrian! (*He lets him fall again.*)

Sukey. How you go to work!—Do not touch him any more.—He will die, if he is not dead already, with ſuch treatment! O my dear, dear brother Adrian!—Father! mother! Lubbin!—Why, where can they all be? (*She runs in for help.*)

Gilbert, (*leaning over Adrian.*) No, no, he is not dead: he breathes a little. Were he dead, I would go and fling myſelf this moment into ſome pond.—(*He calls out*) Adrian! Maſter Adrian!—If I knew but how to bring him to himſelf!—(*He blows on Adrian's face.*) This blowing tries my lungs!—It was very fooliſh, I muſt own, in me, to tell him what I did; but much more ſo in him to pay attention to it: and particularly when I bid him not be frightened.—Could I poſſibly ſpeak plainer?—Adrian! Adrian!—He does not hear me.—When my dear wife died, I took on very ſadly for her; but to die on that account, would have been very ſilly!—Adrian! Adrian!

—What

—What had I beſt do? He does not ſeem as if he would recover. Ah! I ſee a pump—I will go and fill my hat with water—Half a dozen ſprinklings very poſſibly may have a good effect upon him. (*As he is coming back to Adrian, Mr. Creſwell enters, leading in Mrs. Creſwell and Julia. Gilbert drops his hat, and runs away.*)

Gilbert. Heaven forgive me! Should he find him dead, I do not know what he will do! For my part, I am dead with fear already.

Mr. Creſwell. Was not that our Gilbert?—Gilbert, what is the matter? Where is Adrian?

Mrs. Creſwell. Sure he ran away, as if afraid of meeting with us. Where can he have left him?

Julia, (*ſeeing Adrian on the ground.*) What is this here? A child! (*Stooping down.*) O Heaven! my brother! and he is dead!

Mrs. Creſwell, (*falling down by Adrian.*) How Julia! Adrian?—Yes, indeed; help! help!

Mr. Creſwell. Was this misfortune wanting after all? (*Examining the body.*) But he is not dead!—Thank Heaven, we are better off than that—He breathes a little.—My dear life, (*to Mrs. Creſwell,*) as Adrian needs aſſiſtance, keep your ſtrength that he may have it.

Mrs. Creſwell, (*nearly ſwooning.*) Adrian! Adrian!

Julia. Ah! my poor dear brother! Would to Heaven the flames had rather taken all from us! (*Mr. Creſwell raiſes Mrs. Creſwell, and brings Adrian to her.*)

Mr. Creſwell. There is no time to loſe.—Have you your ſalts about you?

Mrs. Creſwell. I cannot tell, I am in ſo great an agitation. After ſo much fear and fright, here is one ſtill greater. I would part with all that is left us for a draught of water. (*Mr. Creſwell ſees the pump, and haſtens to it.*)

Julia, (*feeling in her mother's pocket.*) Here is your ſal volatile, mama. (*While the ſalts are uſing.*) Hear, hear, hear me, Adrian, and look up! or I ſhall die with grief. (*He comes a little to himſelf.*) O heavens, he breathes! (*She runs to her papa.*) Come, come, papa! come quickly! come and ſee him. (*Mr. Creſwell brings a little water in the hollow of his hand, and throws it on his face.*)

Adrian, (*ſighing bitterly.*) Oh! oh! Papa; papa!

Mr.

Mr. Creſwell. He ſuppoſes I am dead. That blockhead Gilbert muſt have frightened him.

Julia, (*in tranſport.*) See! ſee! his eyes begin to open!

Mr. Creſwell. My dear child, do not you know us?

Mrs. Creſwell. Adrian! Adrian!

Julia. Brother!

Adrian, (*looking round him.*) Am I dead or living? or where am I? (*He ſits up in Mrs. Creſwell's lap.*) Ah! my dear mama!

Mrs. Creſwell. My child! and have we brought you back to life?

Adrian, (*turning to his father.*) Papa too!

Julia, (*embracing him.*) My dear Adrian! my ſweet brother! I am alive again, now you are.

Adrian. Oh! what joy to ſee you thus again, dear ſiſter! (*He turns to his mother.*) It was your ſweet voice, mama, that brought me back to life.

Mr. Creſwell, (*to Mrs. Creſwell*) My dear, I was lamenting our misfortune juſt before; but now I find that there was a great deal more to be loſt, than goods and ſuch things.

Mrs. Creſwell. Let us not think a moment more about them.

Mr. Creſwell. Nay, rather we ſhould rejoice that they are in reality ſo trifling. I behold you all three ſafe, and can have nothing to diſturb me.

Julia. But brother, what brought you into ſuch a ſituation?

Adrian. Would you think it?—Gilbert.

Mr. Creſwell. There, I ſaid ſo.

Adrian. Why, he told me that you had all three periſhed in the flames.

Julia, (*looking towards the hill.*) Ah! there he is, papa; above there. (*They all look up, and Gilbert draws his head in.*)

Mr. Creſwell. Gilbert! Gilbert!—He's afraid to anſwer *me*; ſo do you call him, Adrian.

Adrian. Gilbert!—Do not be fearful, but come down and ſhow yourſelf.—I am alive.

Gilbert, (*on the hill.*) Are you ſure of that?

Adrian. I think ſo. Did you ever hear a dead man ſpeak?

Gilbert.

Gilbert, (*coming down, but ſtopping on a ſudden.*) You do not intend, I hope, ſir, to diſcharge me. If you do, I need not be at ſo much trouble to come on.

Mr. Creſwell. See, ſimpleton, the conſequence of ſpeaking without thought!

Mrs. Creſwell. A little more, and you had been the death of Adrian.

Adrian. Pray, mama, forgive him! It was not his fault.

Gilbert. No, certainly. I bid him not be frightened. (*Adrian holds out his hand.*) However, I am glad that you do not intend me any harm; and for the future, I will think no one dead, till ſuch time as I ſee him ten feet under ground, and fairly buried.

SCENE VIII.

Adrian, Mr. and Mrs. Creſwell, Julia, Trueman, Jane, Lubbin, Sukey.

Trueman, (*running in.*) O the wretch! where is he?

Sukey, (*ſhewing Gilbert.*) Look ye, father, here! (*Gilbert ſlinks behind his maſter.*)

Trueman. Who is this? (*Sukey and Lubbin run towards Adrian, who preſents them both to Julia; the farmer bows to Mr. Creſwell.*)

Mr. Creſwell, (*taking him by the hand.*) My friend! what means this humble diſtance? With ſuch reſpect to bow before me! my preſerver! and not only mine, but all my family's!

Trueman. Yes, ſir, it is another obligation that you have laid upon me. I have had the opportunity of ſhowing you my gratitude for all your favours.

Mr. Creſwell. You have done much more for me than ever I did yet for you, and more than I ſhall ever have it in my power to do.

Trueman. What ſay you, ſir? The ſervice of a moment only. I, on the other hand, have lived theſe eight years paſt by means of your bounty. You obſerve theſe fields, this farm: from you I had them. You have loſt your all; permit me therefore to return them. It will be happineſs enough for me, that I ſhall always have it in my power to ſay, I have not been ungrateful to my benefactor.

Mr.

Mr. Creſwell. Well then, my good friend, I *do* permit you to return them; but on this proviſo, to enrich you with much better. You have, luckily for me, preſerved my ſtrong box that had all my writings in it, and thoſe writings are the beſt part of my fortune; ſo that to you I owe the preſervation of my whole property. Having now no houſe in London, I will go down into the country, whither you ſhall follow me, and we will fix our habitation at a ſeat that I have in Norfolk. All your children ſhall be mine.

Adrian. Ah! dear papa! I meant to beg as much. See here is my ſiſter Sukey, and here is Lubbin, my brother. If you knew the love and friendſhip that they have ſhewn to me! Poſſibly I might have now been dead, but for their kindneſs.

Mrs. Creſwell, (*graſping Jane's hand.*) Henceforth we will be but one family; and all our happineſs ſhall be in loving one another, like relations.

Jane. In the mean time, enter and repoſe yourſelves. Excuſe us, if our cottage cannot afford you the accommodations that we certainly could have wiſhed to do.

Trueman, (*looking towards the hill.*) I ſee my cart, ſir, and a number of poor people following. Will you give me leave to go and offer them the ſervice of which they are ſo much in need?

Mr. Creſwell. I will go with you, and conſole them likewiſe. I am too much intereſted in the melancholy accident that has diſtreſſed them, though far leſs a ſufferer by it.—Leſs! I ſhould have ſaid, no ſufferer, but a gainer; for the day which I ſuppoſed, at firſt, to be ſo unfortunate, gives me back much more than I have loſt. It gives me, in return for ſuch things as with money I can purchaſe, what is far beyond the value of all money;—a new family and friends, who ſhall therefore be henceforth precious to my heart.

THE

THE GREAT GARDEN.

MR. Sage had received no very great inheritance from fortune and his parents, but was not without the happy ſecret of limiting his deſires to what he poſſeſſed; and notwithſtanding he was frequently obliged to go without a number of conveniencies and comforts which others could command by means of their abundance, never did one envious thought diſturb his equability of temper. He had never ſuffered more than one affliction of conſiderable magnitude, ariſing from his want of this life's comforts; and that was the loſs of an affectionate and virtuous woman, torn from his embraces by the hand of death. A charming little fellow, Polydore Sage, was the only child remaining to conſole him; and the education of this charming little fellow, was the ſingle object of his ſtudy and attention.

Polydore was endued by nature with very ſtrong imagination; and by this, his father had found out the happy ſecret of improving his reaſon, at a very early time of life; namely, by exhibiting before him every object in its real point of view, of which he had beforehand only given him an idea. By a ſeries of ſtrong images, arranged in order, and ſelected in a proper moment to produce their full effect, he had enabled him already to make many accurate and deep reflexions.

Satisfied with his condition, this good father wiſhed particularly to inculcate in his ſon thoſe principles to which he owed himſelf the calm of his condition, and the peace within his mind. Yes, often would he whiſper to himſelf, if I can but accuſtom him to live contented with his humble fortune, and point out to him the folly of putting any value upon what he muſt not hope to obtain, I ſhall contribute more to make his manhood happy, than by leaving him a heap of gold and ſilver.

Occupied inceſſantly on this important leſſon, he thought fit one evening to accompany his ſon to Vauxhall Gardens, for the firſt time in his life. Immediately on entering, Polydore was ſtruck with admiration and delight. The perfume of the flowers, the beauty of the paintings, the well-ordered diſpoſition of the walks, the

crowd of men and women who were in them, elegantly dreſſed, the inceſſant motion of the multitude, the hum of their diſcourſe, the noiſe of the caſcade, all joined to attract his contemplation; and his eye conſidered at one view ten thouſand objects. His good father ſeeing him, if we may ſay ſo, ſwallowed up in thought, conducted him to that part of the gardens which was more retired from public obſervation; that his ſenſes, which were too much occupied by ſuch a crowd of images, might be in ſome degree at reſt. Soon after, he propoſed indulging him with ſome refreſhment, if he liked it.—Polydore gladly took his father's offer; and ſoon after, having ſatisfied his appetite and palate, ſpoke as follows:

How extremely happy every one here preſent ſeems to be! I ſhould like, papa, if we had ſuch a charming garden. Did you notice what a number of fine carriages were at the door? And all thoſe gentlefolks that paſs us, how well dreſſed they are! I ſhould be glad to know why we muſt live ſo ſavingly, when others in the world indulge themſelves with every thing that they fancy. I begin, papa, believe me, now to ſee how poor you are. But why, then, are ſo many around us rich? They are not better people ſure than you, papa.

You ſpeak exactly like a child, replied the father. *You begin to ſee how poor I am?* Now I can tell you, I am quite rich.

Polydore. And where, then, are your riches?

Mr. Sage. I have a garden bigger by far than this.

Polydore. A garden? You, papa! I ſhould be glad to ſee it.

Mr. Sage. When we go into the country, you ſhall ſee it.

They went very ſoon, it being now the ſeaſon for taking the pleaſures of the country, and on the very day of their arrival at the country-houſe, not far from London, Mr. Sage took his ſon and led him up a hill, from whence the eye commanded an extenſive proſpect. On the right, was ſeen a ſpacious foreſt, whoſe extremities ſeemed loſt at the horizon. On the left, appeared a beauteous mixture of fine gardens, verdant meadows, and vaſt fields quite covered with the promiſe of a plenteous harveſt. Cloſe below the hill was ſtretched a valley, watered in its whole extent with a thouſand little rills;

and all this landſcape was in motion. There were fiſhermen in one part, buſy with their nets; and huſbandmen, who in another were employed in gathering fruits and herbs, and ſportſmen with their greyhounds urging the ſwift ſtag, and ſhepherds watching by their flocks, or playing near them in the ſhade; and reapers carting their laſt ſheaves, and dancing all the way before them as they proceeded homeward. This delightful picture captivated Mr. Sage and his ſon, who for a time kept ſilence, till the child began the following converſation:

Papa, when ſhall we reach your garden?

Mr. Sage. We are at it now, my child.

Polydore. But this is not a garden: it is a hill.

Mr. Sage. Look round as far as you can ſee; for this, I tell you, is my garden. Yonder foreſt, and theſe fields are all my property.

Polydore. Your property, papa? You are joking!

Mr. Sage. No, indeed, I am not. I will convince you in an inſtant that I diſpoſe of every thing all around us as the owner of it only can do.

Polydore. It will delight me to be ſure of that.

Mr. Sage. If you had all this country, what would you do with it?

Polydore. What the owners of eſtates generally do.

Mr. Sage. What may that be?

Polydore. In the firſt place, then, I would cut down a deal of timber, and make fire-wood of it, to be uſed this winter. In the next place, I would go a hunting to catch veniſon; and ſometimes I would fiſh. I would breed ſheep, and oxen; and in harveſt, gather in the corn that covers this fine country.

Mr. Sage. Why, you comprehend the matter admirably, Polydore: and I am glad to find our notions are ſo like each other's. Well, whatever you would do, then, I already do; and I will convince you of it.

Polydore. How, papa?

Mr. Sage. I ſay, then, in the firſt place, I have men who cut down for me in this foreſt all the wood that I want.

Polydore. And yet, I never heard you order them to cut down any for you!

Mr. Sage. And why not? becauſe they have the forethought to prevent me. We have always a good fire

below, and sometimes, too, up stairs. Well then, I have the wood brought to me from the forest to keep up those fires: for here, you know, we cannot get coals to burn as if we were in London.

Polydore. You have, indeed, the wood brought to you from this forest; but must pay for what you have.

Mr. Sage. If I were what you call the real owner of this forest, should I not be forced, as I am at present, to pay for what I might have brought me from it?

Polydore. No indeed, papa. It would be cut down for you, and sent in without a penny cost on your part.

Mr. Sage. You believe so, do you? On the contrary, I think the cost might be a great deal more in that case than at present; for you will grant, if I possessed the forest, I must keep at least a woodman to cut down the trees for fire-wood.

Polydore. Well; pass over this: but can you go a hunting?

Mr. Sage. And why should I hunt, Polydore?

Polydore. For instance, to have venison.

Mr. Sage. Could we two, then, eat a buck or doe ourselves entirely?

Polydore. We should have a charming appetite to do so.

Mr. Sage. Well then, as I cannot go a hunting, I send huntsmen in my place; and very probably, the venison that you have seen hang up at Charing-cross, where, as you remember, you went with me lately to buy some, was hunted in this forest. I can therefore, without hunting venison, have as much as I think proper.

Polydore. For your money!

Mr. Sage. Well; and is it not a charming thing for me that I can come at venison on these terms? for I have no wages to pay to those who hunt it for me; or provided they should shoot it, I have neither to supply them with gun, nor ball nor powder. Those various kinds of dogs that our squire maintains, thank Heaven! they eat up nothing that belongs to me.

Polydore. Are those cows too, and sheep that graze in yonder meadow, yours?

Mr. Sage. Yes, truly. Have not you fresh butter every day? I get it from those cows.

Polydore. But papa, if all these flocks, and all those little rivers too, are yours, why have not we at dinner every

every day all forts of meat and fish, as other rich folks I am told have?

Mr. Sage. Do they eat up every thing that their servants set before them?

Polydore. No: but they may chuse at table whatever they like.

Mr. Sage. And as for me, I make my choice before my victuals come to table. Every thing that I want, I have. Superfluous things, it is true, I do not possess; but what benefit would they procure me if I had them? I should want, in that case, a superfluous stomach also.

Polydore. Wealthy people make good cheer; but you, papa, I fancy, do not.

Mr. Sage. Indeed I do, and better than the wealthy, Polydore. I have a sauce that almost always fails them; namely, a good appetite.

Polydore. And have you then a deal of money, as they have, to satisfy a thousand wishes?

Mr. Sage. Much more money; or at least, what is better, I have no wishes.

Polydore. I believe, however, there is a deal of pleasure in contenting them.

Mr. Sage. A hundred times more pleasure, child, in being content of one's self, as I am.

Polydore. But does not God, pray, love the rich a great deal more than you, since he bestows upon them so much gold and silver?

Mr. Sage. Polydore, do not you recollect the wine that we had last Wednesday on the table, when your uncle came to dine and sup with us, and which you said was so delicious?

Polydore. Yes, papa; I remember you were so good as to give me half a glass full of it.

Mr. Sage. But you wanted more. I might have let you have it, since, you know, the bottle had a deal left in it, even after supper: why, then, did I not oblige you, pray?

Polydore. Because you were afraid that it would make me ill.

Mr. Sage. I recollect I told you so: and do not you think that I did right?

Polydore. Oh! as for that, you did indeed; I know you love me, and are always studying how to make me happy.

So you would not have refuſed me ſuch a trifle as a glaſs of wine, if you had thought that it would have pleaſed me, and not hurt my health.

Mr. Sage. And can you think that God loves you leſs than I do?

Polydore. No, papa, I cannot, after what I have heard you ſay ſo often of his goodneſs.

Mr. Sage. On the other hand, do you believe that he would have found it difficult to give you gold and ſilver in abundance?

Polydore. No more difficult than I ſhould find it to give any one a handful of the duſt that we tread.

Mr. Sage. Well then, if, as you acknowledge, he is able to beſtow theſe on you, and does not beſtow them, even though he loves you, what are you to think of his refuſal?

Polydore. That the riches which I deſire from him would be hurtful.

Mr. Sage. Are you perfectly convinced of this?

Polydore. Yes, perfectly, and have not a word to ſay againſt it. Yet, papa—

Mr. Sage. Well; why thus ſhake your head? You have ſtill ſome burthen on your heart: what is it?

Polydore. Notwithſtanding all your reaſonings, I can never bring myſelf to fancy all this country yours.

Mr. Sage. And why?

Polydore. Becauſe you cannot enjoy it as you pleaſe.

Mr. Sage. You know the famous Mr. Norton?

Polydore. Do I know him? Why that is he who has ſuch charming gardens.

Mr. Sage. And can he enjoy thoſe gardens as he pleaſes?

Polydore. No, indeed; poor man! he dares not even eat a bunch of grapes!

Mr. Sage. And yet you have ſeen ſome very fine ones in his garden?

Polydore. I have; but they would do him harm.

Mr. Sage. You ſee then, one may eaſily poſſeſs a number of good things, and yet not dare to uſe them as one likes. I dare not uſe my gardens as I certainly ſhould like, becauſe my fortune will not let me: and this Mr. Norton dares not uſe his garden as he likes, becauſe his health

health will not allow him. So that I am much the happieſt.

Polydore. But, papa, you love to ride a horſe-back—do not you?

Mr. Sage. Yes; for it is an exerciſe that does me good, when I have time to take it.

Polydore. Well then, if theſe meadows are all yours, why do not you take the hay that grows upon them, and in future keep a horſe?

Mr. Sage. Why that is the very thing which I do. And thoſe ſame hay-cocks that you ſee there, are poſſibly intended for the horſe that I ride.

Polydore. And yet I never ſaw one in your ſtable?

Mr. Sage. Heaven be praiſed, I am not at ſuch a great expence.

Polydore. Nor do you ride as frequently as you would like?

Mr. Sage. You are wrong: for I am ſo prudent, that I never with to ride but when a ride would do me good, and then I get it for about three ſhillings. God be praiſed! I am rich enough to pay that ſum.

Polydore. Do not you imagine that to have two fine piebald horſes, and to be drawn about the country in a faſhionable coach, would be very pleaſant?

Mr. Sage. Agreeable enough: but when I think of all the inconvenience that attends a coach; how often one would want the harneſs-maker, ſmith and wheelwright; how much one depends upon the health of horſes, and the conduct of a coachman; and what riſque one runs of being overſet, together with the fatal conſequences which luxury too frequently occaſions,—truly, Polydore, I do not grieve that I am obliged to uſe my legs, which certainly will laſt me long enough. But ſee, the ſun is now ſet, and we muſt think of getting home before the evening cloſes on us. Let me have your hand.—Now, are you not quite pleaſed in having ſeen my great eſtate?

Polydore. Ah! dear papa, I ſhould be much more ſo, could I but be perſuaded that it were yours.

The father ſmiled at this reply; and down the hill they walked together. As it happened, they went by a meadow, which at firſt they thought had been a pond, becauſe it was quite covered with water. Bleſs me! cried out Mr. Sage, do you ſee this meadow, how it is overflowed?

The neighbouring river muſt have burſt its bounds, and all the hay this year is ſpoiled.

Polydore. I fancy he to whom the hay belonged will not be very happy, when they tell him of his loſs.

Mr. Sage. No, no; nor yet is this the worſt: he will be forced to mend the banks, and very likely make another dam. Why, he will be very happy, if he does not ſpend in theſe repairs the produce of ten harveſts that he could make in ſuch a meadow.

Polydore. Oh! What a misfortune!

Mr. Sage. But I thought there had been a windmill hereabouts.

Polydore. And there is, papa. Look there before you.

Mr. Sage. Right, I ſee it now: the reaſon is, I did not hear it going. I would lay any wager that the torrent coming down has forced away the wheelwork. Let us go ſee.—Juſt ſo.—It is broke to pieces.—What will the poor owner do? He muſt be very rich indeed, to ſtand againſt ſo many loſſes!

Polydore. Oh! I pity him with all my heart! But ſince the day is over, pray why are the bricklayers ſtill at work?

Mr. Sage. I cannot tell why. We need but aſk the reaſon. Pray friend, be ſo kind as to inform us why you work ſo late?

A Bricklayer. We ſhall be here all night; for yeſterday, when it was dark, a gang of thieves pulled down the wall, that they might get into the park, and ſteal away the furniture that had been put into a new-built ſummer-houſe. The theft was not diſcovered till this morning; and indeed it is very lucky that no one caught them in the fact.

Mr. Sage. How ſo?

The Bricklayer. Becauſe the thieves had previouſly diſpoſed combuſtibles to ſet the ſummer-houſe on fire, if they had been diſturbed in plundering; ſo that they might get away aſſiſted by the buſtle and confuſion which ſuch deſtruction would have cauſed. The owner of this ground, as you may judge, is therefore very happy in his loſs: he might have ſeen his ſummer-houſe burnt down; whereas, the affair will coſt him now no more than ſome ſlight repairs to his wall, the expence of keeping up a watch all night, and buying other furniture inſtead of the former, which indeed had coſt him a good deal.

Well,

Well, Polydore, now said Mr. Sage to his son, when they had walked a little way in silence, what do you observe on these misfortunes? Do not they grieve you?

Polydore. Why should I be sorry? I have suffered nothing by them.

Mr. Sage. But if this estate had been your property, as Mr. Norton's grounds are his; and if, when going out this morning, you had seen your meadow overflowed, your wind-mill broken to pieces, your park wall demolished, and your summer-house robbed, would you have gone home as satisfied as you appear to be at present?

Polydore. Oh by no means. I should, on the contrary, be miserable, had I undergone so many heavy losses in a day.

Mr. Sage. But what if you had every day such losses to endure, or to dread? would you be as happy as at present?

Polydore. I should be a thousand times more miserable.

Mr. Sage. Well then, Polydore, such is in reality the state of all who possess great abundance. Without reckoning up the cares that agitate them, and the innumerable wants which they fancy,—in the elevation of their fortune lies too frequently the cause of its decay. A barren season, or a false step in the pursuit of their rapacious projects, frequently suffices to produce their ruin. As they fear the loss of their imaginary consequence, should they resolve upon some sacrifices to their luxury and pride; the more they undergo distressing losses, the more they suppose that they ought to make a sumptuous show to keep up the appearance of their riches, and support a credit which already totters to its fall. What then is the effect of such a wretched sort of vanity? Their servants, perhaps, kept out of their wages an unseasonable time, proceed to introduce a sort of robbery through all the house. The improvement of their fortune, and the education of their children being overlooked, their lands in some sort as it were lie fallow, or produce a blighted harvest only; and their children, left to riot in the ways of wickedness, commit disgraceful actions which are stifled by the necessary aid of money. All their property, when seized by inexorable creditors, is in the end completely dissipated, or else the law lays hold of what would otherwise be left them. And these favourites of fortune, once

ſo proud of their abundance, elevated ſtation, and enjoyments, fall at once to the loweſt pitch of indigence, ſhame and deſpair.

Polydore. Oh what a frightful picture is this, papa?

Mr. Sage. It is one, however, daily to be ſeen in ſociety; and be aſſured, there is not one exaggerated feature in the whole portrait. I can at all times ſhew you, in the public papers, the decay of ſome great family or other: and theſe ſtriking inſtances God's providence expoſes to the obſervation of the rich, that they may ſee what fortune is moſt likely to await their pride and folly. In the morning we will go and gaze on thoſe fine buildings which excite your envy now, where you may read the ruin of too many families inſcribed on every pillar round about, till they are ſwallowed up themſelves in their own ruin. Why, alas, can I not ſpare your ſenſibility the cries of many deſolated families, which are but too evincing tokens of ſuch miſerable revolutions!

Polydore. What then, ſhould I look upon the mediocrity of our condition as a bleſſing meant us from above?

Mr. Sage. Yes, yes; if you are only frugal and induſtrious, and poſſeſs ſufficient reſolution to renounce ambition and the immoderate wiſh of getting money, of confining your deſires, and keeping them within the limits of that ſtate you fill. Do I want any thing to make me happy? and in reaſon, would you wiſh hereafter to be happier than your father is? Conſider the whole univerſe as your eſtate; ſince if you are but properly induſtrious, it will furniſh you a comfortable maintenance. God's providence has placed your earthly habitation half way up a hill, whoſe ſummit is extremely craggy, and its baſe choaked up with ſwamps. Lift up your eye at intervals upon the rich and great, not with a view to envy them their ſituations, but to think upon the ſtorms that bellow round them. Sometimes too, look down upon the poor beneath you, not by way of inſult on their friendleſs ſituation, but to hold them out your hand. If God ſhould bleſs you with a family of children, let them often hear the leſſon which I have juſt now taught you; but particularly, give them in your life and manners that example which God's bleſſing has enabled me to afford you.

By

By this time they were both at home. The virtuous Mr. Sage went up ſtairs into his chamber, and there falling on his knees, gave thanks to God for all the bleſſings which he had conſtantly received, and offered him the ſacrifice of his exiſtence, as the beſt return that he could make. What need had he of being any longer upon earth? His days had been replete with probity and honour, and by giving ſuch a leſſon on contentment to his ſon, he endeavoured, as far as in him lay, to endow him with a valuable patrimony, ſuch as no one could take from him.

BLIND-MAN's BUFF.

A Drama, in Two Acts.

Characters.

Mr. Jephson.
Frank, *his ſon.*
Lucy, Isabella, } *his daughters.*
Dorinda, Alice, Laura, *a little lame,* } *their Friends.*
Elder Danby, Younger Danby, *who ſtutters,* } *Friends to Frank.*
Roberts, *their acquaintance.*
Mr. Jephſon's groom.

Scene *an apartment in the houſe of Mr. Jephſon, with a table, and upon it books and other papers, and a ſpeaking trumpet in the corner.*

Act I.

Scene I.

Frank, (*ſpeaking to his father as he goes down ſtairs.*)

NO, no, papa, do not be afraid: I will take the greateſt care that no accident ſhall happen to your papers. I will put up your books too in the cloſet.—(*he comes forward,*

ward, jumping for joy.) We ſhall have ſome fine diverſion! When the cat is away, the mice (it is ſaid) will play. (*To Lucy, who now comes in*) Well now, Lucy, is mama gone out, and all our little friends arrived?

Lucy. My friends are all three come; but none of your companions yet.

Frank. O, I can eaſily believe you ſiſter. We do not want to run a gadding like you girls; and ſo we are not the firſt to keep appointments of this nature. You muſt force us from our ſtudy, if you would have us. Look you, I would lay any wager that the Danby's, at leaſt, are hard at work, while we are ſpeaking.

Lucy. Yes, to ſettle what fine tricks they can contrive to put upon us.—But pray, Frank, is it true that papa will let us paſs the evening here? our room above is ſo very ſmall, we could not have found room to turn ourſelves well round.

Frank. Could my papa refuſe you any thing, when I concerned myſelf to aſk it? Softly, little girl, do not diſcompoſe the papers.—Let them lie.

Lucy. Keep that advice, ſir, to yourſelf: I meant to lay them ſmooth.

Frank, (*with an air of importance.*) No, no, you cannot, miſs; I am charged with that commiſſion.

Lucy. Truly, my papa could not have given it to ſo orderly a gentleman! let me at leaſt aſſiſt you then; and afterwards I will put the chairs in order. Theſe great books I ſhall remove firſt.

Frank. Do not think of touching them! At moſt I can permit you only to take one by one, and pile them up upon my hands. (*She does ſo, till they reach his chin.*)

Lucy. There is enough.

Frank, (*leaning backwards.*) One more only.—So.—I have now ſufficient for one turn. (*He takes a ſtep or two, when all the books fall down*)

Lucy, (*burſting out a laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha, ha! there, there they go! Thoſe handſome books that papa would never let us touch! I fancy he will be greatly pleaſed to ſee them all tumbled together thus!

Frank. I had loſt the center of Gravity, as my tutor ſays; and you know, he is Gravity itſelf. (*He picks the books*

books up, but they tumble down as faſt as he gathers them.) Deuce take it! They have been at Sadler's Wells, I think, and learned to tumble ſure!

Lucy. You will never finiſh, if I do not aſſiſt you. So d'ye ſee, I will ſpread my apron, and do you ſtoop down and pile them in it.

Frank. That is well thought indeed! (*Frank goes upon his knees, takes up the books and places them in order in his ſiſter's apron.*)

Lucy. Softly, brother, they will rub one againſt another! So; I have got them all, and now I will carry them into the cloſet. (*She goes out.*)

Frank (*riſing out of breath.*) Bleſs me! I ſhould never do to live a long time in the country where men go upon all-fours like monkies. (*He fans himſelf with his hat.*)

Lucy, (*re-entering.*) Could you ſee how neatly I have ranged them on the chimney, you would be charmed! So let me have the reſt. (*Frank puts the other books and all the paper's in his ſiſters lap, who ſays, when ſhe receives them,*) Well, every body muſt acknowledge that girls are cleverer than boys.

Frank. O yes, and you particularly. Iſabella is conſtantly employed in putting by your ſhreds and rags.

Lucy. And if your tutor had not conſtantly his eye upon you, you would never know where you ſhould find your exerciſes and tranſlations. (*She looks about her.*) But I fancy, I have now got them all.

Frank. Yes, yes; there is nothing left; ſo get you gone. (*Lucy goes out.*)

Frank, (*putting back the chairs and table in their places.*) There; ſo that is done, and we ſhall now have elbow-room enough. I cannot help thinking what fine work we ſhall be ſure to make. However, I am ſurpriſed that they are not come yet. For my part, I can ſay I hardly ever make any one wait for me when a viſit is in the caſe.

Lucy, (*entering once again, and looking round about.*) Ay, very well: but brother you muſt hide this ſpeaking trumpet. If your friends ſhould happen to perceive it, they will be ſure to ſtun us with their noiſe.

Frank. Stay, ſtay; I will put it up behind the door, as perhaps I ſhall want it. Let your little friends come now and din me with their chattering, as they uſed to do, and we ſhall ſee who will cry out loudeſt.

Lucy. Pſhaw! we need but join together; we ſhould very ſhortly get the upper hand of ſuch a little thing as you.

Frank. O no; for if you ladies have your clappers ſo well hung, we gentlemen poſſeſs a fine clear manly voice, which every one reſpects: as thus—You hear me?

Lucy, (*ſhrugging up her ſhoulders.*) Yes; and have ſo much reſpect as you ſay, for you, that I will take myſelf away. Farewel. I will run and join my friends.

Frank. And bid the ſervant ſend me up my viſitors when they arrive.

Lucy. Yes, yes. (*She withdraws.*)

Frank, (*taking up the ſpeaking trumpet.*) Here is what has often brought me from the furtheſt corner of the garden, much againſt my inclination; and, I think, I hear it ſtill.—So ho! there! Frank! Frank!—My young friends live only at the corner of the ſtreet. Let me ſee if I can hurry them. (*He puts the trumpet to his mouth, throws up the window, and cries out,*)

Girls and boys come out to play,
The moon doth ſhine as bright as day:
Come with a whoop, and come with a call,
Come with good-will or not at all.

(*He leaves the window, and draws near the door.*) Well, is not this ſurpriſing! It is like Harlequin's enchanted horn. I think I hear them talking to each other on the ſtairs. (*He liſtens.*) Yes, yes! I proteſt the two Danby's (*He puts the trumpet by.*) Suppoſe I were to jump now on the table, and receive them ſitting on my throne? (*He runs to fetch a ſtool that he may put it on the table; and prepares to take a ſpring, but the arrival of the two Danby's prevents him.*)

SCENE II.

Frank, Elder Danby, Younger Danby.

Frank. Could not you have ſtaid a little at the door till I was mounted on my throne, that I might give you audience, as they ſay, in all my glory?

Elder Danby. Good indeed! you have no occaſion for a throne to look exactly like a king. And active as you are, the throne might poſſibly cauſe your majeſty a tumble.

Frank.

Frank. Why, to say the truth, I have read of many tumbles of that nature in my ancient history.

Elder Danby. And in some sort, such an accident has happened to my brother, though he is no great prince. He fell down stairs last week, and hurt his nose considerably.

Younger Danby, (*stuttering.*) Yes, indee-deed! It pains me sti-still a little, and that ma-a-after Roberts is a very nau-au-aughty boy.

Frank. Does he design to come to-night?

Elder Danby. I hope not: if we had expected him here, we should not have stirred out.

Younger Danby. He o-o-only thinks of mis-mischief.

Frank. What has he done then?

Elder Danby. We were both going out last Saturday. I stopped to get a handkerchief: my brother went down stairs alone, and, as it happened, Roberts hearing some one, came out slily, jumped at once upon my brother, who was frighted, lost his footing, and rolled down the stairs from top to bottom.

Frank. Poor Danby! I am sorry for you. Roberts looks for all the world as if he loved such mischief. We shall have his company this evening for the first time in our lives: his father begged papa to let him come and see us.

Elder Danby. I am sorry for it. For we do not speak to one another.

Frank. My papa supposed you all good friends, because you lodge together, and considered that you would have the greater pleasure if he came.

Elder Danby. The greater pleasure! We should like to have him ten miles off. Since he has been our neighbour, we are continually uneasy. He has frequently amused himself with breaking windows, and then tried to lay the blame on us.

Frank. Does no one make complaint about him to his father?

Elder Danby. Oh! I do not know what to make of him; he is such an odd sort of a man! He scolds a little, pays the damage, and that is all.

Frank. If I were your papa, I would quit my lodgings and live somewhere else.

Elder

Elder Danby. Yes, ſo he means to do, and therefore yeſterday gave warning; and now we are forbidden all manner of connexion with this Roberts, he is ſo wicked! Would you think it, very few go by the houſe, without being apprehenſive that he will put ſome trick upon them. Sometimes he diverts himſelf by ſquirting puddle water at them, or elſe pelting them with rotten apples. Nay, he will ſometimes faſten rabbits tails or bits of rags behind their backs, at which the people, when they ſee it, all burſt out a laughing. Then too he has what he calls his *caxen fiſhery.*

Frank. Caxen fiſhery!

Elder Danby. Yes: he will take the people's wigs off, as they paſs him, with a hook, as you would carp. When any poor man ſtops before his window to converſe with an acquaintance, Roberts immediately goes up to the balcony, with a ſtring ſuſpended from a fiſhing-rod, and at the end of it a hook, with which he jerks the poor man's wig off. Then he runs and ties it to a dog that he has before provided for the purpoſe, after which he drives the creature out into the ſtreet, and off he ſets that inſtant, ſo that the poor perriwig has frequently been dragged for twenty minutes through the mud, before its owner can lay hold of it again.

Frank. But this is more than mere amuſement!

Elder Danby. And yet this is nothing to the ſtories that I could tell you. Why, he lames or bruiſes all the dogs and cats that come within his reach. Nor is it long ago, when one of his relations broke a leg, by ſlipping down upon the ſtairs where Roberts had been ſcattering peas on purpoſe. Ay, it is ſo; or elſe our name is not Danby. And for the ſervants, I am ſure, his father would not get one to attend him, if he did not pay extraordinary wages.

Frank. Shall I tell you now? I long to ſee him. I like boys a little merry.

Elder Danby. Nothing is more natural: but Roberts's mirth is not like other children's. You, I know, love laughing in your heart; but would not, for the world, hurt any one; whereas this wicked fellow laughs at bumps and bruiſes.

Frank. Oh that does not fright me in the leaſt. I ſhall be much more pleaſed in paying him as he deſerves.

Elder

Elder Danby. If he should come, my brother will not offend you by withdrawing? He would do him some fresh mischief.

Younger Danby. Ye-ye-yes, I will go.

Frank. No, no: we are old friends; and positively no new comer shall divide us. I will take care and manage him, I warrant you.—But do not I hear a noise upon the stairs?—It is Roberts.—No, I see my sister and her company.

SCENE III.

Frank, Elder Danby, Younger Danby, Lucy, Isabella, Dorinda, Alice, Laura.

Lucy. Your humble servant, my good friends! but why not seated, brother? You might easily have got the gentlemen a chair apiece, since they have been with you. Sure there has been time enough.

Frank. As if we did not know that it is usual to stand up when we receive ladies.

Lucy. I am charmed to find you know your duty; but where is master Roberts? (*to the Danbys.*) I did suppose that you would have brought him with you.

Elder Danby. It is a long time now, thank Heaven, since we have been separated from him.

Dorinda. Is he then unluckier than Lucy's brother?

Laura, (*archly.*) Certainly he would be unlucky then indeed!

Alice. Lucy's brother! He is a very lamb to Roberts. We have known him for a long time. Have we not, dear sister?

Laura. We have, and he has played me many a trick.

Alice. He was very intimate with Anthony my brother; but he is rid of him entirely now: why, he is the saddest fellow in the world!

Lucy. Oh, as for that, my brother is even with him there.

Dorinda. But to do mischief merely for the pleasure of it—there is the villainy!

Lucy. No, no, my brother is better than that comes to.

Frank, (*with an air of irony.*) Do you really think so? I am obliged to you!

Dorinda. Well, well, my dear Lucy, we will be under your protection, you are the biggeſt of us; and beſides, at preſent you are miſtreſs of the houſe, and may command him.

Lucy. Do not you be afraid. I will keep him perfectly in bounds.

Frank. Yes, yes, Lucy: you ſhall take care of the ladies, and for you, (*to the Danby's,*) I will take you under my protection.

Elder Danby. Oh! he will hardly think of playing tricks with me. He knows me, I aſſure you. I only fear for my brother.

Younger Danby. He makes ga-ga-game of me! yes, al-al-always!

Laura. That is his way; he always attacks the leaſt. He would never vex my ſiſter,—none but me.

Lucy. I can believe you: ſuch as he are always cowards. I compare him to a puppy following cloſe upon a cat as long as ſhe keeps running: but if once the cat turns round, and ſhews her whiſkers, then the puppy ſcampers for it.

Frank. Well then, ſiſter, you ſhall be the cat.

Laura. And let him ſee your whiſkers.

Lucy. But methinks it would not be amiſs if we ſat down. Though we expect this Mr. Miſchief-maker, we have no need, I fancy, to remain ſtanding up till he chuſes to appear.

Frank. Huſh! here he is.

SCENE IV.

Frank, Elder Danby, Younger Danby, Lucy, Iſabella, Dorinda, Alice, Laura, Roberts.

Roberts, (*to Frank and his ſiſter, making them a bow.*) Your ſervant. Your papa was pleaſed to let me wait upon you: ſo I am come to ſpend the evening with you.

Lucy. We are g'ad to ſee you, and ſhall have a deal of pleaſure in your company; at leaſt my brother.

Iſabella. Yes, indeed; he wants for good example.

Frank. Do I? So your good example, you would have the gentleman ſuppoſe, is not ſufficient.

Lucy. Well, a truce to compliments. As miſtreſs of the houſe, it is neceſſary that I ſhould let you know who is who. This tall young lady, in the firſt place, is Miſs Dorinda Lambton.

Roberts, (*with a banter.*) I am charmed to hear it.

Lucy. And theſe are the Miſs—

Roberts. O, I know them very well. This here is (*pointing to Alice,*) my lady—what is her name? Pentweazle, that will take you off the company, as ſimple as ſhe ſeems: And there is (*pointing to Laura, and limping round the room*) Miſs Up-and-down, who broke her leg by running from the rod. This gentleman, (*Elder Danby*) obſerve him, he is a grave wiſe Grecian, who looks ſtrait before him when he walks, as if he pitied us poor ſilly children. And this other good little friend of mine (*pointing to younger Danby, and letting fall his hat*) is Pe-pe-peter Grievous, whoſe dear mama forgot, poor creature! to untie his tongue when he was born. (*The children ſeem ſurprized, and ſtare at one another.*)

Frank. And who am I, ſir, for methinks you ſeem quite clever at this ſort of portrait painting?

Roberts. Oh, I am not ſufficiently acquainted with you yet, to take your likeneſs: but I ſhall let you have it ſoon.

Lucy. For you, ſir, I could draw you at a glance, and I muſt tell you, the ſimilitude would not be very pleaſing. I could never have ſuppoſed it poſſible that any well bred little gentleman, as I imagine you affect to be, ſhould think of turning natural defects into a theme for banter. If my little friends were not ſincerely ſuch, they would have reaſon to reproach me for expoſing them to your indecency. But they can ſee that I could not have expected half ſo much myſelf.

Roberts. Why, Frank, I proteſt, your ſiſter is mighty eloquent. You need not go to church on Sundays, having ſuch a charming preacher in the houſe.

Frank. She has tolerable ſkill, when any one is to be told the truth; and therefore both my ſiſter Iſabella and I love her ſincerely.

Roberts. Well, well, you ſee I have tolerable ſkill likewiſe in telling truth; and therefore no doubt you will love me, too, ſincerely. (*He bows to Lucy.*) I aſk your pardon, miſs, for having taken your employment out of your hands, as you are yourſelf ſo clever at it.

Lucy

Lucy. Your excuſes and your bow are both an inſult; but an inſult, ſuch as I deſpiſe. Though, were they on the other hand ſincere, they would hardly make atonement for ſo coarſe an incivility. If I had not conſidered every word that you ſaid as meant in joke, however groſs I cannot but ſuppoſe it, I ſhould know what ſuited me to do, and ſhould have done it likewiſe. Let me therefore beg, ſir, that you will indulge in no more freedoms of this nature, if you mean that we ſhould remain together.

Roberts, (*ſomewhat embarraſſed.*) Well, but I ſee, you do not underſtand a little harmleſs piece of banter. Let us be friends. (*He holds out his hand.*)

Lucy, (*giving hers.*) With all my heart, ſir; but provided—

Roberts, (*turning his back ſuddenly upon Lucy, and addreſſing young Danby.*) You are an honeſt little fellow, too, and I will ſhake hands with you. (*He heſitates to give his hand, and therefore Roberts ſeizing on it, ſhakes his arm ſo roughly, that he falls a crying.*)

Elder Danby. Maſter Roberts!

Frank, (*laying hold of Roberts's arm.*) Pray, ſir, let this child alone; or—

Roberts. Well—or what?—my little Jack-a-dandy.

Frank, (*boldly.*) I am little, I acknowledge, but yet ſtrong enough; and ſo you will find me, when my friends require to be defended.

Roberts. Say you ſo? in that caſe I ſhould like to be one of them. But beforehand, if you pleaſe, we will have a bruſh, juſt to ſee how you will be able to defend them.

(*Roberts on a ſudden tries to fling him down; but Frank ſtands his ground, and Roberts falls. The company ruſh in to part them.*)

Frank. But one moment, if you pleaſe, young ladies. I will not do him any harm. Well, Mr. Roberts, pray how do you find yourſelf? I fancy, I am your maſter.

Roberts, (*ſtruggling.*) Take your knee off,—or you will ſtifle me.

Frank. No, no; you muſt not think of getting up, unleſs you firſt aſk pardon.

Roberts, (*furiouſly.*) Pardon!

Frank. Yes, ſir, and of all the company, as you have certainly offended all the company.

Roberts.

Roberts. Well, well; I do ask pardon.

Frank. If you should insult us again, be assured, we will send you down into the cellar till to-morrow morning, which will surely cool your courage. That is much better than to hurt you. We do not think you worth the trouble.—Rise. (*He gets from off him, and when both are up, continues,*) You have no right to be offended; for remember, it was yourself began the contest. (*Roberts seems ashamed.*)

Dorinda, (*aside to Isabella.*) I could never have supposed your brother half so valiant!

Isabella. Oh! a lion is hardly bolder; and yet, Dorinda, he never quarrels. He is in short, although I say it, the best tempered little fellow in the world. (*To the company.*) But what are we doing? We ought to think of some amusement for the evening.

Frank. Certainly we ought, or why are we all come together? Well, what play shall we chuse? Something funny? what say you, Danby?

Elder Danby. We will let the ladies chuse.

(*Roberts makes mouths at Frank and Danby: the rest pretend as if they did not see him.*)

Lucy. There, Frank; there is a lesson for you: we may chuse. Well then, suppose we play at questions and commands? or possibly you would like a game at cards much better?

Laura. I should rather play at something with the least Danby. If you have a picture-book, we will turn it over: shall we?

Younger Danby. O o-o-oh, yes, yes.

Lucy. With all my heart, sweet dears! I will carry you up stairs. You will neither want for pictures nor playthings there.

(*Laura and the younger Danby take hold of one another by the hand, and jump for joy.*)

Lucy, (*to the ladies.*) My friends, will you go with me for amusement into my apartment? I have a charming bonnet that you will like to see.

All (*together.*) Yes, yes, yes; let us go.

Elder Danby. Will you accept my hand as far as your apartment, Miss Lucy?

Lucy. Rather let Miss Dorinda or Alice have it, if they please.

(*The*

(*The elder Danby preſents his hand to Alice, who happens to ſtand next him.*)

Roberts. What then, do you mean to leave me by myſelf here?

Frank. No, ſir; theſe young ladies will excuſe me, ſo I ſhall ſtay: but I am obliged to leave you for a moment.

Roberts. Are you? but I will follow you. I do not like to be left alone by night, and in a houſe where I am a ſtranger.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Frank, Roberts.

Roberts. The truth is, I was apprehenſive leſt you might think of playing me ſome trick; ſo I accompanied you. But now that we are returned, and all alone, we may deviſe ſome mirth between us.

Frank. Very willingly; I aſk no better: ſo let us think a little.

Roberts. We muſt have ſome fun, I fancy with the younger Danby.

Frank. If by fun you mean ſome trick to hurt him, I ſay no: I will not be in a joking humour; ſo pray leave him out, if you are bent on miſchief.

Roberts. They told me that you were always merry, and fond of ſomething funny.

Frank. And ſo I am: but, notwithſtanding, without hurt to any one. However, let me know what ſort of fun you meant.

Roberts. Look you: here are two large needles. I will ſtick them both with the points upward in the bottom of two chairs, that common eyes ſhall not diſcern them. In the next place you ſhall offer two of theſe young ladies the two chairs, for very likely they would ſuſpect that I meant them miſchief of ſome ſort or other, and they will naturally both ſit down: but figure to yourſelf what ſtrange grimaces they will both make! Ha! ha! ha! ha! It makes me die a laughing, when I barely think what faces we ſhall ſee them put on! Ay, ay! and your prudiſh ſiſter, too, will find the matter quite diverting.

Frank.

Frank. But ſuppoſe I were to treat you juſt in the ſame manner, would you like it?

Roberts. Oh! treat me! that is different; but thoſe little idiots——

Frank. So you call them idiots, do you, ſince they are not miſchievous?

Roberts. Well, you are mighty formal and preciſe. Then ſhall I mention ſomething elſe?

Frank. Yes, do.

Roberts. Then I have ſome thread as ſtrong as whip-cord in my pocket. I will thread one of theſe great needles with a little of it; and as ſoon as they are all come down, one of us ſhall go up politely towards them, make a deal of ſcraping, and wry faces, while the other, keeping ſtill behind, ſhall ſew their gowns together. They will all want to dance, as you may gueſs; ſo up we will come, and take them out.—Ha! ha! you know the reſt; ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Frank. Yes, to tear their gowns, and get them anger when their parents find it out?

Roberts. Why there is the fun.

Frank. What! have you no pleaſure then in any thing but doing miſchief?

Roberts. But it does not hurt me.

Frank. O ho! I underſtand: you think of no one but yourſelf, and all the world is nothing to you!

Roberts. Well; but we are come together to divert ourſelves, and we muſt poſitively have ſome laughing. So ſuppoſe we frighten Laura and the leaſt Danby?

Frank. But that is quite wrong. Suppoſing any one ſhould frighten you?

Roberts. With all my heart, if any one is but able. I am afraid of nothing.

Frank, (*aſide.*) Say you ſo?—That we ſhall ſee, perhaps.—(*Aloud to Roberts*) Well, about this frightening?

Roberts. I have an ugly maſk at home. I will run and fetch it. And do you, when I am gone, contrive to bring the little children down, and you ſhall ſee—I will not be abſent half a minute.

Frank, (*aſide.*) Good!—There ſhall be a better maſk ready for you, though!—(*To Roberts, calling him back.*) But Roberts! Roberts!

Roberts.

Roberts. What is the matter?

Frank. It will be better that we ſhould come upon them where we are, if I can bring the others down; for when there are but two or three in this part of the houſe, there ſometimes comes a ſpirit; and in that caſe, we ourſelves ſhould be but badly off.

Roberts. What is all this ſtory of a ſpirit?

Frank. Nay, it is true. At firſt one hears a noiſe, and then a phantom with a lighted torch glides by, and then the room ſeems all on fire. (*He draws back, as if afraid.*) Oh! methinks I ſee it now.

Roberts, (*a little frightened.*) See what?—O dear!—And what can bring the phantom here?

Frank, (*drawing Roberts towards a corner, and then whiſpering to him.*) The reaſon, as we are told, is this: There was a miſer who lived here formerly, and he was robbed one night of all his money. In deſpair he cut his throat, and now from time to time his ghoſt goes up and down——

Roberts, (*in a tremble.*) O ho! I will ſtay no longer here, unleſs you get more company.

Frank. But recollect how brave you were juſt now.

Roberts. You muſt not fancy I am afraid:—but—but—but—but—but I will go and fetch my maſk.

Frank. Do, do: and I will prepare things here.—What pleaſure we ſhall have!

Roberts, (*with a grin.*) Oh! enough to make one die with laughing!

Frank. They will be finely frightened!

Roberts. That they will! and therefore I will make haſte. I am at home and back again—you ſhall ſee how ſoon! (*He goes out.*)

Frank, (*alone.*) Ah! ah! you want to frighten others, and are not afraid yourſelf! Well! well! I have thought of ſomething that will frighten you, or I am very much miſtaken.

SCENE II.

Frank, Lucy, Iſabella, Dorinda, Alice, elder Danby.

Lucy. We ſaw Maſter Roberts run acroſs the ſtreet this moment! What is the matter? Have you had a quarrel?

Frank.

Frank. On the contrary, he thinks me his beſt friend. I have ſeemed willing to go ſhares with him in a trick that he means to put upon the little ones above; but it is himſelf that he will trick, and never wiſh to come here a third time

Lucy. Well, what is your project?

Frank. You ſhall know very ſoon. At preſent I have no time to loſe, for every thing muſt be in readineſs againſt his coming back: ſo, ladies, I requeſt permiſſion to be abſent for about five minutes.

Dorinda. Yes, go, go: but do not ſtay longer. We are all impatient to be told what you deſign.

Frank. I ſhall conſider it my duty to inform you when I have finiſhed my preparations. So once more with your leave. I will come again in leſs, perhaps, than five minutes. (*He goes out.*)

Lucy. Ah! ah! ah!—Two pretty fellows together! We ſhall ſee what good comes out between them! They are well matched.

Elder Danby. Oh! for Heaven's ſake, Miſs Lucy, do not do ſuch diſhonour to my friend, your brother, as to name him and that wicked Roberts together.

Alice. You are in the right, Danby. One is nothing but politeneſs, and the other quite a ſavage.

Iſabella. Savage as he is, however, I would lay a wager that Frank will be found his maſter.

Dorinda. What a piece of ſervice Frank would do us, could he clear the houſe of ſuch a fellow! We ſhall have no pleaſure all the evening, if he ſtays among us.

Lucy. I am afraid, however, Frank will proceed too far, and think himſelf permitted to do any thing againſt this Roberts.

Elder Danby. He can never do enough; and though his ſcheme ſhould be a little hard on Roberts, there will be inſtruction in it: it is the greateſt ſervice that one can do him: and his father, I am perſuaded, will be pleaſed with Frank, when he hears what pains he has taken to inſtruct his ſon. Alas! he would part with half his fortune, to have Roberts like him.

Alice. So Lucy, do not you go about to thwart your brother's good intentions.

Lucy. But, my dear Miſs Alice, I am in a tickliſh ſituation: I am now inſtead of my mama, and cannot poſ-

ſibly

ſibly let any thing go forward that ſhe would not approve.

Alice. Let him have his way. We will take the blame of what he does upon ourſelves.

Iſabella. Yes, let him, ſiſter. War, I ſay, war; war for ever with the wicked!

Frank, (*returning joyfully.*)—I have ſettled every thing, and Roberts may appear whenever he thinks proper. We will receive him.

Lucy. But, I hope, you will tell me—

Dorinda. Yes, we will be in the plot too: and more than that, aſſiſt you if we can.

Frank. No, ladies, that is not neceſſary. There is a little violence, I muſt acknowledge, in my plot, and therefore I will not make you parties. I have been ſettling every thing with Ralph in the ſtable. He conceives my meaning clearly, and will ſecond it with great dexterity.

Lucy. But ſtill, you do not acquaint me—

Frank. This is all of the contrivance that you need know. We will go to Blind-man's Buff, that Roberts may ſuſpect no harm on his return. I will let myſelf be caught, and he or ſhe that blinds me muſt take care that I may have an opportunity of ſeeing through the handkerchief, and fixing upon Roberts. After he is blinded, you ſhall ſteal into the cloſet, take away the lights, and leave us both together. When I want your aid, I will call you.

Elder Danby. But if Roberts ſhould proceed to thraſh you in your tête à tête?

Frank. Proceed to thraſh me! You obſerved how eaſily I flung him down. I am not afraid of ſuch a one as he, for I have found him to be nothing but a coward: ſo that is fixed. But firſt, we muſt have both the little ones down ſtairs, or Roberts might go up and frighten them while we are talking here together. So pray, ſiſter, (*to Iſabella,*) go and bring them down.

Iſabella. Yes, yes. (*She goes out.*)

Lucy. But, brother, I am not clear that I ſhould permit you——

Alice. What is the matter? Let him do, I tell you, as he pleaſes.

Frank.

Frank. Yes, yes, ſiſter; and rely on my diſcretion. You are ſenſible, I do not like miſchief, for the ſake of miſchief: therefore he ſhall not have half the puniſhment that he merits, but come off when I have frightened him a little; and that is all the harm that I mean to do him.

Lucy. Well then, Frank, on your promiſe of diſcretion—

Frank. Yes, I promiſe you no leſs. So let us make haſte, and put the things to rights, that all may be in order here too when he comes.—(*They put away the chairs and table. Iſabella in the mean time comes down with Laura and younger Danby.*)

Frank, (*going up to Laura and younger Danby.*)—Come, come, my little friends, into this cloſet; but take care and do not make any noiſe, or Roberts very poſſibly will hear you.

Iſabella. I will conduct them. There is a book of pictures in it; and I will ſtay to ſhew them whatever they like.

Laura. I thought the tea was ready: May we not ſtay here with you till it comes in?

Frank. I ſhall fetch you when the ſervant brings it: but at preſent you muſt go into the cloſet: Roberts wants to frighten you, and I will not let him.

Younger Danby. Ye-ye-yes, let us go, my de-de-dear. (*Iſabella takes up a candle, and goes in with Laura and younger Danby.*)

Frank. We comprehend, I ſuppoſe, what we are to do? My eyes not wholly covered, and, whenever I may give the ſignal, you muſt take away the light, and get into the cloſet; but particularly, a perfect ſilence.

Dorinda. Yes, we underſtand you.

Frank. I believe, I hear a noiſe? huſh! huſh! huſh! (*he liſtens at the door.*)

Yes, yes; it is he! it is he! be quick, let one of you be blinded.

Dorinda. I will begin. Who takes my handkerchief? (*Alice blinds Dorinda, and they begin to run about.*)

SCENE III.

Frank, Lucy, Dorinda, Alice, Roberts.

(*Roberts, as he enters, pinches Dorinda, on which ſhe throws her hands out, and lays hold of him.*)

Dorinda. It is maſter Roberts. I well know him by his pinching me.

Frank. It is maſter Roberts; but he was not in the play. You muſt begin again.

Roberts. Undoubtedly, Frank is right.

Dorinda. Well, be it ſo: but if I catch you again, it ſhall be all fair. Remember, I have warned you.

Roberts. O yes, yes. (*He takes Frank aſide, and lets him ſee a little of the maſk.*) What think you of it?

Frank, (*feigning to be frightened.*)—O how frightful! I ſhould certainly be terrified at ſeeing it myſelf. Well, hide it carefully: we will play a little, and then ſlip away.

Roberts, (*whiſpering Frank.*)—Yes, yes, we will: but I muſt, firſt of all, do ſomething to teize the ladies.

Frank, (*whiſpering Roberts*)—I will go up to Dorinda, and turn her round: if ſhe ſhould catch me, ſhe will ſuppoſe it to be you, and muſt ſet out again.

Roberts, (*whiſpering Frank.*)—Good! good! I will have a little fun with her too.

Alice. Well; when will you have told each other all your ſecrets? Two fine gentlemen! why, do not you ſee, the game ſtands ſtill?

Roberts. You need not ſtay for us; we are ready.

Frank, (*keeping near Miſs Dorinda, as if he wiſhed to pull her by the gown, and ſeeing Roberts go to fetch a chair,*)—(*Aſide.*) Now, Miſs Dorinda, I will put myſelf into your way.

(*Roberts brings a chair, and puts it ſo that Dorinda may tumble over it: but Frank takes the chair away, and puts himſelf inſtead, upon his hands and feet, with ſo much noiſe, that Dorinda may hear him. As ſhe ſlides along her feet, as if at hazard, ſhe encounters Frank, ſtoops and ſeizes him.*)

Dorinda, (*after having felt about his cape and wriſts, and ſeeming doubtful.*) It is Maſter Frank.

Frank, (*in appearance disconcerted.*)—Yes, indeed; I am taken. What ill luck! so soon?

Dorinda. (*pulling off the bandage.*)—O, ho! you wanted to throw me down! I thought nobody but master Roberts played such tricks; but it shall not be long before I take revenge.

(*She covers Frank's eyes, but so that he can see a little; leads him towards the middle of the room, and then, as is the custom of the game, asks him,*) How many horses in your father's stable?

Frank. Three; black, white and grey.

Dorinda. Turn about three times, and catch whom you may.

Frank gropes his way from place to place, and lets himself be jostled as they please. Miss Dorinda particularly plagues him; he pretends to follow her, but all at once turns round, and falls on Roberts.)

Frank. Ah! ha! I have caught you! have I? It is a boy. It is Roberts! (*pulling off the handkerchief.*) Yes, yes; I am not mistaken.

Roberts, (*whispering Frank.*) Why lay hold on *me?*

Frank, (*whispering Roberts.*) Do not mind it. You shall catch Danby. I will push him towards you.

Roberts, (*whispering Frank.*) Do! and you shall see how I will make him squeak: I will pinch him till the very blood comes.

Frank begins to cover Roberts's eyes, and gives his company a nod, as he had settled it. Elder Danby, assisted by the little ladies, takes away the lights, and all together run into an adjoining closet, without making any noise.)

Elder Danby, (*just before he steps into the closet.*) Well: have you finished? Oh make haste. You take a deal of time. What mischief are you whispering to each other?

(*At this instant the groom presents himself at the door; he has a lighted torch in one hand, and a stick beneath it in the other, with a large fullbottomed wig upon it. He is covered head and all, with Mr. Jephson's gown, which trails along upon the ground behind him. Frank beckons him to stay a little at the entrance, while he is binding Roberts.*

Frank, (*putting Roberts in the middle of the room.*) How many horses in your father's stable?

Roberts. Three; black, white and grey.

Frank. Turn about—(*pretending to be angry with the others.*) Be quiet pray, young ladies, and not quit your places till the game is begun.—Turn about three times, and catch whom you may.

(*While Roberts turns about, Frank runs for the ſpeaking trumpet, bids the groom untie a chain that he has about his waiſt, which falling makes a hideous noiſe, and then he cries out luſtily himſelf.*) The ghoſt! the ghoſt! Run, Roberts, for your life.

(*He claps the door to violently, hides himſelf behind the Groom, and ſpeaking through the trumpet, ſays,*) It is you then that come to ſteal my treaſure?

Roberts. (*trembling with fear, and not daring to pull off the bandage.*) Fie! fire! Danby! where are you, Frank? murder! murder! Dorinda!

Frank, (*ſpeaking through the trumpet.*) I have ſcared them all away.—Pull off your bandage, and look at me.

(*Roberts, without pulling off the bandage, puts both hands before his face, retiring as the ghoſt advances on him.*)

Frank. Pull it off, I ſay—

(*Roberts makes ſhift to pull the bandage down, which falls about his neck. He dares not lift his eyes up; but at laſt when he obſerves the ghoſt, he ſcreams out, and has not power to move*)

Frank. I know you well, your name is Roberts.

(*Roberts hearing this, runs up and down to get away: he finds the door ſhut faſt, falls down upon his knees, holds out his hands, and turns away his head*)

Frank. What you think to eſcape me, do you?

Roberts, (*after ſeveral efforts*) I have done nothing to you. You were never robbed by me.

Frank. Never robbed by you? You are capable of any villainy! Who ſquirts at people in the ſtreet? Who faſtens rabbits' tails behind their backs? Who fiſhes for their wigs? Who lames poor dogs and cats? Who ſticks up pins in chairs to prick his friends when they ſit down! And who has in his pocket even now, a maſk to frighten two poor little children?

Roberts. I have done all this! indeed I own it! but for heaven's ſake pardon me, and I will not do ſo any more.

Frank. Who will anſwer for you?

Roberts.

Roberts. Thoſe that you have frightened away, if you will but call them.

Frank. Do you promiſe me yourſelf?

Roberts. Yes, yes; upon my honour.

Frank. Well then, I take pity on you: but remember, had it been my pleaſure, I might eaſily fly away with you through the window.

(*Here the phantom ſhakes his torch, which gives a glare like lightning, and then goes out. Roberts almoſt ſwooning with terror, falls down on his face.*)

SCENE the laſt.

Roberts, Frank, the Groom, Mr. Jephſon.

Mr. Jephſon, (*entering with a candle in his hand.*) What is all this diſturbance?

Roberts, (*without looking up.*) It is not I that make it. Pray, pray, do not come near me!

Mr. Jephſon, (*perceiving Roberts on the ground.*) Who can this be on the ground?

Roberts. You know me well enough, and have already taken pity on me.

Mr. Jephſon. I already taken pity on you!

Roberts. It was not I that robbed you.

Mr. Jephſon. Robbed me! what does all this mean? do not I know you, maſter Roberts?—

Roberts. Yes, yes; that is my name, good ghoſt: ſo pray do not hurt me.

Mr. Jephſon. I am aſtoniſhed! why in ſuch a poſture? (*He puts down the light, holds out his hand and lifts him up.*)

Roberts, (*ſtruggling firſt of all, but knowing Mr. Jephſon afterwards.*) Mr. Jephſon, is it you? (*his features brighten*) He is gone then! is he? (*he looks round about him, ſees the ghoſt and turns away again.*) There, there he ſtands! —the phantom!—don't you ſee him?

(*Frank brings the children from the cloſet. Laura and younger Danby are frightened at the groom's appearance; but the reſt burſt out a laughing.*)

Mr. Jephſon. Well! what ſignifies all this?

Frank, (*coming forward.*) Let me explain the whole, papa. This phantom is your groom; and we have put on him your wig and gown.

The

The Groom, (*letting fall his disguise.*) Yes, sir, it is I.

Mr. Jephson. An odd sort of sport this, Frank!

Frank. True; but ask the company if master Roberts has not well deserved to be thus frightened. He designed to frighten Laura and Danby: I only wished to hinder him. Let him but shew the frightful mask that he has about him.

Mr. Jephson, (*to Roberts.*) Is this true?

Roberts, (*giving him the mask.*) I cannot deny it: here it is, sir.

Mr. Jephson. You have met with nothing, then, but what you deserve.

Dorinda. We persuaded Miss Lucy to permit her brother to make use of this device in order to punish Roberts.

Alice. If you knew besides, sir, all the other tricks that he meant to play us—

Mr. Jephson. What, sir, is this the sample that you give us of your behaviour, the first time you set foot within my doors? You have been disrespectful to me in the person of my children, who were pleased with the expectation of having you as their guest. You have been disrespectful to these ladies, whom I need not say you should have honoured and regarded. So be gone! Your father, when he comes to know that you have been thus turned out of doors, will see how necessary it is to correct the vices of your heart. I will not permit your detestable example to corrupt my children. Go, and never let me see you here again! (*Roberts is confounded, and withdraws.*) And you, my friends, although the circumstances of the case may very possibly excuse what you have done, yet never, for the time to come, indulge yourselves in such a sport. The fears which have power to affect children at a tender age, may possibly be followed by the worst consequences during their whole life. Avenge yourselves upon the wicked only by behaving better; and remember after the example which master Roberts has afforded you, that by intending harm to others, you will oftenest bring it down upon yourselves.

THE END OF VOL. II.